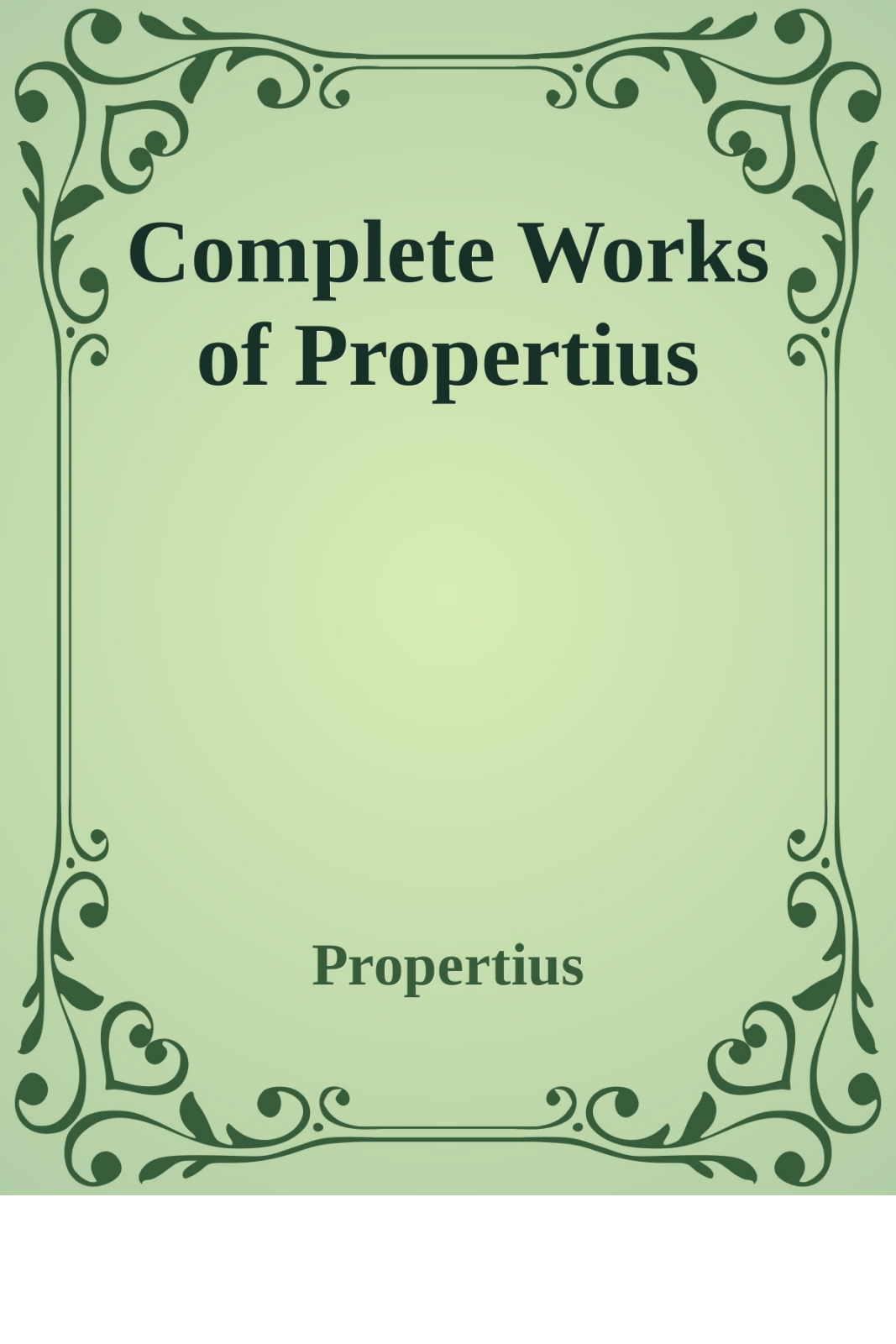




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The Complete Works of
PROPERTIUS

(c. 50–15 BC)



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The Delphi Classics Catalogue



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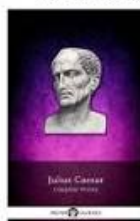
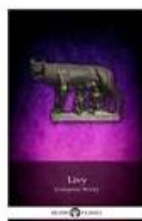
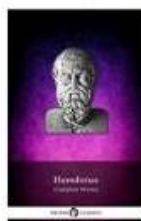
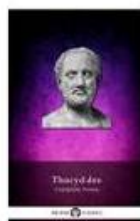
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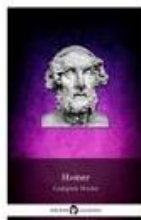
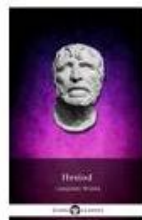
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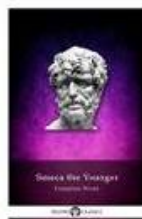
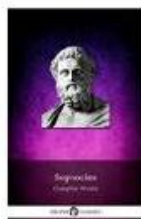
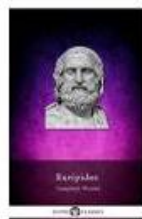
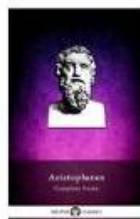
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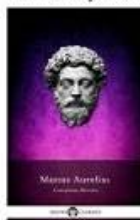
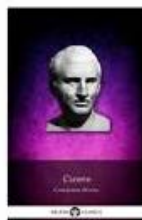
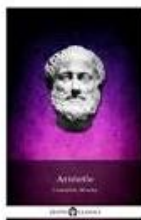
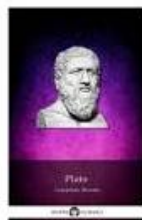
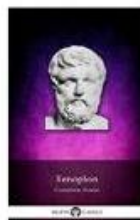
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The Complete Works of
SEXTUS PROPERTIUS



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The Translations



*Assisi (Assisium), a town in Italy's Umbria region, on the western flank of Monte Subasio—
Propertius' birthplace*

THE ELEGIES: PROSE TRANSLATION



Translated by H. E. Butler, 1912

Propertius produced four books of elegies, totalling approximately 92 poems, composed in the form of the elegiac couplet, popularly employed in Latin literature during the late first century BC. Like most of the elegists, Propertius' work is dominated by the figure of a single woman, whom he refers to throughout by the pseudonym Cynthia. She is named in over half the elegies of the first book and appears indirectly in several others. The contemporary author Apuleius identified her real life name as Hostia and Propertius himself claims in his verse that she is a descendent of the Roman poet Hostius. Scholars argue that she was in fact a courtesan. The poet's relationship with Cynthia veers between emotional extremes, and she clearly dominates his life, at least until the publication of the third book.

The Greek term *elegeia* (lament) was used to refer to any verse written in elegiac couplets, often covering a wide range of subject matter, such as death, love and war. The term also included epitaphs, mournful songs and commemorative verses. The elegy of Roman literature was most often erotic or mythological in nature. Due to its structural potential for rhetorical effects, the elegiac couplet was also used by both Greek and Roman poets for witty, humorous and satirical subject matter.

Propertius' style is marked by seemingly abrupt transitions and imaginative allusion, often favouring the more obscure passages of Greek and Roman myth and legend. His idiosyncratic use of language, coupled with the corrupted state of the extant text, has made the elegies a challenge to edit over the centuries. Much uncertainty persists as to the dating of Propertius' poems, which chronicle passionate declarations, jealousies, quarrels and lamentations. The last two poems of Book III seem to indicate a final break with Cynthia and she died some time before the publication of the final book. In the last book Cynthia is the subject of only two poems, often regarded as a postscript. In one verse, Cynthia's ghost addresses Propertius from beyond the grave, criticising that her funeral was not lavish enough.

Book IV strongly indicates that Propertius was planning a new direction for his poetry and features several aetiological poems which, in reviewing the mythological origins of Rome and its landmarks, can also be read as critical of Augustus and his plans for the new Rome. The final poem is a touching funeral elegy for the recently deceased Cornelia, daughter of Scribonia and a consular Publius Cornelius Scipio, consoling her husband Paullus and their three children. Although the poem, considering Cornelia's connection to

Augustus' family, was most likely an imperial commission, its dignity and sensitive pathos have led many scholars to regard it as the finest of Propertius' elegies.



'Propertius and Cynthia at Tivoli' by Auguste Jean Baptiste Vinchon

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Bust of Maecenas, Propertius' great patron, at Coole Park, Co. Galway, Ireland

BOOK I

AH! woe is me! 'twas Cynthia first ensnared me with her eyes; till then my heart had felt no passion's fire. But then Love made me lower my glance of pride steadfast, and with implanted feet bowed down my head, till of his cruelty he taught me to spurn all honest maids, and to live a life of recklessness.

7 A year has passed and my madness is not stayed, though my suit perforce endures the frown of heaven. Yet Milanion shrank not, Tullus, from any toils, howsoe'er hard, and so subdued the cruel heart of the unrelenting daughter of Iasus. For now he wandered love-distraught in the Parthenian caverns, and went to face the shaggy creatures of the wild. Nay, more, hardstricken once by the club of Hylaeus, he groaned in agony on the rocks of Arcady. So at last was he able to conquer the swift-footed maid; such is the reward that prayers and loyal service win for love. But for me, slow-witted Love hath lost his craft and forgets to tread the paths that once he trod.

19 But ye who beguile men's hearts by luring the moon from heaven, and toil to solemnise dread rites on magic altars, go change my mistress' heart and make her cheeks grow paler than mine own. Then will I trust your claim to have power over stars and rivers to lead them whithersoever ye will by Colchian charms.

25 Or else do ye, my friends, that would recall me all too late from the downward slope, seek all the remedies for a heart diseased. Bravely will I bear the cruel cautery and the knife, if only I may win liberty to speak the words mine anger prompts. Ah! bear me far thro' nations and seas at the world's end, where never a woman may trace my path. Do ye abide at home, to whose prayer the god gives easy audience and answers "Yea," and either to other make equal response of love unperilous. Against me Venus, our common mistress, plies nights of bitterness, and Love that hath no respite faileth never.

35 Lovers, I warn ye all. Fly the woe that now is mine: cling each one to his own beloved, and never change when love has found its home. But if any all too late give ear to these my warnings, ah! with what agony will he recall my words!

II

WHAT boots it, light of my life, to go forth with locks adorned, and to rustle in slender folds of Coan silk? Or avails it aught to steep thy tresses in the myrrh of Orontes, to parade thyself in the gifts that aliens bring, to spoil the grace of nature by the charms that gold can buy nor allow thy limbs to shine in the glory that is their own? Believe me, thou hast no art can make thy form more fair; Love himself goes naked and hates those that make a craft of beauty. See what hues lovely earth sends forth; 'tis the wild ivy springs fairest ever; loveliest the arbutus that grows in the caverns of the wilderness, and all untaught are the channels where the waters run. Begemmed with native pebbles the shores beguile our eyes, and birds sing sweetlier from their lack of art.

15 'Twas not by art that Phoebe, Leucippus' child, fired the heart of Castor, nor by adornments that Hilaira her sister won the love of Pollux. Not so did Euenus' daughter become a bride, for whom of old Idas and passionate Phoebus strove; by no false brilliance did Hippodamia lure to her side her Phrygian spouse, and was whirled away on alien chariot-wheels. Unto no jewels their faces were beholden, pure as the hues that shine in Apelles' pictures. They never craved to gather lovers through all the land; enough for them, if their beauty was clothed with chastity. Have I not then good cause for fear? Ah! count me not cheaper than; those vile wretches that seek thy love! With one true lover a maid hath enough of honour; so most of all, if Phoebus grant, as to thee, his boon of song and Calliope, nothing loth, bestow Aonia's lyre, and every merry word is graced with wondrous charm, even by all that Venus and all that Minerva loves. All these things shall make thee dearest to my heart, if thou wilt but cast aside thy hateful luxury.

III

LIKE as the maid of Cnossus lay swooning on the desert strand whilst the bark of Theseus sped swift away, or as Andromeda, child of Cepheus, sank into her first sleep, freed at last from her hard couch of rock, or as the Thracian maenad, no less fore-done by the unending dance, lies sunk in slumber on the grassy banks of Apidanus, even so, me-seemed, did Cynthia breathe the spirit of gentle rest, her head propped on faltering hands, when I came dragging home my reeling feet, drunken with deep draughts of wine, and the slaves were shaking their dying torches in the gloom of night far-spent.

11 Not yet were all my senses drowned, and I strove to approach her where she lay, and lightly pressed against her couch. And although a twofold frenzy had laid hold upon me, and the two inexorable gods of wine and love urged on this side and on that, with gentle touch I tried to pass mine arm about her where she lay, and with outstretched hand take passionate toll of kisses; yet I had not dared to break in upon my mistress' rest (for I feared the bitter chidings of that cruel tongue, so oft endured by me), but fixed my gaze upon her with tireless eyes, even as Argus glared on the strange horned brow of the daughter of Inachus. And now I loosed the chaplets from my brow and placed them, Cynthia, about thy head, and now rejoiced to compose thy straying locks; and stealthily with hollowed hands gave thee apples, and on thy thankless slumbers lavished every gift, gifts poured abundantly from my bosom as I bowed above thee. And if at times thou didst move and sigh, I started for fear (though vain was the presage which won my belief) that visions of the night brought thee strange terrors or that some phantom-lover constrained thee to be his against thy will.

31 But at last the moon gliding past the windows over against her couch, the officious moon with lingering light, opened her fast-closed eyes with its gentle beams. Then with elbow propped on the soft couch she cried:

35 "At length another's scorn has driven thee forth and closed the doors against thee and brought thee home to my bed once more. For where hast thou passed the long hours of the night, that was plighted to me, thou that comest to me outworn when the stars — ah, me! — are driven from the sky? Mayst thou, cruel heart, endure the long agony of nights such as ever thou bidst me broken-hearted keep. For but now I was beguiling mine eyes from slumber with purple broidery, and then, work-wearied, with the music of Orpheus' lyre. And ever and anon, left thus forlorn, I made gentle moan unto myself, that oft thou lingerest locked in another's arms, till at the last I sank down and sleep fanned my limbs with kindly wings. That was my last thought amid my tears."

IV

WHY, Bassus, by praising the beauty of so many fair ones dost thou urge me to change my course and leave my mistress? Why sufferest thou me not to spend in her fetters, to which my heart grows ever more enured, whate'er of life the future has in store? Thou mayest praise the beauty of Antiopa, the child of Nycteus, the charms of Spartan Hermione and all the maids the age of beauty bore; yet Cynthia would make their glory pale; still less, were she compared with meaner beauties, would the harshest judge declare her the less fair. Yet even her shapely form is but the least part of that which frenzies me. Yet greater charms are there, for which, Bassus, to die with passion is my joy. A natural colour, grace sprung from skill in many an art, and joys whereof her couch keeps the secret.

¹⁵ The more thou strivest to dissolve our love, the more doth either of us cheat thy craft with unshaken loyalty. Nor shalt thou go scatheless for this; the frenzied maid shall know what thou hast done, and by no gentle outcry shall prove thy foe, nor will Cynthia henceforth entrust me to thy care nor seek thy company; such crime as thine she will remember ever, and in her wrath will defame thee in every beauty's ear; henceforth, alas! no threshold shall give thee welcome. No altar shall be too humble a witness for her tears, no sacred effigy, what e'er its sanctity, shall fail to know her grief. No loss touches Cynthia so deeply as when a lover's heart is stolen from her and Cupid spreads his wings; deepest of all her grief if 'tis my love she loses. Ah! may she ever, I pray, abide thus, and may I never find aught in her to cause me to lament.

V

ENVIOUS, hush now at length thy unwelcome prayers, and let us go hand in hand along the path that now we tread. What wouldst thou, madman? Wouldst thou suffer frenzies such as mine? Poor wretch, thou hastest to acquaint thyself with the worst of ills, to tread on hidden fire to thy sorrow and drink all Thessaly's store of poison. Shouldst thou compare her, she is not like those flighty loves of thine; her anger is no light thing. Nay, even if perchance she frown not wholly on thy prayers, yet what a world of care she will bring thee! No more will she suffer thee to sleep nor thine eyes to range at will; she, as none other, can bind the untamed of heart. Ah, how often wilt thou run to my doors a rejected suitor, when thy brave speech shall fail for sobs, and a chill shuddering and bitter weeping shall come upon thee, when fear shall trace disfiguring lines upon thy face, and the words thou wouldst speak die on thy lips in the midst of thy complaining and thou canst no more tell, poor wretch, who or where thou art!

19 Then shalt thou be constrained to learn how bitter a thing it is to bear my mistress' yoke, and what it means to return homeward when her doors are barred. Not any more shalt thou marvel so oft at the pallor of my face nor wherefore my whole frame is wasted into naught. Nor will thy high birth avail thee in thy love: Love scorns to yield to ancient ancestry. But if thou givest but the least sign of faithlessness, how soon will thy name, so powerful now, be a mere byword! I shall not then be able to console thee when thou comest asking aid, for mine own woe is cureless; but we shall be constrained, comrades in love and woe, to weep tears of sympathy, either on other's breast. Wherefore cease, Gallus, to seek to learn my Cynthia's power. Heavy the toll they pay in answer to whose prayer she comes.

VI

TULLUS, I fear not now to brave the Adrian waves with thee nor to spread my sails on the Aegean main; with thee I could scale the Rhipean heights or pass beyond the home of Memnon. But the words of my mistress as she hangs about my neck, her urgent prayers, her changing colour, all keep me back. All through the night she shrilly protests her love, and laments that she is left forlorn and that the gods are vanished out of heaven. Mine though she be, she will not yield herself, and uses all those threats that an aggrieved mistress will use to an angry lover. Not even an hour can I endure to live amid such complaints as these; perish the man that dares love unpassionately! Is it worth my while to visit learned Athens or to behold the ancient wealth of Asia, that Cynthia may upbraid me when my bark is launched and mar her face with passionate hands, and cry that she owes kisses to the wind that stays my journeying and that there is naught more cruel than a faithless lover?

¹⁹ Do thou strive to outdo thine uncle's well-earned rule and restore to the allies their long-forgotten rights. For thy youth has never yielded to love, and thy care has ever been for thy country's arms. Never may the accursed boy lay sorrows such as mine on thee, nor all the torments that my tears know well! Let me, whom Fortune hath ever willed to lie prostrate, yield up my life obedient to the worst her wantonness can demand. Many have gladly perished in gyves of love, that they have borne so long, and, when earth laps me round, let me be one of these. Nature has not fitted me for glory or for arms; Love's is the only warfare for which the Fates design me.

³¹ But thou, whether thy steps be cast where soft Ionia spreads its shores, or where Pactolus' stream steeps Lydia's ploughlands, whether thou rangest the land on foot or goest forth to lash the sea with oars, and makest one of those that rule and are loved by them they rule — then shalt thou be sure, if e'er a moment comes with memories of me, that I still live beneath a baleful star.

VII

WHILST thou singest, Ponticus, of Cadmean Thebes, and the bitter warfare of fraternal strife, and — so may heaven smile on me, as I speak truth — dost rival Homer for crown of song (if only the Fates be kind to thy verse), I, as is my wont, still ply my loves, and seek for some device to o’ercome my mistress’ cruelty. I am constrained rather to serve my sorrow than my wit and to bemoan the hardship that my youth endures.

9 Thus is my whole life passed: this is my glory: this is the title to fame I claim for my song. Let my only praise be this, that I pleased the heart of a learned maid, and oft endured her unjust threatenings. Henceforth let neglected lovers read diligently my words, and let it profit them to learn what woes were mine. Thou too, should the boy strike thee with unerring shaft — but may the gods I serve ordain thee other doom — shalt weep in misery that thy seven leaguered hosts are cast aside and lie dumb in everlasting neglect, and in vain shalt thou desire to write soft songs of passion; Love come so late shall ne’er inspire thy song.

21 Then shalt thou marvel at me as no mean singer; then shalt thou rank me above the bards of Rome; and youths perforce will cry above my tomb: “Mighty singer of our passion, dost thou lie so low?” Beware then lest in thy pride thou spurn my song. Love that comes late oft claims a heavy toll.

VIII

ART thou then mad? Does no care for me stay thy going? Am I of less account to thee than chill Illyria? And esteemest thou that wretch, whoe'er he be, so highly that thou art ready to leave me and fly to his arms on any wind that blows? Canst thou bear unmoved the roar of the raging deep? canst thou make thy couch on the hard ship's-bench? or press with tender feet the fallen hoar-frost? or endure, my Cynthia, the unfamiliar snows? Ah, would that the wintry season's storms were doubled, and the Pleiads' rising delayed, that the sailor might tarry idle and the cables ne'er be loosed from the Tyrrhene strand nor the cruel breeze make light of my prayers to thee; and yet may I never see such winds subside, when thy bark puts out to sea and the wave bears it afar, leaving me rooted on the shore, shaking clenched hands and crying out upon thy cruelty.

¹⁷ Yet, faithless one, whate'er thou deserve of me, may Galatea smile upon thy path. Pass the Ceraunian cliffs with prosperous oarage and may Oricos at last receive thee in its calm haven. For never shall the love of any maid lure me from uttering at thy threshold my bitter complaint against thee, light of my life; nor will I cease to question the mariners as they hurry by: "Tell me in what port has my love found shelter?" and I will cry: "Though she abide on Artacia's shores, or where the Hylaei dwell, yet shall she be mine!"

VIIIA

SHE never went! She has sworn and she remains! Let those that wish me ill burst for envy! We have conquered! She turned a deaf ear to his persistent prayer! Now let their greedy jealousy lay aside its joy! My Cynthia has ceased to tread new paths and strange. She loves me, and for my sake loves she Rome most of cities, and cries: "Apart from thee a kingdom were not sweet." She has preferred to lie in my embrace, though the couch be poor and narrow, and to be mine, whate'er the cost, rather than enjoy the ancient realm that was Hippodamia's dower and all the wealth that Elis won by its steeds. Great though his gifts were and greater his promises, avarice could not tempt her from my bosom. Not by gold nor by the pearls of Ind did I prevail to win her, but by the homage of beguiling song. The Muses then are maids of might and Apollo is not slow to aid a lover; trusting in their help I pursue my love; and peerless Cynthia is my own. Now is it mine to set my feet upon the highest stars of heaven; come night or day, she is mine own; no rival now shall steal my love; 'tis fixed and sure. The glory of to-day shall crown my head when white with eld.

IX

MOCKER, I ever told thee love would find thee out and that thou shouldest not always be free to speak thy thoughts. Lo! now thou liest low, and goest suppliant at a woman's will, and now some unknown girl, bought by thy gold but yesterday, lords it over thee. Not Chaonia's doves could better divine than I what youths each maiden shall enslave. Sorrow and tears of mine own have given me a just claim to skill. Ah! would that I could lay aside my love and once more be called a novice! What now avails it, poor wretch, to chant thy serious song and to bewail the walls raised by Amphion's lyre? Far more than Homer avails Mimnermus in the realm of love. Smooth are the songs that peaceful love demands.

¹³ Go to, prithee, and lay aside thy gloomy books and sing what every maid would wish to hear. What if thou hadst not easy access? Madman, thou seekest for water when plunged in love's mid-stream. Not even yet art thou pale, not yet art thou touched by love's true fire: 'tis but the first faint spark of the coming woe. *Then* hadst thou rather approach Armenian tigers, or know the chains that bind unto the wheels of Hell, than feel so oft the arrows of the boy about thy heartstrings, and be powerless to refuse aught that thy angry mistress may demand. To none doth any Love grant freest flight, but ever curbs his wings with tantalising hand. Nor be thou deceived if she is wholly at thy command; possess her, Ponticus, and straightway she steals with keener passion on thy soul. For then thou mayest not turn thine eyes where fancy guides; Love permits thee not to watch in any cause but hers, Love that lies hid until his hand hath pierced thee to the bone.

³⁰ Whoe'er thou art, flee from the charms that urge their suit. To them hard flints and heart of oak might yield; much more must thou, frail breath of air that thou art. Wherefore if thou feelest aught of shame, at once confess thine error. Often in love 'twill bring relief to tell what passion wastes thy soul.

X

O SWEET repose, when I was witness of your first hour of love, and stood by you as you wept together. Ah! what sweet joy to recall that night to memory! Ah! night so oft to be invoked by my prayers, whereon I saw thee, Gallus, languish in thy mistress' arms, and speak love's words amid long-drawn silences! Though sleep weighed down my wearied eyes and the glowing moon drove her team in midheaven, yet could I not leave the sight of your tender dalliance, such passion rang in the words ye interchanged.

11 But since thou hast not feared to yield the secret of thy love to me, take thy reward for the joys thou didst confide. Not only have I learnt to say naught of your sorrows; there is in me something yet better than loyal secrecy. I can join parted lovers, and unbar a mistress' reluctant doors; I too can heal another's fresh-smarting griefs; not slight is the remedy my words can bring. Cynthia has ever taught me what things each lover should seek, and what should shun. Love has wrought something for me.

21 See that thou seek not to resist thy mistress when she frowns, nor to speak proudly nor be silent long; nor, should she ask thee aught, do thou refuse it with frowning brow, nor let words of kindness fall on thy ears in vain. Spurn her and she comes in wrath to thee; offend her, and she ne'er remembers to lay aside her just threats. But the more thou humblest thyself and yielddest to her love, the more oft thou shalt enjoy the crown of thy desires. He will be able to abide in the enjoyment of one mistress' love who never claims his freedom nor lets her image vanish from his heart.

XI

CYNTHIA, while thou tak'st thine ease in Baiae's midst, where the causeway built by Hercules lies stretched along the shore, and now marvellest at the waves that wash Thesprotus' realm, now at those that spread hard by renowned Misenum, dost thou ever think that I, alas! pass weary nights haunted by memories of thee? Hast thou room for me even in the outer borders of thy love? Has some enemy with empty show of passion stolen thee away from thy place in my songs? Would rather that some little boat, trusting in tiny oars, kept thee safe on the Lucrine lake, or that the waters yielding with ease to the swimmer's either hand held thee retired by the shallow waves of Teuthras, than that thou shouldst listen at ease to the fond murmurs of another as thou liest soft reclined on the silent strand; for when there is none to watch her a maid will break her troth and go astray, remembering not the gods of mutual love. Not that I doubt thee, for I know that thy virtue is well tried, but at Baiae all love's advances give cause for fear Pardon me, therefore, if my books have brought thee aught of bitterness; lay all the blame upon my fear. For I watch not over my beloved mother more tenderly than over thee, nor without thee would life be worth a thought. do thou with all speed leave the lewd life of Baiae; to many a loving pair shall those shores bring severance, shores that have aye proved ill for modest maids. Perish the Baian waters, that bring reproach on love!

XII

WHY, Rome, thou witness of my love, cease thou never to tax me falsely with sloth, saying 'tis sloth delays my suit? She is parted from my bed by as many leagues as Hypanis is distant from Venetian Eridanus. No more does Cynthia feed my wonted love with her embraces, no longer does her name make music to my ear. Once I pleased her well: then there was none so happy as to love with such true return of devotion. But envy marked us down. Was it a god that overwhelmed me, or some magic herb gathered on Promethean hills for the sundering of lovers?

¹¹ I am not what I was. A distant journey can change a woman's heart! How mighty was that love, and in how brief a space 'tis fled! Now for the first time am I forced to face the long, long hours of night alone and to vex mine own ears with my complaining. Happy the man who can weep before his mistress' eyes; Love has great delight in flooding tears. Or if, once spurned, he hath had power to change his passion, even in change of bondage is there joy. But I may never love another, nor part from her. Cynthia was the beginning, Cynthia shall be the end.

XIII

THOU, Gallus, as thou oft art wont, wilt rejoice at my misfortunes, because my love has been snatched from me and I am left lonely and forlorn. But, faithless friend, I will never imitate thy taunts. May never fair one have the heart to play thee false. Even now while thy fame for the loves thou hast beguiled increases ever, and self-possessed thou cleavest ne'er for long to one passion, even now late in time thou beginnest to pale with woe, love-frenzied for one girl, and to retire baffled at the first step of thy advance. This shall be thy punishment for thy scorn of their sorrows; one girl shall avenge the wrongs of many, she shall stay thy ranging loves, nor shall thy search for novelty always win thee a welcome.

13 No spiteful rumour, no soothsayer tells me this; I saw thy love — darest thou deny the truth to me whose eyes were witness? I saw thee languish with her arms fast about thy neck, I saw thee weep lapped in a long embrace, and yearn to breathe forth thy soul in the words of desire; and last, my friend, I saw, what shame bids me hide. I could not part your embraces, such a wild frenzy bound you each to each. Not with such passion did the Taenarian god, made one with Haemonian Enipeus, embrace Salmoneus' child, the willing victim of his love. Hercules burned not with such love for divine Hebe, when on Oeta's heights he tasted the first joys of godhead. One day surpassed the joys of all past lovers; for no faint torch she kindled in thy veins. She suffered not thine old pride to come o'er thee once again, nor will she let thee be taken from her. Thy passion shall drive thee on and always on.

29 Nor can I marvel since she is worthy Jove, surpassed by Leda only, and fairer herself alone than all three children of Leda. More winsome would she prove than all Inachia's queens; by her sweet words would she force even Jove to love her. Since then in truth thou art doomed once and for all to die of love, use thy chance: thou wert worthy to besiege no other doors than hers. Since madness to which thou art a stranger has seized thee, may she be kind; and may she and she alone be all thy heart's desire.

XIV

THOUGH reclining idly by Tiber's wave thou quaffest Lesbian wine from cups chased by the hand of Mentor, and marvellest now how swiftly the boats run by and now how slowly the towed barges go: though all the woodland round thee spreads its growth of trees along the hill-crest, huge as the forest that weighs upon slopes of Caucasus, yet all these things could not vie with my love; Love will not yield to all the might of wealth.

9 For if Cynthia lies with me by night in long-desired rest, or spends the day in kindly love, then the waters of Pactolus bring their wealth beneath my roof, and the Red Sea's gems are gathered for my delight; then does my joy assure me that kings must yield to me. And may these joys abide with me till Fate decrees my death. For who may have joy of wealth if Love be not kind? Ne'er be the prize of riches mine if Venus frown! She can bow down the puissant might of heroes, she can bring sorrow to the hardest heart. She fears not to o'erpass the threshold of Arabian onyx, she shrinks not, Tullus, to climb into the purple couch, and toss the hapless youth in unrest o'er all his bed. What avail the silken hangings with their weft of varied hue? Ah! while she is kind and aids me in my love I will not fear to scorn the realms of any monarch, nor gifts such as Alcinous might give.

XV

OFT have I dreaded much hardship from thy fickleness, yet never, Cynthia, treachery such as this. See into what perils fortune plunges me! Yet still thou art slow to succour my distress, and hast the heart to raise thine hands to array the yesternight's disorder of thy tresses, to adorn thy face with lingering care, and all unmoved to bestar thy breast with Eastern gems, like some fair maid that goes to meet her bridegroom.

Not so was Calypso moved when the Ithacan left her and she wept of yore to the lonely waste of waves: many a long day she sat moaning his loss, her locks unkempt, and many a plaint she uttered to the cruel sea: and though she never more should see his face, she grieved remembering their long hours of happiness. Not so as the breeze bore afar the son of Aeson did Hypsipyle stand sorrow-laden in the empty nuptial chamber; Hypsipyle tasted of love no more, since once she pined for her lost Haemonian guest. Alpheisiboea took vengeance on her own brothers for her husband's sake, and love brake the bonds of kindred blood. Evadne, glory of Argive chastity, perished in the fatal flame and shared her husband's pyre.

²³ Yet none of these has prevailed on thee to change thy fashion of life, that thou too might'st become a glorious memory. Cease at length by thy words to recall thy past faithlessness, nor provoke the gods thou hast so long forgotten. Rash girl, ah! deep, too deep will be thy sorrow for my peril, if aught of woe chance to fall on thee. Ere that shall many marvels be: rivers shall flow upward from the wild sea, and the year reverse its seasons, ere my love for thee shall alter in my breast: be what thou wilt, yet not another's own. Let not those eyes of thine seem of so little worth to thee, those eyes that oft made me believe thy falsehoods true! By them thou swarest, praying that if in aught thou hadst played me false thine own hands might pluck them forth. And canst thou raise them to the mighty sun and tremble not when thou rememberest thy guilty wantonings? Who made thee pale with many a shifting hue, and forced thine eyes to weep unwilling tears? — those eyes for whose sake I die with passion, thus to warn lovers in like plight to mine, "There's never witchery of woman that man may safely trust."

XVI

I THAT of old was flung wide to welcome mighty triumphs, Tarpeia's portal glorified by her chastity, whose threshold gilded chariots once made renowned and the suppliant tears of captives once bedewed, I to-day am bruised by the nightly brawls of drunkards, and smitten by unworthy hands make moan. Dishonouring wreaths fail not to hang by me, and ever nigh me lie torches that tell their tale to lovers shut out from bliss.

9 Yet cannot I save my mistress from her nights of shame, but, once so noble, am now the prey of ribald rhymes. Nor yet is she moved to repent and have pity on her fair fame, and to cease from living more vilely than the vileness of a wanton age. And even while thus I make my moan, yet bitterer tears are mine to weep, as the long watches of the suppliant lover deepen my woe. He suffers never my pillars to have peace, with shrill blandishment chanting this refrain:

17 "Door yet more deeply cruel than even my mistress' heart, why are thy grim portals ever closed and mute for me? Why never dost thou unbar and give entrance to my love, thou that knowest not to relent and bear my secret prayers to my mistress? Wilt thou never grant an ending to my woes? And must a doleful sleep be mine on thy chill threshold? For me the midnight and the stars that turn to their setting and the breeze laden with chill frost of dawn grieve as they behold me prostrate. Thou alone pitiest never the agony of the heart of men; thy hinges are silent, and thou answerest naught. Would that some whisper of my voice might pass through some hollow rift in thee, and fall upon my mistress' startled ear! Then were she more stubborn than flint or Etna's crags, more cruel than iron or steel, yet will she not have power to control her eyes, and mid unwilling tears a sigh shall rise.

33 "Now she lies propped on another's happy arm and my words fall idly on the breezes of the night. But thou art the sole, the chiefest cause of my grief, unvanquished ever by the gifts I bring. My tongue hath never assailed thee with angry drunken jest, so dear to froward anger, that thou shouldst suffer me to grow hoarse with long complaining and watch all night at the crossways in anguished waiting. But oft for thee have I spun new strains of song and bowed me to print clinging kisses on thy steps. How oft have I turned my back upon thy pillars and with furtive hands bestowed the votive gifts that were thy due."

45 So cries he with aught else that ye, hapless lovers, have learned to cry, and outclamours the birds of dawn. So by my mistress' vices and her lover's tears am I for aye defamed with ever-during scorn.

XVII

DESERVEDLY, since I have had the heart to fly from my mistress, do I now cry to the lonely sea-mews, nor shall Cassiope give her wonted welcome to my bark, and all my prayers fall idly on a heartless shore. Nay, more, though thou art far away the winds but aid thy cruelty: lo! what fierce threats the gale howls in my ear! Will Fortune never come to still the tempest? Shall yonder scanty sands hide my bones?

9 Yet do thou but change thy savage complaints to kinder tones; let the dark night and threatening shoals be in thine eyes enough punishment for me. Wilt have the heart dry-eyed to demand my death and ne'er to hold mine ashes to thy bosom? Perish the man, whoever he was, that first devised ships and sails, and first voyaged over the unwilling deep! Easier task had it been to overcome my mistress' heart — cruel was she, yet peerless among women! — than thus to gaze on shores fringed with unknown forests and seek in vain for the desired sons of Tyndareus.

19 If some doom had buried all my grief at home, if there my love had ended and at the last the headstone marked its close, then would she have cast those locks I loved so well upon my pyre, and have laid my bones on a soft couch of delicate rose-leaves: she would have cried my name aloud over my last ashes, praying that earth might lie light upon me.

25 But do ye, O sea-born daughters of lovely Doris, give prosperous escort and unfurl our white sails: if ever love has glided down and touched your waves, spare a fellow-bondsman and guide him to a kindly shore.

XVIII

HERE of a truth is a lonely and a silent place, where I may make my moan, and the breath of the West Wind only rules this deserted grove. Here may I freely utter my secret griefs, if only these lone crags can keep faith.

5 From what first beginning, Cynthia, shall I trace thy scorn? What was the first cause for tears thou gavest me? I that but a short while since was counted among happy lovers, am now perforce an outcast from thy love. What woe such as this have I deserved? what spells alter thy love for me? Is jealousy of some new rival the cause of thine anger? So surely mayst thou return to my embrace, fickle maid, as no other woman has ever planted her fair feet within my threshold. Though my grief owes thee much bitterness, yet never shall my wrath fall so fierce upon thee, that I should always give thee just cause for fury and thine eyes be marred with streaming tears.

17 Or is it that I give scant proof of my passion by changing colour, and that no token of my faith cries aloud upon my countenance? Ye shall be my witnesses, if trees know aught of love, beech-tree and pine, beloved of Arcady's god. Ah! how oft do my passionate words echo beneath your delicate shades, how oft is Cynthia's name carved upon your bark!

23 Ah! how oft has thy injustice begotten troubles in my heart, that only thy silent portal knows! I have been wont to bear thy haughty commands with patience, nor ever to bemoan my grief in piercing accents of sorrow. Yet in return for this, ye founts divine, lo! this chill couch of rock is mine and broken slumbers on this rugged track: and all that my plaintive cries can tell must be uttered in this waste place to shrill-voiced birds.

31 But be what thou wilt, still let the woods re-echo "Cynthia," nor these lone crags have rest from the sound of thy name.

XIX

No more now, my Cynthia, fear I the sad world of death; I care not for the doom that at the last must feed the fires of funeral; this fear alone is bitterer than death itself, that I should go down to the grave unloved by thee. Not with such light touch has Love cleaved to mine eyes that my dust should forget thee and lie loveless. Even in the dark underworld the hero son of Phylacus could not forget his sweet wife, but, yearning to enfold his dear one with phantom hands, the Thessalian returned in ghostly wise to his ancient home. There, whatsoe'er I be, as Cynthia's lover shall my shade be known; strong love o'erpasses even the shores of doom. There let the fair queens of old, whom the spoils of Troy gave to Argive husbands, come in a troop to greet me! Yet the beauty of none of these shall please me more than thine, and though the doom of old age delay thy coming long — may earth be kind and grant this boon! — yet shall the sight of thine ashes be dear to my weeping eyes: and like love long mayst thou that livest feel, when I am dust; then wheresoe'er death find me, it shall have lost its sting. Yet, Cynthia, I have a fear that thou mayst spurn my tomb, and some cruel passion part thee from my dust, and force thee, though loth, to dry thy falling tears. Continued threats may bend the will even of a loyal maid. Wherefore, while yet may be, let us love and be merry together. Eternity itself is all too brief for love.

TAKE this my warning, Gallus, in return for thine unfailing love: let it not slip from thy thoughtless mind: "Fortune oft proves adverse to the heedless lover so might Ascanius tell thee, that wreaked his spite upon the Minyae.

5 Thou hast a love most like to Hylas, child of Theodamas, one not less fair nor of humbler birth. Beware then, whether thou wanderest by the holy streams of Umbrian forests, or Anio's waters lave thy feet, or walk'st thou on the marge of the Giant's strand, or wheresoe'er a river's wandering waters welcome thee, beware and from thy love ward off the hands of nymphs that burn to steal (the Ausonian Dryads love as warmly as their sisters loved), lest it be thy fate ever to visit cruel mountain and icy crag and lakes, that thou hast tried to thy cost. Such woes the ill-starred wanderer Hercules suffered in a far land and bewailed by the shores of the relentless Ascanius, For they say that of old Argos set sail from the dockyards of Pagasa and went forth on the long way to Phasis, and at last, the waves of Helle past, moored his bark on Mysia's rockbound coast. Here the band of heroes went forth upon the peaceful shore and carpeted the ground with a soft coverlet of leaves. But the comrade of the young unvanquished hero ranged afar to seek the scarce waters of some distant spring. Him the two brothers followed, Zetes and Calais, the North Wind's sons, and, bowing o'er him, both pressed on to embrace him with hovering hands and snatch a kiss and bear it from his upturned face, each as in turn they fled. But the boy, swept off his feet, hides clinging to one by his pinion's base, and with a branch wards off the other's winged wiles. At last the children of Orithyia, Pandion's daughter, retired discomfited, and Hylas, alas! went upon his way, went to be the wood-nymphs' prey.

33 Here beneath the peak of Arganthus' mount lay the well of Pege, the watery haunt so dear to Bithynia's nymphs, o'er which from lonely trees there hung dewy apples that owed naught to the hand of man, and round about in a water-meadow sprang snowy lilies mingled with purple poppies. And there, in boyish delight, he gently plucked them with soft finger-tips, preferring the flowers to his chosen task; and now in artless wonder bent over the fair waters and prolonged his truancy with gazing at their mirrored charms. At length he made ready to stretch forth his hands to the waves and draw water therefrom, leaning on his right shoulder and raising a plenteous draught. But, smitten with passion at the sight of that snowy shoulder, the Hamadryads in wonder ceased their wonted dance. Easily from where he lay reclined they dragged him through the yielding flood. Then Hylas as they seized his body uttered a cry, whereto in answer Alcides shouted again, again, and yet again; but the breezes bore him back from the fountain's edge naught save the echo of the name.

51 Warned by this tale, my Gallus, thou shalt keep thy love secure, thou that

aforetime didst seem to entrust thy Hylas to the nymphs.

XXI

“SOLDIER, that hastenest to escape thy comrades doom, flying wounded from the Etruscan ramparts, and turnest thy swollen eyes at the sound of my moaning, I am one of thy nearest comrades in arms. So save thyself, that thy parents may rejoice over thy safety, nor thy sister learn my fate from the silent witness of thy tears; how Gallus, though he escaped through the midst of Caesar’s swordsmen, yet could not escape the hand of some unknown spoiler; and whatever bones she may find scattered on the mountains of Tuscany, let her not know them to be mine.”

XXII

TULLUS, thou askest ever in our friendship's name, what is my rank, whence my descent, and where my home. If thou knowest our country's graves at Perusia, the scene of death in the dark hours of Italy, when civil discord maddened the citizens of Rome (hence, dust of Tuscany, art thou my bitterest sorrow, for thou hast borne the limbs of my comrade that were cast out unburied, thou shroudest his ill-starred corpse with never a dole of earth), know then that where Umbria, rich in fertile lands, joins the wide plain that lies below, there was I born.

BOOK II

I

You ask me, from what source so oft I draw my songs of love and whence comes my book that sounds so soft upon the tongue. 'Tis not Calliope nor Apollo that singeth these things; 'tis my mistress' self that makes my wit. If thou wilt have her walk radiant in silks of Cos, of Coan raiment all this my book shall tell; or have I seen her tresses stray dishevelled o'er her brow, I praise her locks and she walks abroad in pride and gladness; or struck she forth music from the lyre with ivory fingers, I marvel with what easy skill she sweeps her hands along the strings; or when she droops those eyes that call for sleep I find a thousand new themes for song; or if, flinging away her robe, she enter naked with me in the lists, then, then I write whole Iliads long. Whate'er she does, whate'er she says, from a mere nothing springs a mighty tale.

17 But if, Maecenas, the Fates had granted me power to lead the hosts of heroes into war, I would not sing the Titans, nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Pelion might be a path to heaven. I'd sing not ancient Thebes nor Troy's citadel, that is Homer's glory, nor yet how at Xerxes' bidding sea met sundered sea, nor, again, would I chant the primeval realm of Remus or the fierce spirit of lofty Carthage, the Cimbrian's threats or the service wrought by Marius for the State. But I would tell of the wars and the deeds of thy master Caesar, and next after mighty Caesar my thoughts should turn on thee. For oft as I sang of Mutina or Philippi, where Romans lie by Romans slain, or of the sea-fight and the rout by the Sicilian shore, the ruined hearths of Etruria's ancient race, and the capture of the shore where Ptolemy's Pharos stands; oft as I sang of Egypt and the Nile, what time in mourning garb he went humbly to Rome with his seven captive streams, or of the necks of kings bound about with chains of gold, and the prows of Actium speeding along the Sacred Way; so oft would my Muse weave thy name into those deeds, true heart in peace or war.

* * * * *

Theseus to the shades below, Achilles to the gods above, proclaim a comrade's love, the one of Ixion's child, the other of the son of Menoetius.

39 But neither would Callimachus' scant breath avail to thunder forth the strife 'twixt Jove and Enceladus on Phlegra's plains, nor has my heart power in verse severe to trace the line of Caesar to his Phrygian grand-sires. The sailor talks of winds, the ploughman of oxen, the soldier counts o'er his wounds, the shepherd his sheep, while we for our part tell of lovers' wars upon a narrow couch! Let each man pass his days in that wherein his skill is greatest. To die for love is glory; and glory yet again to have power to joy in one love only; ah, may I, and I alone, joy in the love that's mine. If memory fails me not, she is wont to blame fickle-hearted maids, and on account of Helen frowns on the whole Iliad. Though I be doomed to drink of the cup that

the stepdame Phaedra brewed, the cup whereof her stepson was destined to take no hurt, or must die of Circe's herbs; or though for me the Colchian witch heat the caldron on the fires of Iolcus, yet since one girl hath stolen away my senses, from her house only shall go forth my funeral train.

⁵⁷ Medicine cures all the anguish of mankind; love alone loves no physician of its ill. Machaon healed Philoctetes' limping feet, Chiron the son of Philyra opened the eyes of Phoenix, the Epidaurian god restored the dead Androgeon to his father's hearth by power of Cretan herbs, and the Mysian youth received succour from the same Haemonian spear that dealt the wound. If any can take this frailty from me, he and he alone will be able to bring the apple to the hands of Tantalus; he too shall fill the casks from the maidens' pitchers, that their tender necks be not bowed for ever by the burden of water; he too shall loose Prometheus' arms from the Caucasian crag and drive the vulture from his inmost heart.

⁷¹ Therefore when at last the Fates demand my life, and I shall be no more than a brief name on a little stone of marble, then, Maecenas, thou hope and envy of our Roman youth, and, whether I live or die, mine own true glory, if perchance thy journeying lead thee near my tomb, stay awhile thy British chariot with carven yoke, and weeping pay this tribute to the silent dust: "An unrelenting maid wrought this poor mortal's death."

II

I WAS free and thought henceforth to lie alone of nights; but though the truce was made, Love played me false. Why abides such mortal beauty upon earth? Jupiter, I pardon thy gallantries of olden time. Yellow is her hair, and tapering her hands, tall and full her figure, and stately her walk, worthy the sister of Jove or like to Pallas, when she strides to Dulichian altars, her breast veiled by the Gorgons' snaky locks. Fair is she as Ischomache, heroic child of the Lapithae, the Centaurs' welcome spoil in the revel's midst, or as Brimo when by the sacred waters of Boebeis she laid her virgin body at Mercury's side. Yield now, ye goddesses, whom of old the shepherd saw lay aside your raiment on the heights of Ida! And oh! may old age never mar that face, though she reach the years of the Cumaean prophetess.

III

THOU, that didst boast that nought could harm thee more, art caught in the snare: thy proud spirit has fallen. Scarce, poor wretch, canst thou find rest for a single month, and now a second book of shame shall tell of thy doings. I was as one that seeks whether a fish may live on the dry sands, or a fierce wild boar in the midst of unfamiliar waves, when I tried if I could pass the night in sterner studies. Love is but put off, extinguished never.

9 'Twas not her face, bright though it be, that won me. Lilies would not surpass my mistress for whiteness; 'tis as though Maeotic snows were to strive with Spanish vermilion, or rose-leaves floated amid stainless milk. 'Twas not her hair flowing trimly o'er her smooth neck, 'twas not the twin torches of her eyes, my lodestars, nor a girl shining in Arabian silks: not for such trifles as these am I a gallant lover! 'Tis rather that at the revel's close she dances wondrously, even as Ariadne led the Maenad dance; 'tis rather that when she essays to sing to the Aeolian lyre she rivals the harp of Aganippe in her skill to play, and challenges with her verse the writings of ancient Corinna, and counts not Erinna's songs the equals of her own.

23 My life, did not bright Love sneeze a shrill omen at thine hour of birth, when day first dawned for thee? These heavenly gifts the gods, the gods bestowed, for I would not have thee think that 'twas thy mother gave them. Such boons no human parentage can confer, those charms ne'er sprang from mortal womb. Thou and thou only wast born to be the glory of Roman maids; thou shalt be the first maid of Rome to lie with Jove, nor shalt thou forever in our midst visit mortal couches. Helen wore this beauty once, and now 'tis come to earth again with thee.

33 For thee then that our youth should burn, why should I wonder now? Better, O Troy, to have perished for Cynthia's sake. Of old I wondered that a girl should have been the cause of so mighty a conflict before the citadel of Troy, where Europe and Asia met in war. Now, Paris, I hold that thou, and thou, Menelaus, wert wise, thou that thou didst demand, thou that thou wert slow to reply. Worthy in sooth was such a face, that for it even Achilles should face death; even Priam could not but approve such cause for strife. If any desire to surpass the fame of all ancient pictures, let him take my mistress as model for his art; if he show her to the peoples of the West or to the peoples of the East, he will set the East and set the West afire.

45 These bounds at least let me never more outstep! Or if I do, let another passion smite me, if such there be, that shall burn me with keener agony. As at first the ox refuses the plough, yet at length becomes familiar to the yoke and goes quietly to the fields, so do proud youths fret in the first ecstasy of love, then, calmer grown, bear good and ill alike. Melampus the seer endured dishonouring fetters, convicted of having stolen the kine of Iphiclus: yet 'twas not gain, but rather the fair face of Pero compelled him, Pero soon to be a

bride in the halls of Amythaon.

IV

OFT first must thou bemoan the transgressions of thy mistress, oft must thou ask a boon, and oft depart denied. Oft must thou bite thy nails for wrath at thine unmerited woe, and in anger stamp the ground with hesitating foot.

5 In vain was my hair drenched with perfumes, in vain my feet went lingeringly with measured step. For such a case as mine avails no drug, no Colchian sorceress of the night, no, nor the herbs Perimede's hands distilled. For here we see no cause nor whence the blow is dealt; dark is the path whereby so many griefs come none the less. In such a case the sick man needs no physician, no soft pillows; him no inclement season, no wind of heaven racks: he walks abroad, and on a sudden his friends marvel to see him dead. Whate'er love be, 'tis a strange thing, that none may guard against. For what lying seer have I not rewarded? What hag has not three times three pondered my dreams?

17 Let my enemies love women, my friends have their delight in a boy. For then thou descendest the tranquil stream in unimperilled bark. How can the waves of such a tiny shore do thee hurt? His heart is oft softened by a single word; she will scarce be appeased even by thy blood.

V

Is this true, Cynthia, that through all Rome thy name is a byword, and that thou livest in open wantonness? Did I deserve to look for this? Faithless one, I will punish thee, and the wind shall bear me, Cynthia, to some other haven. Though all womankind be deceitful, yet out of so many I shall find one that will be glad to be made famous by my song, that will not with heart hard as thine heap insult on my head, but will revile *thy* name. Alas! loved for so long, too late will fall thy tears!

9 Now is mine anger fresh, now is the time to part from thee: when the smart is over, believe me, love will return. Not so swiftly do the Carpathian waves change their hue beneath the North Wind's blasts, not so swiftly veers the dark storm-cloud before the South-West's shifting gale, as one word will lightly change the wrath of lovers. While yet thou mayst, Propertius, withdraw thy neck from the unjust yoke. Somewhat wilt thou suffer, but only on the first night; so but thou wilt endure, all love's ills are light.

17 But oh! by the sweet laws of our mistress Juno do thou, my life, spare by thy waywardness to harm thyself. Not only the bull strikes at its foe with curved horn; even the ewe when hurt resists the aggressor. I will not, rend thy raiment from thy faithless limbs, nor shall my anger break down the doors thou barrest against me; I would not venture in my wrath to tear thy plaited tresses, nor bruise thee with cruel fist. Let some boor seek combats base as this, around whose head the ivy ne'er hath twined. I will but write words, that thy lifetime shall not see effaced: "Cynthia, mighty is thy beauty; Cynthia, light are thy words." Believe me, though thou spurn the whisper of scandal, this verse will drive the colour from thy cheek.

VI

NOT so was the house of Ephyrean Lais thronged, at whose doors all Greece lay bowed; nor even did Menander's Thais, the darling of the folk of Athens, gather about her such a swarm of gallants; nor Phryne, who might have restored the ruined walls of Thebes, so many a lover had brought her riches.

7 Aye, and oft thou feign'st false kindred and lackest not those that have a right to kiss thee. Jealous am I of the very portraits, the very names of young men, even of the tender boy in the cradle that knows not how to speak. Jealous shall I be of thy mother if she gives thee many a kiss, of thy sister and of the friend that may chance to sleep with thee. All things will awake my fears; I am a coward (pardon my cowardice), and beneath the woman's dress I, poor fool, suspect the presence of a man.

15 'Twas by reason of such jealousies that of old, as the story goes, the world went forth to battle; such was the beginning of the slaughter before Troy. The same madness bade the Centaurs break embossed goblets in conflict against Pirithous. Why should I seek examples from the tales of Greece? Thou, Romulus, nurtured by the milk of the cruel she-wolf, didst give warrant for the crime; thou taughtest thy Romans to ravish unpunished the Sabine maids; thou art the cause that now there is naught Love dare not do at Rome. Happy was the wife of Admetus, happy the partner of Ulysses' bed, and every woman that loves her husband's home.

25 What profits it for maids to found temples in honour of Chastity, if every bride is permitted to be whate'er she will? The hand that first painted lewd pictures, and set up objects foul to view in chaste homes, first corrupted the unsullied eyes of maids and refused to allow them to be ignorant of its own wantonness. May he groan in torment who by his vile art first wakened strife 'twixt lovers, strife lurking secret under silent joy! Not with such figures did men of old adorn their houses; then their walls had no foul deeds painted on them. But deservedly have cobwebs gathered o'er the temples and rank herbage has overgrown the neglected gods.

37 What guardians then, what limits shall I set thee, thresholds o'er which no enemy's foot shall ever pass? For no stem guardian can save her that will not be saved: she alone is surely guarded, my Cynthia, who is ashamed to sin. As for me, no wife nor mistress shall ever steal me from thee; for me thou shalt at once be mistress and wife.

VII

IN very truth Cynthia rejoiced when that law was swept away, at the making of which we both wept for many an hour, for fear it should divide us: though against their will not Jove himself could part a pair of lovers. "Nay," say you, "but Caesar is mighty." True, but his might is the might of armies: to have vanquished nations counts for nothing in the world of love. For sooner would I suffer my head to be severed from my body than I could quench the fire of our passion at the whim of a bride, or, a wedded husband, pass thy house forever barred to me, and glance back with streaming eyes at the threshold I had betrayed. Ah! then of what slumbers would the pipe of the wedding company sing to thee, that pipe more sadly sounding than the trump of funeral!

¹³ How should I furnish children to swell our country's triumphs? From my blood shall no soldier ever spring. But if I were to follow my mistress' camp (the one true camp for me!), not mighty enough for me were Castor's war-horse. 'Twas in Love's warfare that my fame won such renown, fame that has travelled to the wintry Borysthenidae. Thou only pleasest me; let me in like manner, Cynthia, be thy only pleasure: love such as this will be worth more to me than the name of father.

VIII

THE girl I loved so long is being torn from my arms, and dost thou, my friend, forbid me to weep? No enmities are bitter save those of love; slay me if thou wilt, and my hatred shall be milder far. Can I bear to behold her reclined on another's arm? Shall she no more be called "mine," that was "mine" so lately? All things change: and loves not least; conqueror thou art or conquered; so turns the wheel of love. Oft have leaders and lords of might fallen; Thebes stood of old and lofty Troy once was. What gifts I gave her, what songs I made for her! Yet never did she soften her iron heart nor say, "I love thee."

VIIIA

So then, have I, that through so many years too rashly have endured thee and thy household, cruel girl, have I ever seemed to thee aught save thy slave? Or wilt thou never cease to hurl words of scorn at me?

17 So then, Propertius, must thou die in thine earliest youth? Nay, die! let her rejoice to see thee perish! Let her harry my ghost, and vex my shade, let her trample on my pyre and spurn my bones! [Why? Did not Boeotian Haemon die by Antigone's tomb, his side rent by his own sword, and mingle his bones with those of the hapless maid, without whom he would not return to his Theban home?] But thou shalt not escape; thou must die with me, on this same steel must drip the blood of both! Such death shall be for me a death of shame; but, shameful though it be, thou still shalt die.

29 Even the great Achilles when left forlorn, his love snatched from his side, endured that his arms should lie idle in his tent. He saw the rout, the Achaeans dragged along the shore, he saw the Dorian camp glow with the torch of Hector, he saw Patroclus lie low defiled with clotted sand, his streaming hair dabbled with blood; and all this he endured for the sake of the lovely Briseis. Such is the force and fierceness of grief when love is stolen away. But when with tardy retribution his captive was restored to him, it was the same Achilles dragged brave Hector at the heels of his Haemonian steeds. What wonder then if Love rightfully triumphs over me, that have neither mother nor armour like to his?

IX

WHAT yonder fool now is, I often was. Yet one day, it may be, he too shall be cast forth and another dearer to thy heart.

3 Penelope was able to live true to her vows for twice ten years, a woman worthy to be wooed of so many suitors; she was able to put off her marriage by her false weaving, in crafty wise, unravelling by night the weft of the day, and though she ne'er hoped to look on Ulysses' face again, she remained faithful in his house, grown old in waiting his return. Briseis too, one arm about her dead Achilles, beat her fair cheeks with frenzied hand, and, captive as she was, with weeping washed the bloodstained corpse of her lord and master, where she had laid him in the yellow shallows of Simois; she cast ashes on her hair, and her small hand sufficed to hold the body and mighty bones of the great Achilles. For in that day, Achilles, neither Peleus nor thy sea-born mother, nor Scyrian Deidamia, whom thou leftest widowed, were by thy side.

17 Thus in those days Greece was glad of her true children; then even in the camp did modesty flourish. But thou, impious one, couldst not forego the joys of even one night, couldst not abide alone for even one day. Nay, more, ye twain laughed loud over the wine-cup, and perchance spake evil words of me. And this man whom thou seekest is even he that first left thee of old. God grant thee joy of such a mate, deluded girl!

25 Is this the end of the vows I made for thy safety, when the waves of Styx had all but whelmed thy head, and round about thy bed we, thy friends, stood and wept? Where then was this lover of thine, O God, or what cared he?

29 What wouldst thou do were I a soldier, kept far hence in distant Ind, or if my bark were moored in the western ocean? But 'tis easy for you to contrive false tales and deceits. This art alone has woman ne'er failed to learn. Not so swiftly do the Syrtes change before the veering gale, nor the leaves tremble before the wintry South Wind, but swifter far is plighted faith forgot in a woman's anger, be the cause grave or light.

37 But now, since thou hast chosen this for thy path, I will yield. Bring forth, ye loves, yet sharper arrows, and vying with one another pierce my heart and let the vital spirit free. Great glory shall my life-blood bring ye! The stars are witness and the morning frost, and the door that stealthily oped to let me in, that there ne'er was aught in life more dear to my heart than thou; and thus I'll love thee still, though thou art so unkind. No mistress ever shall come into my bed; alone will I live, since thine I may not be. And oh, if perchance my life hath been spent in true service of the gods, may thy mate in the midcourse of passion become a stone.

49 In no more deadly strife did the Theban chieftains fight and fall to win a throne, while in their midst their mother strove to part them; nor from such death would I shrink, not though Cynthia strove to part us, if only so thou also

mightest die.

X

BUT now 'tis time with other measures to range the slopes of Helicon; 'tis time to launch the Haemonian steed o'er the open plain; now would I sing of hosts brave in battle and tell of my chieftain's Roman camp. But should strength fail me, yet my daring shall win me fame: in mighty enterprises enough even to have willed success. Let early youth sing the charms of love, life's later prime the storm of war: war will I sing, now that I have set forth all my mistress' charms. Now would I go my way with grave frown stamped on serious brow; my Muse now bids me strike another lyre. Awake, my soul! Ye Pierid maids, leave these humble strains and take a stronger tone; the work that waits you needs a mighty voice.

13 Now does Euphrates deny that the Parthian aims his backward shaft, and grieves that ever he cut short the return of the Crassi. Nay, even India, Augustus, bows her neck to grace thy triumph, and the house of virgin Arabia trembles before thee; and if there be any land withdrawn upon earth's furthest rim, captured hereafter let it feel thy mighty hand.

19 This be the camp I follow. Great will I be among singers by singing of thy wars. Let destiny keep that glorious day in store for me.

21 As when we cannot reach the head of some tall statue, our garland is laid thus humbly before its feet, so now, too weak to climb to the heights of thy glory's song, with lowly rite we give thee the incense of the poor. Not yet have my songs come to know the founts of Ascra; Love has but dipped them in Permessus' stream.

XI

LET others write of thee; or be thou all unknown. Let him praise thee that will sow his harvest in a barren soil: all thy endowments, believe me, the last dark hour of funeral shall consume with thee on the selfsame bier, and the traveller shall spurn thine ashes as he passes by, nor ever say: "This dust was once a learned maid."

XII

WHOE'ER he was first painted Love in likeness of a boy, think'st thou not his hands had wondrous skill? He first saw that there is no wisdom in the lives of lovers, and that mighty blessings are lost through petty cares. He too with good reason gave him windy wings, and made him flit about the hearts of men; for of a truth we are ever tossed upon a shifting sea, and our breeze abides never in the same quarter. Rightly too is Love's hand armed with barbed arrows, and the Cnossian quiver hangs from his shoulders twain; for he strikes e'er from our fancied safety we may see the foe, nor does any go scatheless from the wound he deals.

13 In me his darts stick fast, for me he still wears the form of a boy; but of a truth he has lost his wings, for nowhither, alas! flies he forth from my bosom, and tireless he wages war within my blood.

17 What delight hast thou to dwell in this withered heart of mine? If thou hast aught of shame, elsewhere transfer thy warfare. Better far to assail those that have never felt the power of thy venom'd shaft. 'Tis not I, but my wasted shadow, thou smitest: yet, if thou destroy me utterly, where wilt thou find one to chant such strains as these? (Slight though my Muse be, yet 'tis thy great renown.) Where wilt thou find one to sing the face, the hands, the dark eyes of my beloved, and how soft her footsteps fall?

XIII

NOT with so many Persian shafts is Erythra armed as the darts that Love hath planted in my breast. 'Twas he forbade me to despise the trivial Muse and commanded me to dwell thus in the grove of Ascra; not in such wise that the Pierian oaks should follow my words, or that I should lead the wild beasts after me down Ismarus' vale, but rather that Cynthia should marvel at my verse. Thus should I win more fame than Inachian Linus.

9 I marvel not only at comeliness of form, nor if a woman boasts glorious ancestry. Be it rather my joy to have read my verse as I lay in the arms of a learned maid and to have pleased her pure ears with what I write. When such bliss hath fallen to my lot, farewell the confused talk of the people; I will rest secure in the judgment of my mistress. If only she chance to turn her thoughts toward peace and hear me kindly, though Jove be angry, I can bear his wrath.

XIII

WHEREFORE, Cynthia, when at last death shall seal my eyes, hear thou the order of my funeral. For me let no procession walk with long array of masks, let no trumpet make vain wailing for my end. Let no last bed on posts of ivory be strewn for me, let not my dead body lie on a couch of cloth-of-gold; no line of attendants with sweet-scented platters for me, only the humble obsequies that mark a poor man's death.

26 Costly enough shall be my funeral train if three little books go with me to the grave, that I may bear them to Persephone as my most precious offering. And thou shalt follow, thy breast all bare and torn, nor shalt thou weary of calling upon my name, but shalt imprint the last kiss upon my clay-cold lips, when the casket of onyx with its gift of Syrian nard is bestowed upon me. Then when the fire beneath hath burned me to an ash, let a tiny earthen urn receive my ghost, and over my little tomb let a laurel be planted to o'ershade the spot, where the fire of death hath ceased to burn; and thereon be these two verses: HE THAT NOW LIES NAUGHT BUT UNLOVELY DUST, ONCE SERVED ONE LOVE AND ONE LOVE ONLY.

37 So shall the fame of my sepulchre be blazoned abroad no less than the bloody tomb of the Phthian hero. And whene'er thou too shalt come to thy death, do thou come gray-haired by the old path to the stones that guard my memory. Meanwhile see thou despise me not in my tomb. Not all unconscious and witless of the truth are the ashes of man.

43 And ah! would that any one of the three Sisters had ordained that I should die, while yet I lay in the cradle. For to what end is man's breath kept whole in him, breath that any moment may cease to be? Not till three generations of men had past away were Nestor's ashes seen: yet had some Phrygian warrior from the ramparts of Troy cut short the long-drawn doom of his old age, he ne'er had seen the body of Antilochus laid in earth, nor cried aloud: "O death! why tarriest thou so late *e'er* thou come to me?"

51 Yet thou, when thou hast lost thy friend, wilt sometimes weep for him; undying love is the due of the loved and lost. Witness the cruel boar that struck snow-white Adonis as he limited on the Idalian peak. There in the marsh, 'tis said, he lay in his beauty; thither, 'tis said, thou wentest, Venus, thy tresses unbound. But in vain, Cynthia, shalt thou recall my voiceless shade to life; for what answer shall my crumbled bones have strength to make?

XIV

NOT SO did Atrides rejoice in his triumph over Troy, when the vast wealth of Laomedon fell in ruin; not so glad was Ulysses, when, his wanderings o'er, he reached the shore of his beloved Dulichia; not so happy Electra, when she saw Orestes safe and sound, o'er whose feigned ashes she had wept, clasping them to her heart; not with such joy did the daughter of Minos behold Theseus come forth unscathed, when the guiding thread led him through the Daedalian maze. All their gladness was naught, compared with the joys that were mine last night. Come such another night, and I shall be immortal! (Yet when I went my way a suppliant with drooping head she spoke of me as more worthless than a pool run dry.) No more does she meet me with cruel disdain, no more can she sit unmoved at the voice of my complaint.

15 And would that her terms of peace had not been made known to me so late! To dust and ashes now this healing is given. The way shone clear before my feet; but men love-maddened one and all are blind.

19 This I have found to be the sovereign cure: lovers, disdain your loves! So, if she have refused you yesterday, she will come to your arms to-day. Others in vain beat at my mistress' door and called her by name; but unmoved she laid her head upon my breast. Dearer to me this victory than the conquest of Parthia: be these my spoils, my captive kings, my triumphal car. Rich offerings, Cytherea, will I fix on the pillars of thy shrine, and such shall be the verse beneath my name: THESE SPOILS, O GODDESS, I PROPETIUS HANG BEFORE THY SHRINE; FOR ONE WHOLE NIGHT LONG MY MISTRESS TOOK ME TO HER HEART. Now, Cynthia, shall my bark come safe home to thee — or is it doomed to sink with all its wares in shoal-water? Nay, if thou change toward me through any fault of mine, may I lie dead before thy threshold!

How happy is my lot! O night that was not dark for me! and thou beloved couch blessed by my delight! How many sweet words we interchanged while the lamp was by, and how we strove together when the light was gone! For now she struggled with me with breasts uncovered, now veiling herself in her tunic checked my advance. With a kiss she unsealed mine eyes weighed down with slumber and said: "Dost thou lie thus, thou sluggard?" How oft we shifted our arms and varied our embrace; how long my kisses lingered on thy lips!

11 There is no joy in spoiling love's delights by sightless motion: know, if thou knowest it not, that in love the eyes are guides. Paris himself is said to have been undone by love when he saw the Spartan naked, as she rose from the couch of Menelaus. Naked was Endymion when he impassioned Phoebus' sister, and naked they say he lay with the naked goddess.

17 But if thou hardenest thine heart and wilt lie clothed, thou shalt have thy raiment rent and feel the violence of my hands. Nay more, if anger carry me further yet, thou shalt show thy mother how thine arms are bruised. Not yet do drooping breasts forbid thee to make merry; that be her care that hath borne a child and counts it shame. While the Fates grant it, let us glut our eyes with love: the long night hasteneth on for thee that knows no dawning. And oh! that thou wouldst bind us in this embrace with such a chain that never the day might come to break its power! Be doves thine example: they are yoked together in love, male and female made one by passion. He errs that seeks to set a term to the frenzy of love; true love hath no bound. Sooner will earth mock the ploughman by bearing fruit out of season, and the Sun-god drive the steeds of night, rivers begin to recall their waters to their fount, the deep dry up and leave its fish athirst, than I shall be able to transfer to another my love with all its woe; hers will I be in life and hers in death.

37 But if she be willing again to grant me such nights as last, one year will be long life for me. If she give me many, they will make me immortal; one such night might make any man a god!

41 Ah! if all men desired to pass their life as I, and lie with limbs weighed down by deep draughts of wine, nor cruel steel would there be nor ships of war, nor would our bones be tossed in the deep of Actium; nor would Rome, so oft beleaguered with triumphs o'er her own kin, be weary of tearing her hair for grief. This at least shall those that come after be able to praise in us: our wine-cups never outraged any god.

49 Cynthia, do thou only while the light is yet with thee forsake not the joy of life! Give me all thy kisses, yet shall they be all too few; and as leaves drop from withered wreaths and thou mayst see them bestrew the cups and float therein, so we that love and whose hopes are high perchance shall find tomorrow close our doom.

XVI

OF late, Cynthia, a praetor came from the land of Illyria, to thee the hugest plunder, to me the hugest care. Could he not have lost his life by the Ceraunian rocks? Ah, Neptune, what gifts would I have given thee!

5 Now feasts are spread on laden tables, and I am not there! Now all night long thy door stands open, but not for me! Wherefore, if thou art wise, neglect not the harvest offered thee and pluck thy stolid beast, while yet his fleece is whole! Then when his gifts are spent and he left poor, bid him set sail again to fresh Illyrias.

11 Cynthia follows not the rods of office, cares naught for honours; her lovers' purse she ever weighs as none other can. But do thou, Venus, aid me in my grief; let his insatiate lusts break all his strength.

15 So then shall any stranger purchase her love with gifts? Jove! 'tis an unworthy thing that such traffic should have power to corrupt the heart of woman. Ever she sends me to the marge of ocean to seek her gems, and bids me bring gifts from Tyre itself. Would that no men at Rome were wealthy and that our lord and master himself dwelt in a thatched cottage. Never then would one's mistress sell herself for a gift, but girls would grow grey in the house of one only lover. Never wouldst thou lie far from me for seven nights long, thy white arms lapped about so foul a lover; nor dost thou thus because I have sinned — to that I call thee to testify — but because the fair are ever faithless.

27 A barbarian shut out from bliss stamps at thy door, and lo! of a sudden a blessing falls on him and now he rules where I once reigned supreme.

29 See what bitter woe gifts brought to Eriphyla, and in what agony the bride Creusa burned! Will all the wrong thou dost me ne'er assuage my tears? or must this grief of mine attend thy sins for ever? So many days have past away since the theatre and the Campus lost all charms for me, and my table ceased to please. Yet truly shame, yea, shame should set me free! But, perchance, as men say, dishonourable love is ever deaf. Behold the chief, who of late filled the waves of Actium with the fruitless groaning of the soldiers he dragged down to death! 'Twas infamous love bade him wheel his ships and turn his back to the foe and seek flight in the utmost bounds of earth. This is Caesar's claim to virtue, this Caesar's claim to glory; the hand that conquered sheathed the sword in peace.

43 But, oh that I may see all his gifts, the fine raiment, the emeralds and the yellow-gleaming chrysolite, borne by swift storms into empty space; may they become vile earth or water in thy hands! Not always does Jove calmly laugh at lovers' perjuries and turn a deaf ear to prayer. Thou hast perceived the thunderclap run through all the sky, and the levin bolt leap from its airy home. 'Tis neither the Pleiades nor dark Orion that bring these things to pass; 'tis not for nothing that the wrath of the lightning falls. 'Tis then that Jove is wont to punish faithless girls, since he also once wept for a woman's treachery.

Wherefore count not thy Sidonian raiment worth the terror thou must feel
whene'er the South Wind rolls up clouds of storm.

XVII

To make a false tryst for a night, to beguile a lover with promises, why, 'tis to have his blood upon thy hands. These sorrows do I sing, as oft as I pass lonely nights of bitterness, anguished to think of how thou liest, and how I.

5 Be thou smitten with compassion for the fate of Tantalus at the waterside, when thou seest how the water sinks from his parched mouth and mocks his thirst; or marvel at the toil of Sisyphus, how he rolls his stubborn burden up all the mountain slope; yet know that there is naught on earth more suffering than a lover, nor aught a wise man would less wish to be. I who was once accounted happy, I whom men envied and admired, I now have entry scarce every tenth day. Now gladly, impious maid, would I cast myself from some hard rock or take distilled poison into my hands. No more can I lie in the streets beneath the cold, clear moon nor cry my words through the chinks of thy door!

17 Yet though these things be so, I will have a care not to change my mistress; then will she weep, when she feels that I am true.

XVIII

CONTINUED complainings beget disgust in many a heart; oft doth a silent lover bend a woman's will. If aught thou hast espied, deny thou sawest aught, or if aught perchance hath pained thee deny the pain!

XVIII

WHAT if my youthful prime were white with the white hair of eld, and drooping wrinkles furrowed my cheeks?

East. Oft as she departed did she caress him amid the waves where she hath her home, or ever turning to her task she washed her yoked steeds, and when nigh Ind she laid her down to rest in his embrace she made moan that day returned too soon. As she climbed her car she cried, "High heaven is unkind," and offered unwilling service to the world. Deeper her joy, while old Tithonus lived, than heavy her grief when Memnon perished. So fair a maid as she had no shame to sleep beside an aged man; nor to heap kisses on his hoary locks.

¹⁹ But thou, faithless, hatest me for all my youth, though thyself at no far distant day shalt be a stooping crone. Still my care grows less when I remember that Cupid oft frowns on him to whom of old he was so kind.

XVIII

EVEN now, mad girl, dost ape the painted Briton and wanton with foreign dyes upon thy cheek? Beauty is ever best as nature made it; foul shows the Belgian rouge on Roman cheeks. May many an ill befall the maid in hell, that in her folly dyes her hair with lying hue. Away with these things! I at least shall find thee fair; fair enough art thou to me if only thou visit me often. If one stain her brows with azure dye, does that make azured beauty fair?

³³ Thou hast no brother nor any son, wherefore let me and me alone be to thee at once both brother and son. Let thine own bed ever keep thee safe from scandal, nor sit thou with face too much adorned. I shall believe tales that rumour tells of thee; therefore sin not; scandal o'erleaps the bounds of land and sea.

XIX

THOUGH, Cynthia, 'tis against my will that thou departest from Rome, glad am I that 'tis in the country far from paths of man thou dwellest without me. In those chaste fields thou shalt find no seductive youth whose flatteries shall not permit thee to be honest, nor shall any brawl arise before thy windows, nor shall thy slumber be made bitter by cries upon thy name. Lone shalt thou dwell and on lone mountains gaze, on flocks and the lands of poor farmers. There will no games have power to corrupt thee, no temples, most frequent cause of all thy sins; there shalt thou behold the tireless oxen plough, and the vine lay aside her foliage at the sickle's skilful touch, and there shalt thou bear a scanty offering of incense to some rude shrine, where the kid shall fall before a rustic altar; then bare-legged shalt thou imitate the country dance, if only there be no danger from the espial of some town-bred man.

17 I myself will hunt; now straightway 'tis my joy to perform sacrifice to Diana, my vows to Venus laid aside. I will begin to snare wild beasts, to nail trophies of horns to the pine-tree, and with mine own voice urge on the bold hounds: yet would I never dare to assail the lion fell, or with speedy foot go face the wild boar of the field. Daring enough for me to catch the timid hare, or pierce birds with arrows from the quiver, where Clitumnus shrouds his fair streams in his own beloved grove, and with his waters laves the snow-white kine.

27 Do thou, my love, oft as thou meditatest aught, remember that I shall be with thee in a few more dawns. So as thou rememberest this, neither the lonely woods nor the wandering streams upon the mossy hills can stay me from repeating thy name with tireless tongue; for one and all are ready to wrong an absent lover.

WHY weepst thou more bitterly than Briseis tom from Achilles' side? Why weepst with anxious eyes more sadly than captive Andromache? Or why, mad girl, weariest thou the ears of the gods with complaint of my perfidy? Why moanest thou that my loyalty to thee has sunk so low? Not so shrilly does the mourning bird of Attica make her moan embowered in Cecropian leafage, not so does proud Niobe by twice six tombs stream tears down sorrowing Sipylus.

9 Though my arms were bound with gyves of bronze, though my limbs were immured in Danae's tower, yet for thy sake, my life, would I break bonds of brass and leap o'er the iron walls of Danae's tower. My ears are deaf to all men say of thee; only do thou likewise doubt not my steadfastness. By my mother's, by my father's bones I swear — if I lie, may either ghost take vengeance on me! — that I will abide true to thee, ray life, until darkness close my day; one selfsame love, one selfsame hour, shall sweep us both away. —

19 But if neither the glory of thy name nor thy beauty kept me true, yet would the mildness of thy yoke do so. The seventh full moon has spun its course since every street corner hath been speaking of me and thee, and all this time not seldom hath thy door been kind, not seldom have I been admitted to thy bed. Yet not a night have I bought with sumptuous gifts; whate'er I have been in thine eyes, I owe to thy goodwill; great is my debt. Many sought thee, but thou hast sought me only; can I forget the kindness of thy nature? If I do, may ye, Furies of tragedy, plague me, and thou, Aeacus, pass on me the doom of hell. May my penalty be one of Tityus' ranging vultures, and may I carry rocks with labour worthy Sisyphus.

33 But do thou beseech me no more with suppliant tablets: my loyalty shall be at the close what it was when it began. Herein forever am I justified: alone of lovers I neither rashly begin nor rashly end my love.

XXI

AH, deep as the falsehoods Panthus has told thee of me be Venus' displeasure against Panthus. Yet, today thou deemst me a prophet truer than Dodona's shrine. That goodly lover of thine hath taken him a wife! Have so many nights been spent in vain? Hast thou no shame? See, he is free and sings for joy; thou once too credulous now liest lonely; and now the twain speak amongst themselves of thee; he scornfully says that thou oft didst visit his house against his will. May I perish if he aims at aught else than to triumph for his conquest of thee: such is the praise that he the husband wins.

¹¹ So of old the stranger Jason deceived the maid of Colchis: she was cast forth from her home, for Creusa held her room. So was Calypso tricked by the Dulichian youth: she saw her lover spread his sails for flight. Ye maids, o'erprone to lend an ear to lovers, learn, left forlorn, not rashly to be kind.

¹⁷ Yet for days thou hast been seeking another, who shall be faithful! Fool, the lesson thou hadst from the first should have taught thee caution! My heart, where'er I be, whate'er the hour, in sickness and in health, is with thee still.

XXII

THOU knowst that yesterday many a beauty pleased my impartial eyes; thou knowst, Demophoon, that thence springs many an ill for me. No street is there that my feet range in vain. Alas! the theatre was made too oft to be my doom, whether some beauty spreads out white arms with voluptuous motion, or pours from her lips a varied strain of song. And all the while mine eyes seek their own hurt, if some fair one sits with breast unveiled, or if her wandering locks stray o'er a snowy brow, clasped at the crown with an Indian gem. And if perchance by her look she said me nay in aught, cold streams of sweat streamed from all my brow.

13 Dost thou ask, Demophoon, why my heart is so tender to one and all? Love knows not the meaning of thy question "Why?" Why do some gash their arms with sacred knives, and cut their limbs to the sound of the Phrygian pipe? To each at birth nature allotted a vice; to me fortune allotted the doom that I should ever be in love. Though the fate of Thamyras the singer come upon me, never, my grudging friend, will I be blind to beauty.

21 But if to thee my limbs seem shrunk and thin, thou errest; it has ne'er been a hardship to me to serve Venus. 'Tis a lawful question; often a girl has found my passion could outlast the hours of night. Jove for Alcmena's sake made the stars of the Bear to slumber two nights long, and heaven twice was kingless through the dark; yet he was not therefore faint when he returned to the thunderbolt. Never doth love exhaust its own strength. What befell when Achilles came from Briseis' embrace? Did the Phrygians fly the less from the Thessalian's shafts? When fierce Hector rose from Andromache's bed, did not Mycenae's fleet tremble at the battle? Either hero could overthrow or ships or walls; I will be Achilles, or fierce Hector in the strife of love. suffice. If one receive me not, let another hold me and cherish me in passionate embrace; or if she be angered with my service of her, let her know that there is another who will gladly be mine. For a ship is safer when two cables hold it, and an anxious mother, if she rear twins, has less to dread.

XXIIA

SAY “ No!” if thou art unkind; or, if kind thou art, then come! But why take delight in waste of random words? This grief alone of all doth rack the lover’s heart, if his mistress fails his hopes and comes not to the tryst. What sighs shake his frame as he tosses o’er all his couch, when the thought that now some unknown lover is admitted torments him even to death! Again and again he wearies his slave by asking, what he has heard already, and bidding him seek news of the fate he dreads to learn.

XXIII

THAT once thought fit to shun this path trod by the vulgar herd, now find pleasure even in a draught from the common tank. Will any free-born man give money to another's slave to bring him the promised message of his mistress, and ask forever, "What shady colonnade now shields her from the sun?" or "Whither wend her footsteps on the Campus Martius?"

7 And then, when thou hast endured all the Herculean labours whereof fame tells, to receive a letter saying, "Hast thou any present for me?" or to win the privilege of facing a scowling guardian, or oft lie hid a prisoner in some foul hovel, how costly is the night of joy that comes but once in the whole year! Perish the lovers that prefer the secrecy of closed doors!

13 On the other hand, she that walks at large, her cloak cast back from her head, and gladdens the eye, hedged in by no threatening guardian, she who treads the Sacred Way in loose shoes besmirched with mire, and suffers no delay if any accost her, she will never put thee off, nor ask in chattering voice for that which thy niggard father will complain he has given so oft. She will not say: "I am afraid: haste thee, rise, I pray thee: unhappy man, 'tis to-day my husband returns from the country." Let the girls, that Euphrates and Orontes have sent for my delight, be all my joy: I hate those shamefaced thefts of love. Since no lover hath any freedom left him, no man that would be free will seek to love.

XXIV

“DOST thou talk thus, when thy book has become famous and made thee the talk of all the town, and thy Cynthia is read in all the forum?” Whose brow, that heard such words as these, would not be bathed in sweat, whether for honest modesty or for the shameful secret of his love? And yet if Cynthia smiled on me, as once she smiled, I should not now be called the crown of wantonness; my name would not now be draggled in dishonour through all the town, and though my heart still burned with no seemly fire, still would I cheat the world.

9 Wherefore wonder not that now I seek common women; they are more sparing in slander. Seems that a trifling reason in your eyes?... [*And they are so expensive. Cynthia now asks me for some costly jewel;*] now demands a fan made from some proud peacock’s tail, and would cool her hands by holding a hard ball of crystal; she angers me by bidding me demand ivory dice for her, and such worthless gifts as glitter in the Sacred Way. And yet, confound me if I grudge the expense! But now I am ashamed to be the laughing-stock of my faithless mistress!

XXIVA

CYNTHIA, was this the hope thou didst bid me cherish when our love began? Art not thou ashamed, being so fair, to be so fickle? Not yet have we spent one or two nights in love, and already thou tellest me I am irksome to thy couch. But now thou didst praise me and didst read my songs; does thy love so soon turn his wings to fly elsewhere?

23 Let thy lover strive against me in wit and poetic skill, and first of all things let him learn to confine his love to one house only; if it be thy pleasure, let him fight with Lernaean hydras, and fetch thee apples from the guardianship of the Hesperian dragon; let him drink gladly of foul poisons, or, shipwrecked, the sea wave, and never refuse to be wretched for thy sake (ah that thou wouldst prove *me*, my beloved, with such tasks as these!), and soon thou shalt find him a trembling coward that is now so forward, that by boasts of prowess has attained his proud place of honour in thy heart; next year shall see you parted. But a Sibyl's whole lifetime shall never alter my love, no, nor Alcides' toil, nor the dark hour of death. Thou shalt compose my ashes, and shalt say: "These are thy bones, Propertius; ah! but *thou* wast true to me! Ah! thou wast true, though sprung from no noble ancestry nor so rich as that other." I will suffer all things for thee; thy wrongs ne'er change my love; to endure one so fair is to me no burden.

41 Many, I trow, have been smitten by thy fair form; but many, I trow, have broken troth with thee. It was but for a brief space that Theseus loved the daughter of Minos, that Demophoon adored Phyllis, a faithless pair of guests. Thou knowest well Medea borne on Jason's bark, and then left forlorn by the husband she but lately saved.

47 Cruel is she that feigns false love for many, and has the heart to deck herself for many eyes. Compare me not with the noble and wealthy: scarce one of them shall come to gather up thine ashes at the end of all. I shall perform that duty for them; but rather I pray that thou mayest bewail me with bared bosom and thine hair unbound.

O THOU beyond all women born to be, most fair, the burden of mine anguish, since mine ill fate debars me from the words "Come and come often!" my books shall make thy beauty known above all other; only do thou, Calvus, and thou, Catullus, grant me that this may be.

5 The soldier bowed with years sleeps no longer by the weapons he hath laid aside; oxen grown old refuse to draw the plough; the crumbling ship rests on the empty sands, and idle on the temple wall hangs the warrior's ancient shield. But never shall old age sunder me from love of thee, though I be old as Tithonus or as Nestor old. Were it not better to be a cruel tyrant's slave and groan within thy bull, savage Perillus? Better were it to turn to stone before the Gorgon's gaze or to endure the vultures of Caucasus. Yet will I persist. The blade of steel is eaten by rust, and drops of water oft wear down the flint. But the threshold of no mistress can wear down that love that abides firm and endures to listen to threats it has never deserved. Nay, the lover even answers disdain with supplications, and wrong with the confession that 'twas himself that sinned, and oft returns he with reluctant feet.

21 Thou too, credulous lover, that waxest proud because thy love is at the full, know that no woman has solid worth for long. Does any man perform his vows in mid-tempest, when many a ship swims shattered even in port? Or does any man demand the prize ere first for the seventh time the wheel hath grazed the goal? Deceitful is the play of the prospering gales of love; the passion that comes late in time brings with it mighty ruin. Yet do thou meanwhile, though she love thee, keep thy joys close within thy silent breast. For in love 'tis ever his own words that, how I know not, do the lover greatest hurt. Though oft she summon thee, have a care to go but once: that which is envied endures but for a little while.

35 But should the times return that pleased the maids of old, I should be what thou now art; 'tis this vile age has conquered me. Yet these ill times shall never alter my heart: let each man have the wit to go his own way.

39 But ye that bid a man serve many loves, if thus ye live, what agony torments your eyes! Ye see a tender maid of whitest hue, or again another of darker brilliance: either hue attracts the eye. Ye see a girl whose form betrays the Greek, or, again, our Roman beauties; either beauty allures. Though she be clothed in plebeian garb or in robes of scarlet, 'tis by one and the same path that either cruel wound is dealt. Since one love can keep thine eyes from sleep long time enough, one woman were a host of ills for any man.

XXVI

IN my dreams I saw thee, light of my life, shipwrecked strike out with weary hands through the Ionian waves. I saw thee confess all thy falsehood toward me and sink, unable to lift thine hair weighed down with brine, like Helle tossed upon the purple waves, whom once the sheep of gold bore on its sort back. How I feared, lest perchance that sea should take thy name, and the mariner might weep for thee as he sailed thy waves! What vows to Neptune did I then make, what vows to Castor and his brother and thee, Leucothoe, once mortal, now a goddess! But thou, scarce raising thy finger-tips over the surface of the deep, didst oft, as one that soon must perish, call upon my name.

¹³ But if perchance Glaucus had espied thine eyes, thou hadst become a maid of the Ionian sea, and the Nereids would have chidden thee for envy, white Nesae and azure Cymothoe. But I saw a dolphin hasten to thine aid, the same methinks that once bore Arion's lyre. I was even then striving to cast myself from the rocky height when terror dispelled the vision.

XXVIA

Now let men wonder that so fair a maid is my slave, and that all the city tells of my power! Though a Cambyzes should return and the rivers of Croesus, never would she say, "Rise, poet, from my bed." For when she repeats my verse, she says that she hates wealthy suitors; no other maid does such reverent honour unto song. Fidelity in love is of much avail, of much avail is constancy; he that can make many a gift can have full many a love.

29 Does my love think of sailing long leagues of sea, I will follow her. One breeze shall waft us on, a faithful pair, one shore shall give us rest when we sink in slumber, one tree overshadow us, and oft shall we drink from the selfsame spring. One plank shall yield a couch to lovers twain, whether my bed be strewn by prow or stern. I will endure all things, though the wild East Wind drive our bark and the South's chill blast sweep our sails, whither we know not; though all ye winds should blow that once tormented the hapless Ulysses and wrecked the thousand ships of Greece on Euboea's shore, and ye also that parted the two shores, when the dove was sent to Argus to guide his bark over an unknown sea. If only she be never absent from my sight, let Jove himself fire our ship! For surely our naked corpses will be cast together upon the same shore; let the wave sweep me away, if only thou find burial in earth.

45 But Neptune frowns not on love strong as ours; Neptune was Jove his brother's equal in the field of love. Witness Amymone, that in the meadows yielded to his embrace, that so she might find the fountain; witness Lerna's marsh smitten by the trident. Then did the god redeem his promise at the price of his embrace, and straightway for her an urn of gold poured forth a stream divine. Orithyia also denied that Boreas, the ravisher, was cruel; this god tames both earth and the deeps of ocean. Believe me, Scylla will grow kind for us, and wild Charybdis also, that ceases never from her ebb and flow. Nor shall any darkness obscure the stars. Clear shall Orion be, and clear the Kid. Nay, what if I should breathe my last upon thy body! No dishonour will be mine in such an end as this.

XXVII

YET do ye mortals inquire after the uncertain hour of death, and of the path by which your doom shall draw anigh, and in the unclouded heaven ye seek by the art the Phoenicians found of old what star is good, what star is ill for man. Whether on foot we follow the flying Parthian or with our fleet attack the Briton, blind are the perils both by land and sea. And again thou weapest that thy life is threatened by the storm of war, when Mars on this side and on that mingles the wavering ranks; thou darest also fire for thy house and ruin, and tremblest lest thou put cups of dark poison to thy lips. The lover only knows when and by what death he shall perish, and fears nor weapons nor blasts of the North Wind. Yea, even though he sit at the oar among the reeds of Styx and gaze on the dismal sails of the boat of hell, if the faint whisper of his mistress' voice cry out and call him back from the dead, he will return over that road that the eternal ordinance hath sealed.

XXVIII

JUPITER, at length have pity on my mistress, stricken sore; the death of one so fair will be accounted to thee for a crime. For the season has come when the scorching air seethes with heat and earth begins to glow beneath the parching Dog-star. But 'tis not so much the fault of the heat, nor hath heaven so much the blame for her illness, as that so oft she hath spurned the sanctity of the gods. This is it that undoes hapless girls, aye, and hath undone many; wind and water sweep away their every oath.

9 Was Venus vexed that thou wast compared with her? She is a jealous goddess to all alike, that vie with her in loveliness. Or didst thou spurn the temple of Pelasgian Juno, or deny that Pallas' eyes were fair? Ye beauties, never have ye learned to spare your words; Cynthia, thou owest this to thine offending tongue and to thy beauty. But anguished as thou hast been through many a deadly peril, at last hath come an hour of greater ease. So Io wore a strange guise and lowed all her earlier years; but now she is a goddess, that once drank Nilus' waters in likeness of a cow. Ino also wandered o'er the earth in her prime; but now she is called Leucothoe, and 'tis on her the hapless sailor calls for aid. Andromeda was doomed to the monsters of the deep, yet even she became the far-famed wife of Perseus. Callisto wandered as a bear over the fields of Arcadia; now with her own star's light she guides the sails of mariners through the dark.

25 Yet if it chance that the Fates hasten down on thee the eternal rest, the Fates of funeral made blest for thee, thou shalt tell Semele what dangers beauty brings; and she, taught by her own misfortune, will believe thee: and among all the Maeonian heroines thou by consent of all shalt have the foremost place. Now as best thou may, bear thyself reverently towards destiny on thy couch of pain; heaven and the cruel hour of death alike may change. Even Juno, the jealous wife, will forgive thee for thy beauty; even Juno is touched with pity for a maiden's death.

35 Now cease the wheels whirled to the magic chant, the altar fire is dead and the laurel lies in ashes. Now the moon refuses to descend so oft from heaven, and the bird of night sings ominous of death. One murky boat of destiny shall bear our loves together, setting sail to the pools of Hell. But pity not one only, I pray thee, Jupiter; pity the twain of us. If she lives, I will live; if she dies, I too will die. Wherefore if my prayer be granted I bind myself with this solemn verse, to write: THE MIGHT OF JOVE HATH SAVED MY MISTRESS; and she herself after she hath sacrificed to thee will sit before thy feet, and seated there will tell of the long perils she has passed.

XXVIII

PERSEPHONE, may thy mercy endure, nor mayest thou, that hast Persephone for spouse, be over-cruel. There are so many thousand beauties among the dead; let one fair one, if so it may be, abide on earth. With you is Iphigeneia, with you snowy Tyro, with you Europe and impious Pasiphae, and all the beauties that Troy and Achaea bore of old, Troy the fallen realm of Phoebus and the old man Priam. And all the fair, that Rome may rank with these, have perished: all these the greedy pyre hath taken for its own. Neither beauty nor fortune abideth everlastingly for any; sooner or later death awaiteth all.

⁵⁹ Since then, light of mine eyes, thou hast escaped from mighty peril, render Diana the dance thou owest for offering; and as is due, keep vigil in honour of her who, once a heifer, is now a goddess, and on my behalf pay her ten nights of worship.

XXIX

YESTERNIGHT, light of mine eyes, when I wandered heavy with wine and with never a servant's hand to lead me home, a crowd of tiny boys met me; how many I know not, for fear forbade me count them. Some carried little torches and others arrows, while some seemed even to make ready fetters for me. Yet naked were they all. Then one that was more wanton than the rest cried: "Seize him, for ye know him well of old. This is he that the angry woman delivered to us." He spake, and straightway a noose was about my head. Another then bade them thrust me into their midst, while a third cried: "Perish the man that deems us not divine! Whole hours hath she waited thee, though little thou deservest it, while thou, fool, didst seek another's door. When she has loosened the strings of her nightcap of Sidonian purple and turns on thee her slumber-laden eyes, then will sweet odours breathe upon thee such as the herbs of Araby ne'er gave, but Love himself made with his own hands. Spare him now, brothers; now he pledges that his love shall be true: and lo! we have come to the house whither we were bidden." Thus did they lead me back to my mistress' house. "Go now," they cried, "and learn to stay at home of nights."

XXIXA

‘Twas morn and I wished to see if alone she took her rest, and behold Cynthia was in her bed alone. I stood amazed; for never seemed she to mine eyes more fair, not even when, clad in purple tunic, she went to lay her dreams before chaste Vesta, for fear some ill might threaten herself and me. So seemed she to me, as she woke from her fresh slumber. Ah, how great is the power of beauty unadorned! “What!” quoth she, “thou that spiest thus early on thy mistress, deemst thou that my ways are like to thine? I am not so fickle: ’tis enough for me to know one lover such as thee, or one perchance of truer love than thine. There are no signs of impress on the couch, the marks of lovers taking their delight, no signs that two have lain therein. See! from my bosom springs no deep-drawn breath, that, as thou knowest, might tell thee that I had been untrue.” She spake, and with her right hand resisted and thrust away my kisses, and leapt forth from the bed, loose slippers on her feet. So was I rebuffed, that sought to watch o’er her, that kept her love so pure; since then no happy night has e’er been mine.

HARD-HEARTED, dost thou now make ready to cross the Phrygian waves, and on shipboard seek the shores of the Hyrcanian sea? [to sprinkle our common household gods with mutual slaughter and bring dread prizes to the home of thy fathers?]

Whither fliest thou, mad heart? There is no escape. Fly as far as Tanais; Love will hunt thee down. Thou shalt not escape, though thou be borne aloft on the back of Pegasus, nor though the pinions of Perseus wing thy feet. Or should the cloven breezes sweep thee along on feathered sandals, yet will the lofty path of Mercury avail thee naught. Love swoops ever above thy head; Love swoops down upon the lover, and sits a heavy burden on the neck that once was free. He is a watcher that slumbers not nor sleeps, nor ever will he suffer thee to raise thine eyes from off the ground when once he has enslaved them; and yet shouldst thou go astray, he is a god whom prayers may appease, if he but see that they are prompt to rise. Let stem old men denounce those revels of love; only let us, my life, pursue our chosen path. Their ears are burdened with the precepts of antiquity; but this is the place where thou, skilled pipe, shouldst sound, thou that of old didst float along Maeander's shallows, where unjustly thou wast cast when thou didst swell the cheeks of Pallas and mar the fairness of her face.

²³ Shall I feel shame to live content in the service of one mistress? If this be a crime, to Love's door shall the crime be laid; let no one charge me therewith! And, Cynthia, be it thy joy to dwell with me in dewy grottoes on the mossy hills. There shalt thou see the Sisters clinging to the crags, while they chant the sweet loves of Jove in olden time, how he was consumed with fire for Semele, how madly he loved Io, and then how in likeness of a bird he flew to the abodes of Troy. (But if none hath e'er had strength to o'ercome the might of the winged one, why am I alone accused of the crime that all must share?) Nor shalt thou, Cynthia, grieve the demure faces of the Holy Maids; even their choir knows what it is to love, if it be true that for all their chastity a certain Muse lay upon the rocks of Bistonia locked in the arms of one that seemed Oeagrus. And there, when they shall place thee in the foremost rank of their dance, and Bacchus stands in the midst with his wand of skill, then will I suffer the holy ivy berries to hang about my head; for without thee my wit availeth naught.

XXXI

THOU askest why I am late in coming to thee. To-day was the golden colonnade of Phoebus opened by mighty Caesar; so vast it was to view, laid out with Punic columns, between which stood the many daughters of the old man Danaus. Next in the midst of all the temple rose built of shining marble and dearer to Phoebus than his Ortygian home. And on the topmost roof were two chariots of the Sun, and the doors were of Libyan ivory wrought in wondrous wise. One told the fearful tale of the Gauls hurled down from off Parnassus' peak, and one the death of the daughter of Tantalus. And last between his mother and his sister stood the Pythian god himself, clad in long raiment, his voice uplifted in song. Fairer he seemed to me than Phoebus' self, as he sang with silent lyre and parted lips of stone. And round about the altar stood Myron's kine, four counterfeit oxen, statues that seemed to live.

WHO sees thee sins: he then that hath not seen thee will not desire thee: 'tis the eyes must bear the blame. Else why at Praeneste seekst thou oracles of double import? Why seekst thou the walls of Aean Telegonus? Why does thy chariot bear thee so oft to Herculean Tibur? Why so oft does the Appian Way lead thee to Lanuvium?

7 Ah that thou wouldst walk here in all thine hours of leisure! but the world forbids me trust thee, when it beholds thee hurry in frenzy with kindled torches to the Arician grove, and bear lights in honour of the goddess Trivia. Forsooth, thou carest naught for Pompey's colonnade, with its shady columns, bright-hung with gold-embroidered curtains; naught for the avenue thick-planted with plane-trees rising in trim rows; nor the waters that flow from Maro's slumbering form and run, their Naiads babbling through all the streets of Rome, till at the last, with sudden plunge, they vanish in the Triton's mouth.

17 Thou deceiv'st thyself; thy wanderings reveal some secret passion; 'tis not the city, 'tis my eyes thou flyest. Thou strivest in vain; empty are the wiles thou spinnest against me; with little skill thou spreadst familiar snares for me, whom experience has taught. But for myself it matters little; the loss of thine honest name will be no less great than it deserves to be. For of late rumour spake ill of thee in mine ears, and a tale of evil ran through all the city.

25 And yet thou shouldst not trust these bitter words; scandal has ever been the doom of beauty. Thine honour has ne'er been blasted by the crime of poisoning; thou, Phoebus, wilt bear witness that her hands are unsullied. And if thou hast spent one night or two in long-drawn wantoning, such petty crimes vex me not a whit. The daughter of Tyndareus left her fatherland for the love of a stranger, and yet was brought home alive without condemnation. Venus herself is said to have been seduced by the lust of Mars, yet none the less had she honour alway in heaven. Though Ida's mount tell how a goddess loved the shepherd Paris, and lay with him among his flocks, yet all this the band of sister Hamadryads beheld, and the old Sileni and the father of their company himself; and with them thou, Naiad, didst gather in the glens of Ida wild apples falling to thy hand upstretched beneath the boughs.

41 After a host of sinners such as these does any ask: "Why is she so rich?"—"Who gave? Whence came his gifts?" O Rome in these our days, thy happiness is full to overflowing, if one girl act not as her fellows do. All these things did Lesbia before Cynthia, wherefore Lesbia's follower is of a surety less hateful. He that hopes still to find the ancient Tatii, and the strict Sabine, has but lately set foot in our city. Sooner shalt thou have power to dry the waters of the deep and pluck down the lofty stars with mortal hand, than bring it to pass that our maids should refuse to sin. Such was the fashion in the reign of Saturn, and when Deucalion's waves overflowed the world; but after

Deucalion's flood in the days of old, tell me, who was ever able to keep his bed chaste, what goddess could ever bide alone with one god only? The wife of great Minos, once, 'tis said, was seduced by the snowy form of a fierce bull, nor was Danae girt in her tower of bronze less unable to keep her chastity and deny mighty Jove. But if thou hast taken the women of Greece and of Rome for patterns, live ever in freedom; I blame thee not.

XXXIII

ONCE more those dismal rites have returned to plague us now for ten nights hath Cynthia sacrificed. And a curse upon the rites which the daughter of Inachus hath sent from the warm Nile to the matrons of Italy! The goddess that so oft hath sundered such ardent lovers, whoe'er she may have been, was always a bitter goddess. Yet, Io, in truth thou didst learn in thy secret loves with Jove what it is to tread many paths of wandering, when Juno bade thee wear horns upon thy girlish brow and lose thy speech in the harsh bellowsings of kine. Ah! how oft didst thou gall thy mouth with oak-leaves, and in thy stall didst chew once more the arbutus, on which thou hadst fed! Hast thou become so haughty a goddess since Jupiter took away from thee thy wild shape? Hast thou not worshippers enough among the swart Egyptians? Why didst thou come such a long journey to Rome? What profits it thee that maids should sleep alone? Nay, believe me, thy horns will sprout again, or we will chase thee, cruel goddess, from our city! There ne'er was love lost 'twixt Tiber and Nile.

21 But thou, Cynthia, since my woes have more than appeased thee, let us, whom these nights kept idle, thrice make love's journey together.

23 Thou hearest me not and lettest my words become a mockery, though Icarus' oxen are wheeling their slow-moving stars to the setting; thou drinkst unmoved; has midnight no power to weary thee? or is thy hand never tired of casting the dice? A curse on him that first introduced the pure juice of the grape and first spoilt wholesome water by mixing wine therein!

29 Icarus, justly wast thou slain by the farmers of Cecrops' land; thou hast found how rueful is the scent of the vine. Thou also, centaur Eurytion, didst perish through wine-bibbing, and thou, Polyphemus, wast undone by the Ismarian grape. Wine marreth beauty, wine spoils our prime; and thanks to wine a mistress oft knows not her lover.

35 Woe is me: deep draughts have changed thee not a whit: drink on; thou art beautiful, the wine does thee no hurt, when garlands hang over thy brow and droop into thy cups, and thou readest my verses with utterance soft and low. Let the board be drowned still deeper in floods of Falemian and more lusciously foam the wine in thy cup of gold! Yet no woman ever betakes her willingly to a lonely bed; there is a somewhat that Love compels all to seek. Woman's heart is kinder always towards absent lovers; long possession takes from the worth of the persistent wooer.

XXXIV

WHY should any one henceforth entrust his mistress' beauty to the care of Love? Thus was my beloved nearly stolen from me. I speak from experience; no man is ever faithful in love, and rarely does any, beholding beauty, seek not to make it his own. Love pollutes kinship, parts friends, and summons them, that are well agreed, to bitter strife. The adulterer, that was made welcome by Menelaus, was a stranger; and did not the woman of Colchis follow a lover whom she knew not?

9 Lynceus, hadst thou the heart to touch my beloved? Did not thy hands, faithless friend, fall powerless then? What if she had not been so constant and so true? Couldst thou have lived in such guilt? Take my life with poison or the sword, only take thyself away from my mistress. Thou mayest be the comrade of my life and part never from my side; my friend, I make thee lord of all my fortune; 'tis only as partner in my love that I would have thee never: I cannot endure a rival, though he were Jove himself. I am jealous of mine own shadow, a thing of naught, fool that I am to tremble with causeless fear. One plea alone can make me pardon such a crime: deep draughts of wine had caused thy tongue to stray. Yet never shall thy brow, wrinkled with stem morality, deceive me: the world is old enough for all to know how good a thing is love.

25 Late though it be, at last Lynceus, my friend, is mad with love! Of this only am I glad, that at last thou worshippest the gods we lovers serve. What will avail thee now thy wisdom drawn from Socratic books, what the power to set forth the cause of things? What avails thee the songs of the Athenian lyre? Thine ancient bard availeth naught against o'er-mastering love. Do thou rather imitate in thy song Coan Philetas, and the dreams of restrained Callimachus. Now, though thou shouldst tell once more how the stream of Aetolian Achelous flowed shattered by the might of love, and withal how the deceitful wave of Maeander wanders in the Phrygian plain and perplexes its own channels, and how, mourning at the funeral of Archemorus, Adrastus' victorious steed Arion spake aloud, naught will avail thee the fate of the chariot of Amphiaras, nor the overthrow of Capaneus that made glad the heart of Jove. Cease to frame verse shod with the buskin of Aeschylus, and bend thy limbs in the soft choric dance. Begin now to turn thy verses on a narrower lathe, and sing of thine own flames, hard-hearted poet. Thou shalt not be safer in thy goings than Antimachus or Homer: for a comely girl despises even the power of the gods.

47 Yet the stubborn bull yields not to the yoke of the plough, e'er his horns have been caught in the stout noose. Nor wilt thou of thyself be able to endure the hardships of love; first thou must have thy fierce spirit tamed by me. Never will girl inquire concerning the system of the universe, nor ask why the labours of the moon depend on her brother's steeds, nor if in truth there is a

judge beyond the waves of Styx, nor if the crashing thunderbolts be hurled by an aiming hand. Look on me, to whom but a scanty fortune hath been left at home, whose ancestors ne'er triumphed for battles long ago, see how I reign at the banquet in the midst of a crowd of girls, thanks to the wit for which thou now makest light of me!

59 Be it mine to lie languidly among the wreaths of yesterday, for the god hath stricken me with aim unerring even to the bone. Be it for Vergil to sing the shores of Actium o'er which Phoebus watches, and Caesar's gallant ships of war; Vergil that now wakes to life the arms of Trojan Aeneas and the walls he founded on the Lavinian shore. Yield ye, bards of Rome, yield ye, singers of Greece! Something greater than the Iliad now springs to birth! Vergil, thou singest beneath the pine-woods of shady Galaesus of Thyrsis, and Daphnis with the well-worn pipe of reed, and how ten apples or a kid fresh from the udder of its dam may win the love of a girl. Happy thou that thus cheaply buyest thy love with apples; to such a love may even Tityrus sing, unkind though she be. Happy, too, Corydon, who seeks to win Alexis, the darling of the farmer, his master, Alexis yet unwon; even though he weary and rest from his piping, yet is he praised by the wanton Hamadryads. Thou singest also the precepts of Ascrea's poet old, telling in what plains the corn grows green, and on what hills the vine. Such music makest thou as the Cynthian god modulates with fingers pressed upon his well-skilled lyre. Yet these songs of thine will fail to please none that reads, whether he be skilled in love or all unlearned; and the melodious "swan," less lofty of accent, yet no less inspired when he sings the songs of love, sinks not to tuneless cackle like the "goose."

85 Such sportive themes also did Varro sing when his tale of Jason was all told; Varro, Leucadia's mightiest flame. Such are the songs that wanton Catullus wrote, whose Lesbia is better known than Helen. Such passion also the pages of learned Calvus did confess, when he sang of the death of hapless Quintilia; and dead Gallus too, that of late laved in the streams of Hell the many wounds dealt him by fair Lycoris. Nay, Cynthia also has been glorified by Propertius — if Fame shall grant me a place mid such as they.

BOOK III

I

SHADE of Callimachus and sacred rites of Philetas, suffer me, I pray, to enter your grove. I am the first with priestly service from an unsullied spring to carry Italian mysteries among the dances of Greece. Tell me, in what grotto did ye weave your songs together? With what step did ye enter? What sacred fountain did ye drink?

7 Away with the man who keeps Phoebus tarrying among the weapons of war! Let verse run smoothly, polished with fine pumice. 'Tis by such verse as this that Fame lifts me aloft from earth, and the Muse, my daughter, triumphs with garlanded steeds, and tiny Loves ride with me in my chariot, and a throng of writers follows my wheels. Why strive ye against me vainly with loosened rein? Narrow is the path that leadeth to the Muses. Many, O Rome, shall add fresh glories to thine annals, singing that Bactra shall be thine empire's bound; but this work of mine my pages have brought down from the Muses' mount by an untrodden way, that thou mayest read it in the midst of peace.

19 Pegasid Muses, give soft garlands to your poet: no hard crown will suit my brow. But that whereof the envious throng have robbed me in life, Glory after death shall repay with double interest. After death lapse of years makes all things seem greater; after the rites of burial a name rings greater on the lips of men. Else who would know aught of the citadel shattered by the horse of fir-wood, or how rivers strove in mortal conflict with Haemonia's hero? Who would know aught of Idaean Simois and Scamander sprung from Jove, or that the chariot-wheel thrice dragged Hector foully o'er the plain? Scarce would their own land know Deiphobus, Helenus, and Pulydamas, and Paris that sorry warrior. Little talk now would there be of thee, Ilion, and of thee, Troy, twice captured by the power of Oeta's god. Nay, even Homer, that told thy fall, hath seen his work grow in fame through lapse of after-years Me too shall Rome praise in the voices of late-born generations; myself I foresee that day beyond the fatal pyre. No man shall spurn the grave where the headstone marks my bones! So ordaineth Lycia's god, for he hath approved my vows.

II

MEANWHILE let us return to our wonted round of song; let the heart of my mistress be moved with joy at the old familiar music. They say that Orpheus with his Thracian lyre tamed wild beasts and stayed rushing rivers, and that Cithaeron's rocks were driven to Thebes by the minstrel's art and of their own will gathered to frame a wall. Nay, Galatea too beneath wild Etna turned her steeds that dripped with brine to the sound of thy songs, Polyphemus.

9 What marvel, when Bacchus and Apollo smile on me, that a host of maidens should adore my words? My house is not stayed on Taenarian columns; I have no ivory chamber with gilded beams; no orchards have I to vie with Phaeacia's trees, nor hath art built me grottoes watered by the Marcian fount. But the Muses are my comrades, and my songs are dear to them that read, nor ever is Calliope aweary with my dancing.

17 Happy she that book of mine hath praised! My songs shall be so many memorials of thy beauty. For neither the Pyramids built skyward at such cost, nor the house of Jove at Elis that matches heaven, nor the wealth of Mausolus' tomb are exempt from the end imposed by death. Their glory is stolen away by fire or rain, or the strokes of time overwhelm them to ruin crushed by their own weight. But the fame that my wit hath won shall never perish: for wit renown endureth deathless.

III

METHOUGHT I lay in the soft shades of Helicon, where flows the fountain of Bellerophon's steed, and deemed I had the power with sinews such as mine to sing of thy kings, O Alba, and the deeds of thy kings, a mighty task. Already I had set my puny lips to those mighty fountains, whence father Ennius once slaked his thirst and sang of the Curian brothers and the javelins of the Horatii and the royal trophies borne in Aemilius' bark, of the victorious delays of Fabius, the fatal fight of Cannae and the gods that turned to answer pious prayers, of the Lares frightening Hannibal from their Roman home, and of Jove saved by the cackling goose.

13 But of a sudden Phoebus espied me from his Castalian grove and spake thus, leaning on his golden lyre nigh to a cavern: "Madman, what hast thou to do with such a stream? Who bade thee essay the task of heroic song? Not hence, Propertius, mayest thou hope for fame! Soft are the meads o'er which thy little wheels must roll, that oft thy book may be read by some lonely girl, that waits her absent lover, and oft be cast upon the stool at her feet. Why has thy page swerved from the ring prescribed for it? The shallop of thy wit can bear no heavy cargo! Let one oar skim the water, the other the sand; so shalt thou be safe: mighty is the turmoil in mid-sea." He spake, and with his ivory quill showed me a dwelling, where a new path had been made along the mossy floor.

27 Here was a green cave, its walls lined with pebbles, and timbrels hung from its hollowed stones; there hung also the mystic instruments of the Muses and the clay image of father Silenus, and thy reeds, O Pan of Tegea; and doves, birds of my lady Venus, the birds I love, dipped their red bills in the Gorgon's fount, while here and there the Maidens nine, to each of whom the lot hath given her several realm, busied their soft hands about their diverse gifts. One gathered ivy for the thyrsus-wand, another tuned her song to the music of the lyre, a third with either hand wove wreaths of roses.

37 Then one of the number of these goddesses laid her hand upon me—'twas Calliope, as I deem by her face: "Thou shalt alway be content to be drawn by snowy swans, nor shall the tramp of the war-horse lead thee to battle. Care not thou with hoarse trumpet-blast to blare forth martial advertisement nor to stain Aonia's grove with war. Care not thou in what fields the battle is arrayed beneath Marius' standard, and Rome beats back the Teuton's power, nor where the wild Rhine, steeped with the Swabian's blood, bears mangled bodies down its sorrowing waves.

47 "For thou shalt sing of garlanded lovers watching before another's threshold, and the tokens of drunken flight through the dark, that he who would cheat stem husbands by his cunning may through thee have power to charm forth his imprisoned love." So spake Calliope, and, drawing water from the fount, sprinkled my lips with the draught Philetas loved.

IV

CAESAR OUT god plans war against rich Ind and would cleave with his fleet the waters of the pearlbearing sea. Great is the prize, men of Rome: furthest earth prepares triumphs for thee, Tiber, and Euphrates shall flow beneath thy sway. Late shall that province come beneath Ausonia's rods, yet it shall surely come; Parthia's trophies shall become familiar with Latin Jupiter. Go now, ye prows well skilled in war, unfurl your sails; ye war-horses, ply the task ye know so well! I sing you prospering omens. Avenge Crassus and his slaughter! Go forth and make fair the pages of Rome's story!

11 O father Mars and ye fires of fate, that burn for holy Vesta, I implore you, may that day come ere I die, on which I shall see Caesars chariots laden with spoils and his steeds oft halting at sound of the people's cheers; then as I lie reclined on the bosom of my beloved I will read the names of captured cities, and will turn mine eyes to gaze at the shafts that were hurled by flying horsemen, at the bows of trousered warriors and the captive chiefs that sit beneath the arms that once they bore.

19 Venus, keep safe thine offspring; may that life, that before thine eyes still preserves Aeneas' line, live through all ages! Be the spoil theirs whose toil has won it! Enough for me to be able to cheer them on the Sacred Way.

LOVE is a god of peace: we lovers worship peace: enough for me the hard warfare I wage with my mistress. My soul is not so racked with lust for hateful gold, nor drinks my thirst from cups of precious stone, nor is fat Campania ploughed for me by a thousand yokes, nor do I get me bronzes from thy ruin, hapless Corinth.

7 Ah! primeval earth so unkind to Prometheus' fashioning hand! With too little care he moulded the human heart. He ordered men's bodies, but forgot the mind as he plied his art; straight before all else should have been the path of the soul. Now o'er such wide seas are we tempest-tossed; we seek out a foe, and pile fresh war on war. Yet no wealth shalt thou carry to the waves of Acheron: naked, thou fool, thou shalt be borne to the ship of Hell. There victor and vanquished shades are mingled in equality of death: captive Jugurtha, thou sittest beside the consul Marius; Lydian Croesus is as Dulichian Irus! That death is best that comes apace when we have had our joy of life.

19 My delight is it to have worshipped Helicon in my earliest youth and to have entwined my hands in the Muses' dance. Be it my delight also to bind my soul with deep Lyaeon draughts and ever to have wreaths of spring roses about my brow. And when the burdening years have set a stay to love, and whitening age hath flecked my black locks, then be it my pleasure to learn the ways of nature, to learn what god rules by his wisdom this quarter of the world, how comes the rising moon, how wanes, and how each month its horns are orb'd again to the full; whence sweep the winds in triumph over the sea, what seeks the East Wind with his blast, and whence the clouds draw their unfailing water; whether a day shall come to o'erthrow the citadels of the world; why the bright bow drinks up the rain-water, why the peaks of Perrhaebian Pindus have trembled, why mourned the sun's disk with dark-robed steeds, why Bootes is late to turn his oxen and wain, why the band of Pleiads shine with close-set fires, why the deep outsteps not its bounds, and why the full year hath four seasons in its round; whether there be gods that rule underground and giants that suffer torment, and Tisiphone's brow be wild with black snakes; whether Alcmaeon be plagued with Furies and Phineus with fasting, whether there be the wheel, the rolling rock, the thirst in the water's midst; whether Cerberus guards with triple throat the cave of Hell, and nine acres are all too few for Tityos; or if the tale that hath come down to wretched mortals be an empty dream and there is naught to dread beyond the pyre. Such is the close of life that waits for me: do ye to whom arms are dearest bring home the standards of Crassus!

VI

TELL me truly what thou thinkest of my love: so, Lygdamus, be the yoke of thy mistress taken from thy neck. Dost thou cheat me and make me swell with baseless joy, telling me such news as thou thinkst I would fain believe? Every messenger should be blameless of lying, and a slave should be all the truer by reason of his fear. Now set forth thy tale to me from the first beginning, if thou rememberest aught; I will listen with eager ears.

9 Did her tears rain even so when thou beheldest her weep with hair dishevelled? Didst thou see no mirror, Lygdamus, on her couch? Did no jewelled ring adorn her snowy hands? Didst thou see a sad-hued robe hang from her soft arms, and did her toilet caskets lie closed at the bed's foot? Was the house sad, and sad her handmaids as they plied their tasks, and was she knitting in their midst? Did she press the wool to her eyes to dry their moisture, and repeat my chidings with plaintive tone?—"Is this the reward he promised me in thy hearing, Lygdamus? Perjury may be punished, though the witness be but a slave. Can he leave me thus to weep with never an act of love, and keep in his house one such as I would not name? He rejoices that I pine forlorn in my empty bed. If it please him, Lygdamus, let him mock me even in death. 'Twas by no winning ways, but by magic herbs, that she, the wretch, hath conquered me: he is led captive by the magic wheel whirled on its string. He is drawn to her by the monstrous charms of the swelling bramble-toad and by the bones she has gathered from dried serpents, by the owl-feathers found on low-lying tombs, and the woollen fillet bound about the doomed man. I call thee to witness, Lygdamus; if my dreams lie not, he shall yield me vengeance, late, yet ample, as he grovels at my feet. The spider shall weave her mouldering threads about his empty couch, and Venus herself shall slumber on the night of their embrace."

35 If my love spake these words with truth in her soul, run back, Lygdamus, by the way thou earnest. Bear back this message from me with many tears, that my passion may have stooped to anger, but never to guile, that I am tormented by like flame to hers: I will swear that for twice six days I have known no woman. Then if blest peace shall spring from such fierce war, as far as I may serve thee, Lygdamus, thou art free!

VII

THOU, therefore, money, art the cause that life is full of care! 'tis for thee we go down to death ere our time; 'tis thou that givest men's vices cruel nourishment, thou art the fount whence spring the seeds of woe: 'twas thou that thrice and four times didst whelm with raging seas Paetus that set his sails toward Pharos' haven.

7 Poor wretch, while he followed thee he was snatched away from life's first bloom, and floats strange food for fishes far away. His mother might not give burial due to the dust of him that loved her, nor lay him in earth amid the ashes of his kin. But the birds of the sea stand now above thy bones, and thou hast for sepulchre the whole Carpathian main. Ah! cruel North Wind, ravished Orithyia's dread, what great harvest of spoil couldst thou win from him? Or why, Neptune, delightest thou in shipwreck? Righteous men were they that voyaged in that hull. Paetus, why count'st thou o'er thy years? Why, as thou swimdest, is thy dear mother's name upon thy lips? The wave hath no gods to hear thee. Thy cables were made fast to the rocks, but the storms of the night shore through their strands and swept them all away.

25 Give back his body to earth, his life lies lost in the deep; sands without worth, drift at your will and cover Paetus. And oft as the mariner passes Paetus' tomb let him say: "Thou canst bring terror even to the brave!" Go to now, build curving keels, weave engines of death: 'tis from man's hands come deaths like this. Earth was too small for death, we have added the waves: by our craft have we enlarged the cruel paths of fortune. Should the anchor hold thee, whom thy home could not hold? What shouldst thou say he merits, that finds his native land too small? Whate'er thou buildest is sport of the winds; no keel hath e'er grown old; even the haven keeps not faith. Nature with guile hath made the sea a path for greed: scarce once may success be thine. There are shores that bear witness to Agamemnon's woe, where the doom of Argynnus brands the waves of Mimas; for the loss of this boy Atrides would not launch his ships and for this tarrying was Iphigenia slain. The rocks of Caphareus brake a triumphant fleet, when shipwrecked Greece was engulfed by the wild brine. Ulysses wept the loss of his comrades one by one; against the sea alone his wiles had no power.

43 But if Paetus had been content to plough his fields with his father's kine, and had counted my words of weight, still would he live to feast in merriment before his household gods; poor though he were, yet on dry land would he have naught to beweeep, save only lack of wealth. Paetus could not endure to hear the shrieking gale, nor to wound his delicate hands with the hard cordage; his rather to lie in a chamber of Chian marble or on a couch of Orician terebinth, his head propped on down of rainbow hues. Yet from him while still he lived did the wave rend his nails, and right loth, poor wretch, his gasping throat gulped down the waters: yet him did the wild night see borne

on a slender plank: so many ills conspired for the death of Paetus. Natheless with his last lamentations he gave this charge and wept, when the dark wave was closing his dying lips: "Ye gods of the Aegean that have power over the waters, ye winds and every wave that weighs down my head, whither snatch ye the hapless years of my first bloom? Was there guilt on the hands that I brought to your seas? Ah! woe is me! The sharp rocks where the seamew nests shall batter me! The god of the blue deep hath smitten me with his trident. Yet at least may the tide cast me up on Italian shores: little though there be left of me, 'twill suffice if but it reach my mother." Even as he spake these words the wave with twisting eddy dragged him down; thus passed from Paetus speech and life together.

67 Ye hundred daughters of Nereus, maids of the sea, and thou Thetis, whom a mother's love once drew from out the deep, ye should have placed your arms beneath his weary chin: he was no heavy burden for your hands. But thou, fierce wind of the North, never shalt thou see my sails; mine rather before my mistress' doors to lay me down, adventuring naught.

VIII

RIGHT glad am I of our brawl by the lamplight yestereve and all the railings of thy frenzied tongue, when mad with wine thou didst thrust away the table and cast goblets of wine at me with angry hand. Nay, be bold! Assail my hair and scar my face with thy fair talons! Threaten to hold fire beneath mine eyes and burn them from their sockets! Tear my raiment and leave my bosom bare! love be strong. She, that hurls taunts with raving tongue, lies grovelling at the feet of mighty Venus; she throngs herself close with flocks of guardians, or rushes down the street like some frenzied Maenad; or wild dreams fright her timid soul continually, or the painted portrait of some girl fills her with woe. From all these torments of soul I draw sure auguries; these have I learned to be the signs of constant passion. No love is constant that cannot be provoked to quarrel: be girls that naught may move the fate of them that hate me.

²¹ Let my comrades see the wounds where her teeth have tom my neck; let dark bruises show that my love hath been with me. I would have sorrow myself in love, or else hear thine; I would see thy tears or else mine own, that fall if ever thou sendest secret messages with nodding brow, or with thy fingers writest words thou wouldst not speak aloud. I hate those sighs that never break through sleep: 'tis for an angry mistress I would ever be pale with longing. Sweeter to Paris was his passion's fire, when he must cleave his way through the hosts of Greece ere he could bring joy to his love, the daughter of Tyndareus. While the Danaans conquered, while savage Hector barred their path, he waged a mightier war in Helen's arms. Either with thee or for thee with my rival will I wage truceless war: where thou art, peace hath for me no pleasure.

VIIIA

REJOICE that none is fair as thou! Thou wouldst grieve if there were any. But now thou hast just cause for pride.

³⁷ But for thee, that didst spread a snare for our love, may thy wife's father live for ever and thy house ne'er have peace from her mother! If ever thou wast granted the boon of one stolen night, 'twas anger against me, not love for thee, that made her grant it.

IX

MAECENAS, knight sprung from the blood of Tuscan kings, that wouldst fain abide within thy fortune's scope, why dost thou launch me on so wide a sea of song? Such spreading canvas suits not a bark like mine.

5 It brings but shame to take upon thine head a burden that thou canst not bear, and soon to bow the knee and turn in flight. All things are not meet alike for all men; from different heights the palm of fame is won. 'Tis Lysippus' glory to mould statues with all the fire of life; Calamis, methinks, boasts the perfection of his carven steeds; Apelles claims his highest glory from his painting of Venus; Parrhasius asserts his place by his miniature art; groups rather are the themes of Mentor's mould; in the works of Mys the acanthus winds on its brief way; the Jove of Phidias arrays himself in a statue of ivory; the marble in Triops' city gives Praxiteles glory. Some race their victorious chariots at Elis; for the swift feet of some was glory born; one was begotten for peace, another is meet for the weapons of war; each man follows the seeds of his own nature.

21 But I, Maecenas, have taken to heart thy rule of life, and am driven to vanquish thee with thine own example. Though as a magistrate of Rome thou mightest plant thine imperious axes where thou wouldst and deal justice in the Forum's midst; though thou mightest pass through the fierce Medians' spears and load thy house with trophies of arms; though Caesar gives thee strength for success, and at all seasons ready wealth pours into thy purse, yet holdest thou back and dost withdraw in lowly wise to modest shades, and of thine own choice furllest the swelling canvas of thy sails. Believe me, thy resolve shall rival the great deeds of Camillus, and thou also shalt be a name upon the lips of men, and thy footsteps shall accompany the fame of Caesar; thy loyalty, Maecenas, shall be thy true trophy of triumph. I cleave not the swelling sea with sail-borne keel: I do but loiter in the shelter of a little stream. I will not tell in tearful strain how Cadmus' citadel sank into ashes beneath the Father's fire, nor of the seven fights, each closed with like disaster; I will not tell of the Scaean gate and Pergama, Apollo's citadel, nor how the Danaan ships returned in the tenth spring, when the wooden horse, wrought by the cunning of Pallas, won the day and made the walls, that Neptune built, to be razed by the Greek plough. Enough for me to have found acceptance among the books of Callimachus and to have sung, O Dorian poet, in strains like thine. Let my writings kindle boys and girls to love! Let them acclaim me as a god and bring me sacrifice!

47 Be thou my leader, then will I sing of the arms of Jove, of Coeus threatening heaven and Eurymedon on Phlegra's hills: then will I set forth to tell of the kings that were reared together at the wild beast's teat, of the walls that were established by the slaying of Remus, and of the lofty Palatine grazed by the steers of Rome; and my wit shall grow to the height of thy commands.

I will hymn thy chariots that triumph from the East and from the West, the shafts now idle of the Parthian's crafty flight, the camp of Pelusium o'erthrown by the sword of Rome, and Antony whose own hands wrought his doom.

⁵⁷ Do thou but grant thy kindly favour, take the reins that guide my youthful course and give me favouring applause when my wheels speed forth in the race. This is the glory thou grantest me, Maecenas, and to thee 'tis due that men shall say that I, even I, have followed thine example.

X

I WONDERED what omen the Muses had sent me as they stood before my couch in the red sunlight of dawn. They sent me a token that 'twas the birthday of my mistress, and thrice with propitious sound they clapped their hands. May this day pass to its close without a cloud, may the winds be motionless in heaven, and may the threatening wave sink to calm on the dry shore. To-day may I see none that mourn, and may even the rock that is Niobe withhold its tears. May the sea-birds' mouths have rest, hushed from their wailing, and the mother of Itys cease to moan his death.

11 And do thou, beloved, born under happy auguries, rise and pray to the gods that demand their due offering. First with pure water wash sleep from off thee, and with thy finger's impress tire thy shining hair. Next don that robe wherein thou first didst snare the eyes of Propertius, and let thy brows not lack a crown of flowers. And pray that the beauty that is thy might may endure alway, and that thou mayest be the queen of my heart for ever. Then when thou hast appeased the wreathed altars with incense and their fire hath flashed its blessing through all the house, give thy thoughts to feasting. Let night speed mid the wine-cup, and let the casket of yellow onyx make glad our nostrils with oil of saffron; let the hoarse pipe blow for the midnight dance till it give o'er for weariness, and let thy wanton words come fast and free. Let the merry banquet keep unwelcome slumbers far, and let the air of the neighbouring street ring loud that all may hear. Let us cast lots, let the fall of the dice reveal to us those whom the boy god lashes with heavy pinions. And then when the hours have been sped by many a goblet and Venus appoints those mysteries that wait on night, let us with all solemnity perform the anniversary's rite in our chamber, and thus complete the path of thy natal day.

XI

WHY marvellest thou that a woman sways my life and drags my manhood captive beneath her rule? Why falsely dost thou hurl at me the foul taunt of cowardice, because I cannot snap my chains and break my yoke. 'Tis the mariner best foretells his coming doom, 'tis wounds that teach the soldier fear. I once spake boasts like thine in my past youth: now let my example teach thee to be afraid.

9 The witch of Colchis drove the fiery bulls beneath the adamantine yoke and sowed battles in the warrior-bearing earth, and closed the fierce, gaping jaws of the guardian snake, that the fleece of gold might go to Aeson's halls. Maeotian Penthesilea once dared on horseback to assail the Danaan ships with her arrows, even she whose bright beauty conquered the conquering hero, when the helm of gold laid bare her brow. Omphale, the maid of Lydia, bathed in the Gygean lake, rose to such renown of beauty that he, who had set up his pillars in the world he had tamed to peace, with homy hands plucked soft tasks of wool. Semiramis stablished Babylon, the Persian's city, in such wise that it rose a solid mass with wall of brick, and two chariots might be sent to meet each other nor graze their sides with touching axles; and through the midst of the citadel which she founded she led Euphrates, and bade Bactra bow its head to her sway.

27 Why should I tell of heroes, why taunt the gods with sin? Jove brings shame on himself and on his house. Why should I tell of her that of late heaped insults on our arms, that woman who found lovers even among her slaves, and claimed the walls of Rome and the Senate enslaved to her tyranny as a fee from her foul paramour? Guilty Alexandria, land most skilled in guile, and Memphis so often bloodstained with our woe, where the sand robbed Pompey of his three triumphs! No day shall ever free thee of this stain, O Rome! Better for thee, Pompey, had thy funeral gone forth on the Phlegrean plain, or hadst thou been doomed to bow thy neck to thy wife's father! Forsooth the harlot queen of unchaste Canopus, the one disgrace branded on Rome by the race of Philip, dared to match barking Anubis against our Roman Jove, to force Tiber to endure the threats of Nile, to drive out the Roman trumpet with rattling sistrum and with poled barge to pursue the Liburnian galley, to stretch her foul curtains on the Tarpeian rock, and to give judgment amid the arms and statues of Marius. The city high-throned on the seven hills, the queen of all the world, was terrified by a woman's might and feared her threats! What boots it now to have broken the axes of Tarquin, whose proud life brands him with the name of "proud," if we must needs endure a woman's tyranny? Rome, take thy triumph and, saved from doom, implore long life for Augustus. Yet didst thou fly, O queen, to the wandering streams of timorous Nile! Thy hands received the chains of Rome. I saw her arms bitten by the sacred asps, I saw her limbs drink in slumber as it worked its secret way.

“Thou needst not have feared me, Rome, with such a citizen to guard thee!”
so spake even the tongue that deep draughts of wine had enslaved.

61 Curtius closed the gulf and made himself an everlasting memorial:
Decius brake the battle-line with charging steed; the path of Codes still tells of
the cutting of the bridge: and one there is who won his name from a raven.
The gods founded these walls, and the gods protect them; while Caesar lives
scarce should Rome fear the wrath of Jove! Now where are Scipio’s fleets,
where the standards of Camillus, or thou, O Bosporus, so lately captured by
the might of Pompey? Where are the spoils of Hannibal and the trophies of
conquered Syphax, and Pyrrhus’ glory broken beneath our feet? Leucadian
Apollo shall tell how the hosts were turned to flight: one day of war swept
away so vast an armament! But do thou, O mariner, whether thou seekest or
leavest the haven, remember Caesar o’er all the Ionian main.

XII

POSTUMUS, hadst thou the heart to leave Galla weeping and to follow the gallant standards of Augustus to the wars? Was any glory from Parthia's spoils worth aught to thee, when thy Galla oft prayed thee not to go? If it be lawful, may all ye that are greedy for gold perish alike, and with you the man that loves arms more than a faithful bride!

7 Yet thou, madman, with thy cloak cast about thee for covering shalt drink the water of Araxes from thy helmet when thou art weary; and she meanwhile will pine at each idle rumour, for fear lest thy valour cost thee dear, or lest the Median arrows rejoice in thy death or the mailed soldier on his gilded steed; or lest some scanty relics of thee be brought home in an urn for her to weep; thus they return that perish in those lands.

15 Thrice and four times blest, O Postumus, art thou in Galla's chastity! With a heart like thine thou wast worthy of a different spouse! What will a woman do with no fear for safeguard, when there is Rome to teach its luxury? But go without fear; no gifts shall conquer Galla and she will not remember thy cruelty. For whensoever fate sends thee home in safety, chaste Galla shall hang about thy neck. Postumus shall be another Ulysses with a wife to wake men's wonder: no hurt did Ulysses suffer from his long tarrying, no hurt from the ten years' leaguer, from Ismara the Ciconians' mount, from Calpe, and thereafter the burning of thine eye, O Polyphemus; no hurt from the guile of Circe, the lotos with its binding spell, nor from Scylla and Charybdis, cloven with alternate ebb and flow, nor when Lampetie's oxen bellowed on the Ithacan spits (Lampetie, Phoebus' daughter, had pastured them for her sire), nor when he fled from the couch of Aeaea's weeping queen, or swam the deep so many nights and days, entered the dark halls of the silent ghosts, and with deaf oarsmen drew nigh the Siren's pools, revived his ancient bow with the suitors' slaughter, and thus set a term to his wanderings. And not in vain, for his wife had remained true to him at home. Aelia Galla shall surpass Penelope's fidelity.

XIII

YE ask, wherefore the greed of women makes their love so costly, and wherefore our empty coffers cry out that Venus has been their bane. Clear and undoubted is the cause of such vast ruin; the path of luxury has grown overfree. The Indian ant sends gold from the caves of the mine, the nautilus shell comes from the Red Sea; Cadmean Tyre sends hues of purple, and the Arab shepherd rich-scented cinnamon. These weapons storm the hearts even of close-guarded virgins and such as are cold as thou, O daughter of Icarius. Matrons go forth arrayed in spendthrifts' fortunes and flaunt the spoils of infamy before our eyes. No shame is there in asking or in giving; or if any there be, even reluctance is banished at a price.

15 Blest is that peerless law for the burial of Eastern husbands, whom the crimson dawn colours with her steeds! For when the last torch is set to the dead man's bier his wives stand round, a pious company with streaming hair, and struggle for death one with another, who living shall follow her dead lord; 'tis shame to be debarred from death. The victors burn and offer their breasts to the flame and lay charred faces on their husband's body. But here the race of brides is faithless; here doth no woman show Evadne's faith or Penelope's loyalty.

25 Happy the young that dwelt in peace of old, whose wealth was in harvest and orchard. Their offerings were Cydonian apples shaken from the bough; they gave baskets filled with purple brambles, now with their hands plucked violets, now brought home shining lilies mingled together in the maidens' paniers, and carried grapes clad in their own leaves or some dappled bird of rainbow plumage. Bought by such wooing as this were the kisses that girls gave their silvan lovers in secret caves. A roe-deer's skin was enough to cover two lovers, and the grass grew tall to make them nature's couch. The pine bowed o'er them and cast its rich shade about them; nor was it a sin to see goddesses naked: the horned ram of his own accord led back his ewes sated with grazing to the empty fold of the shepherd god. All gods and goddesses that guard the countryside spake kindly words to the hearths of men. "Stranger, whoe'er thou art that comest, thou shalt hunt the hare in my paths or the bird, if bird thou seekest: and whether thou pursuest thy prize with lime-rod or with hound, call me Pan from the crag to be thy comrade."

47 But now the shrines lie neglected in deserted groves: piety is vanquished and all men worship gold. Gold has banished faith, gold has made judgment to be bought and sold, gold rules the law, and, law once gone, rules chastity as well.

51 Portals of burning fire bear witness to the sacrilege of Brennus, when he assailed the Pythian realms of the god unshorn: and soon Parnassus shook its laurel-bearing peak and scattered dread snows over the arms of Gaul. Thee, Polydorus, did guilty Polymestor, lord of Thrace, won by the lure of gold,

nurture with treacherous hospitality. That thou too, Eriphyla, mightest deck thy shoulders with gold, the steeds of Amphiaraus are sunken and earth knows him no more.

59 I will speak out; and may my country find me a true seer! Rome is being shattered by her own prosperity. I speak sure truth, but none believe me; for neither was the frenzied maid of Ilium ever to be deemed a true seer amid the woes of Troy: she only cried that Paris was building Phrygia's doom, she only that, freighted with treachery, the horse stole on her home. Her madness carried profit for her country and for her sire. The tongue that none believed proved that the gods were true.

XIV

AT many of the laws of thy wrestling-grounds do I marvel, O Sparta, but most at the plenteous blessings of the schools where thy women train, inasmuch as a girl may without blame disport her body naked among wrestling men, when the swift-thrown ball cheats the player's grasp and the hooked rod clanks against the rolling hoop, and dust-besprinkled the woman stands at the race's furthest goal and endures wounds in the cruel boxing-match. Now she binds the glove to her hands that rejoice in its thongs, now whirls in a circle the discus' flying weight; now with hoar-frost sprinkling her hair she follows her father's hounds o'er the long ridges of Taygetus, now tramples the ring with her steeds, girds the sword to her snowy flank and shields her virgin head with hollow bronze, like the warrior throng of Amazons who bathe bare-bosomed in Thermodon's stream, or as Pollux and Castor on Eurotas' sands, the one destined to conquer with his fists, the other with his steeds: amid these twain, men say, Helen bared her breasts and carried arms, nor called a blush to her brother's cheek.

²¹ Thus Sparta's law forbids lovers to hold aloof and grants to each to walk by his mistress' side in the open streets; there none fear for her honour nor keep her under watch and ward: there none need dread the bitter vengeance of some stem husband. Thou needst no herald; thyself thou mayst speak of thine own business; no long delay shall affront thee. No raiment of Tyrian purple beguiles the wandering eyes of lovers, nor shall thy mistress vex thee with long tiring of her scented hair.

²⁹ But here my love goes girt by a vast crowd, leaving no narrow passage whereby so much as a finger may reach her. Nor canst thou discover what mien to wear nor with what words to proffer thy request: shrouded in darkness is the path o'er which the lover ponders. But if thou, O Rome, wouldst but follow the laws and wrestling of the Spartans, then wouldst thou be the dearer to me for this blessing.

XV

So — may I know no further storms in my love, nor may ever the night come whereon I must lie wakeful without thee! When the modesty of my boyhood's garb was hidden away, and freedom was given me to know the paths of love, 'twas she, Lycinna, won, ah me! by no gifts of mine, that initiated my innocent soul on those first nights wherein she shared my love. 'Tis now the third year since then, but little less, and I can scarce remember that ten words have passed between us. All things thy love has buried, nor since thee has any woman cast sweet chains about my neck.

[*Spare Lycinna, lest vengeance fall on thee!*] Dirce shall be my witness, Dirce maddened with anger by the tale none might gainsay, that Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, had lain with Lycus. Ah! how often did the queen burn her fair tresses and clutch her tender face with relentless hands! How often she loaded her handmaid with unjust tasks and bade her lay her head upon the hard ground! Often she suffered her to dwell in foul darkness, oft she refused even worthless water to allay her thirst. Jove, wilt thou never aid Antiope so deep in woe? The hard chains gall her hands. If thou art a god, 'tis shame that she whom thou didst love should be a slave; on whom should Antiope call from her fetters save on Jove? Yet unaided, summoning all her body's strength, with either hand she brake the tyrant chains. Then with trembling feet she ran to the heights of Cithaeron. 'Twas night, and her couch was bitter with scattered frost. Oft scared by the wandering sound of the rushing Asopus, she deemed that the feet of her mistress were pursuing.

Her tears found Zethus unmoved and Amphion pitiful, when she, their mother, was driven from the steading that was of right her own. And as when the waves give over their huge heavings, what time the East Wind ceases to strive with the wind of the South-West, and so the shore is stilled and the sound of the wave-swept sand grows less and less, so gradually sank she down on her bended knee. At length, though late, they showed their love; her sons knew their error. Worthy wert thou, old man, to tend the sons of Jove; thou didst restore the mother to her boys, and they bound Dirce beneath the head of a fierce bull to be dragged to death. Antiope, recognise the power of Jove! Dirce, now thy proud boast, is drawn along to find death in many a spot. The fields of Zethus are red with blood, and Amphion sang the paean of victory on thy rocks, O Aracynthus.

⁴³ But do thou spare to torment guiltless Lycinna: anger of jealous woman knows no turning back. And may no tale concerning us ever alarm thine ears; may I love thee only even when the funeral pile hath consumed me.

XVI

'Twas midnight when a letter came to me from my mistress bidding me come without delay to Tibur, where the white hills heave up their towers to right and left and Anio's waters plunge into spreading pools. What should I do? Trust myself to the dark that shrouded all and tremble lest my limbs should be gripped by ruffian hands? Yet if I should put off obedience out of fear, her tears would be more terrible than any midnight foe. Once had I sinned, and was rejected for a whole year long. Against me her hands are merciless.

11 Yet there is none would hurt a lover: lovers are sacred: lovers might travel Sciron's road unscathed. A lover, though he walk on Scythia's shores, will find none so savage as to have heart to harm him. The moon lights his path; the stars show forth the rough places, and Love himself waves the flaming torch before him; the fierce watchdog turns aside his gaping fangs. For such as him the road is safe at any hour. Who is so cruel as to embrue his hands in a lover's worthless blood, above all when Venus herself bears him company?

21 But did I know that if I perished I should surely receive due rites of burial, death would be worth the purchase at such price. She will bring unguents to my pyre and adorn my tomb with wreaths, she will sit beside my grave and keep watch there. God grant she place not my bones in some crowded spot, where the rabble journeys on the busy highway. Thus after death are lovers' tombs dishonoured. Let me be shadowed by leafy trees in some field far from the roadside; else let me be buried walled in by heaps of nameless sand. I would not that my name should be recorded amid the bustle of the street.

XVII

Now, O Bacchus, I cast me down before thine altars in lowly supplication; O father, give me peace and prosper my sails. Though Venus be frenzied, thou canst quell her scorn, and woes find healing from thy wine. By thee are lovers yoked, by thee set free; do thou, O Bacchus, wash this weakness from my soul. Thou also art not unversed in love; to that Ariadne rapt heavenward in thy lynx-drawn car bears witness among the stars. This curse that for many a year hath kept a fire ablaze within my bones only death or thy wine shall heal. For a sober night is always torment to lonely lovers, and hope and fear rack their spirits this way and that.

13 But if, O Bacchus, by thy gifts making my brain to burn thou shalt bring sleep to rest my bones, then will I sow vines and plant my hills with rows, and will watch that no beasts of the wild make havoc thereon. If only I may crown my vats with purple must and the new grape may dye my feet that tread the wine-press, then through all my life to come thou and thine horns shall give me life and men shall call me the poet of thy virtue, O Bacchus.

21 I will sing how the thunderbolt of Etna's forge blasted thy mother and brought thee to the birth, how the warriors of Ind were driven in flight by Nysa's dancers, how Lycurgus maddened in vain over the new-found vine, how Pentheus' death brought joy to the three companies of Maenads, how the Tuscan sailors, turned to curved dolphin-shapes, leapt into the sea from the vine-clad ship, and how fragrant streams flowed for thee through Dia's midst and the folk of Naxos drank thy wine therefrom. While thy white neck bows beneath the trailing ivy-clusters, the Lydian turban shall crown thy hair, O Bassareus. Thy smooth throat shall stream with scented oil of olive, and thy flowing robe shall strike thy naked feet. Dircean Thebes shall beat the womanish timbrel for thee, and goat-footed Pans shall make music on the pipes of reed. Hard by the great goddess, Cybelle, her head tower-crowned, shall clash the harsh cymbals to the Idaean dance. Before the temple gates shall stand the bowl, and the priest shall draw wine therefrom with golden ladle and pour it on thy sacrifice.

39 Of all this will I sing, things meet for no lowly accent, but with such voice as thundered from the lips of Pindar. Do thou only set me free from this haughty tyranny and vanquish mine anguished soul with slumber.

XVIII

WHERE the sea, shut out from dark-shadowed Avernus, beats with its laughing wave on Baiae's warm and steaming pools, where Misenus, trumpeter of Troy, lies in his sandy tomb, and the way built by the toil of Hercules is loud with the sea-billow; where the cymbals clashed in honour of the Theban god, when with kindly intent he visited the cities of men — but now, ah, hateful Baiae, dark with deep guilt, what baleful god stands by your waters? — here he sank smitten down to the Stygian wave, and that noble spirit wanders o'er your mere.

11 What availed him birth or virtue or his mother's piety? What availed him his union with the house of Caesar, or the waving awnings of the theatre so thronged but yesterday, or all that his mother's hands had wrought for him? He is dead, cut short unhappy in his twentieth year. Such glory compassed in such narrow room!

17 Go to now, exalt thy soul with pride and dream of triumphs, rejoice when whole theatres spring to their feet to cheer, outdo the cloth-of-gold of Attalus, at the great games let all be bright with gems! All these glories thou shalt yield up to the fires of death. And yet hither at last come all, come noble and come base; bitter is the way, but all must tread it; all must assuage the triple throat of the baying hound, and climb the boat of that grim greybeard that waits for all. Though a man seek to save himself by walls of iron and of brass, yet death shall drag forth his head from its sheltering place. Beauty saved not Nireus, nor might Achilles; nor was Croesus succoured by wealth born of Pactolus stream.

29 Such grief once wasted the perplexed Achivi, when Atrides' new passion cost them dear.]

31 But to thee, O ferryman of pious souls, let them bear this body void of its spirit; his soul hath soared starward far from the paths of men by the road that Claudius, victor of Sicily, and Caesar trod.

XIX

OFT thou reproachest me with the lust that rules us men. Believe me, 'tis rather of your womankind that lust is lord. Ye, when ye have burst the reins of despised modesty, ne'er set a limit to the frenzy of your heart. Sooner shall the flame be quenched amid the burning com, and streams return to the fountain whence they sprang, sooner shall the Syrtes yield a calm haven and wild Malea give the mariner kindly welcome on its shores, than any man shall have power to check you in your course or break the goads of your headlong wantonness.

11 Witness be she that suffered the scorn of the Cretan bull, and put on the false horns of the fir-wood cow. Witness Salmoneus' daughter that burned with passion for Thessalian Enipeus, and was ready to yield all her body to the watery god. Myrrha too is a reproach to your sex, that, fired with love for her aged sire, was transformed and hidden in the leaves of a strange tree. For why should I tell of Medea, when the mother, dearly though she loved her children, appeased her anger by their slaughter? Or why should I tell of Clytemestra, that in Mycenae brought shame on all the house of Pelops by her adultery?

And thou, Scylla, that didst sell thyself for the beauty of Minos, thou didst shear away thy father's realm when thou shorest his purple lock. Such was the dower that the maiden pledged to the foe! Nisus, 'twas love that opened thy gates by guile. But may ye, unwedded maids, burn your marriage torches with happier omen: for, see, she hangs to the Cretan bark and is dragged through the sea. Yet Minos deserves his place as the judge of Hell: though victor he showed justice to his conquered foe.

XX

DEEMST thou that he whom thou hast seen set sail from thine embraces can give a thought to the remembrance of thy beauty? Cruel the man that had the heart to leave his mistress for the sake of gain! When such tears as thine were shed was all Africa worth the winning? But thou, foolish girl, dreamst of the gods by whom he swore, and of the light words he spake. Perchance e'en now he vexes his heart with another passion.

7 Thy beauty hath power, thine are the chaste arts of Pallas, and glorious is the renown shed on thee by thy learned grandsire. Rich enough is thine house, if thy lover be but true! I will be true: do thou, my love, hasten to my couch!

13 The first night of love is come for me. Grant me, Moon and Sun, the full space of that first night. Moon, linger longer than thy wont o'er our first embraces. Thou too, Phoebus, that o'ermuch prolongst thy summer fires, shorten the course of thy laggard light. First must the terms be made, the pact be sealed, the contract written, that shall rule my new love. Love himself with his own signet seals up our troth; the whirling crown of the starry goddess is witness. How many an hour shall first yield to my tale of love ere Venus spur us to her sweet warfare! For if Love's bed be not bound by compact sure the lover's nights of sleepless watching find no gods to avenge them, and lust soon breaks the fetters it imposed: but for us may our love's first omens keep fast our troth. Wherefore for him that breaks the pledge that he swore on heaven's altars, and pollutes the rites of wedlock by turning to other loves, for him be all the woes love knows so well, and let shrill-tongued gossip fasten on him, nor, though he weep, may the window of his mistress be unbarred to him by night; let him love without ceasing, yet ever lack the fruition of love.

XXI

I AM constrained to set forth on a mighty journey to learned Athens, that long travel may free me from the burden of love. For my passion for my mistress grows with gazing on her: love itself is love's chief nourishment. I have tried all means whereby Love may be put to flight: but the god afflicts me from every side. Yet scarce ever, or only once and again, will she admit me, while oft she says me nay: or if she comes to me, she sleeps fully clad on the bed's edge. There is no help but this: if I seek another land, love will fly as far from my soul as Cynthia from mine eyes. —

11 Come now, my comrades, launch forth our ship to sea and draw lots in couples for your turn at the oar. Hoist the fair-omened sails to the mast's top; now the breeze forwards the mariner's course across the wave. Ye towers of Rome and ye my friends, farewell, and thou, my love, whate'er thou hast been for me, farewell!

17 Now therefore I shall be borne away, the Adriatic's unfamiliar guest, and now perforce approach with prayer gods of the roaring wave. Then when my bark has crossed the Ionian sea and lulled its sails in the calm waters of Lechaeum, for what remains of the journey hasten, my feet, to endure the toil where Isthmos with its fields beats back either sea. Then when the shores of Piraeus haven shall receive me I will climb the long arms of Theseus' road. There I will begin to clear my soul of error in Plato's Academe, or in thy gardens, learned Epicurus; or I will pursue the study of eloquence, the weapon of Demosthenes, and will cull the wit of thy books, learned Menander; or else bright pictures shall delight my eyes, or masterpieces wrought in ivory or bronze.

31 Either length of years or the wide-sundering spaces of the deep shall heal the wounds hidden in my silent breast, or, if I die, it shall be fate, not dishonouring love, shall lay me low; and the day of my death shall bring me no disgrace.

XXII

HAS cool Cyzicus, where the isthmus streams with wave of Propontis, and the goddess of Dindymus and Cybelle fashioned from carven tusks and the path trodden by the steeds of Dis the ravisher, have all these pleased thee for so many years, my Tullus? Though perchance the cities of Helle, daughter of Athamas, delight thee, yet, Tullus, be moved by my longing for thee.

7 Though one gaze on Atlas supporting all the sky, and the head of Phorcys' daughter severed by Perseus' hand, the stalls of Geryon, the marks of Hercules and Antaeus wrestling in the dust, and the dances of the Hesperides; though another churn the waters of Colchian Phasis with his oarsmen and follow the whole course of the timbers hewn on Pelion, where the pine-tree, wrought into the shape of an unfamiliar ship and still strange to the sea, glided between the crags with Argos' dove for guide; though he must visit Ortygia and the shores of Cayster and the land where Nile's waters run in sevenfold channels; yet all these marvels shall yield to the land of Rome: here hath nature placed whate'er is best in all the world. 'Tis a land made for war rather than crime: Fame blushes not for thy story, O Rome. For we are stablished in power by loyal faith no less than by the sword: our anger restrains its conquering hands.

23 Here flowest thou, Tibur's Anio, here is Clitumnus from his Umbrian path and the Marcian conduit that shall endure for ever. Here is Alba's lake and Nemi thick with leaves, and the healing spring whence drank the horse of Pollux. But here glide no homed asps with scaly bellies, nor are Italian waters wild with strange monsters. Here clang not Andromeda's fetters in payment for her mother's sin, nor, Phoebus, fliest thou in terror from Ausonian banquets; here for no man's destruction hath burned far-distant fire when a mother compassed her own son's ruin. No fierce Bacchanals hunt Pentheus in his tree, nor are Danaan fleets launched by the substitution of a doe. Juno hath had no power to make curved horns to grow from her rival's brow nor disfigure her features beneath the form of a cow. [*Here none tell of... nor of*] the trees where Sinis crucified strangers, nor of the rocks that gave bitter welcome to the Greeks, nor of the ships built only to meet their doom.

39 This, Tullus, is the land that bore thee, this thy fairest home; here shouldst thou seek honour that shall match thy lofty birth. Here are citizens for thine eloquence to sway, here is ample hope of offspring, and here awaits thee meet love from thy bride that shall be.

XXIII

So then my tablets, my learned tablets are lost, and with them many a gracious writing too is lost. Long usage at my hands had worn them down and bade them be believed without the warrant of a seal. They knew how to appease my loves, though I was not by, and, though I was not by, could speak in words of eloquence. No golden fittings made them precious; they were only dingy wax on common boxwood. Yet poor though they were, they were ever faithful to me and ever won deserved success. Sometimes, it may be, these were the words entrusted to their care: "I am angry, because thou didst tarry yestereve, thou sluggard. Didst thou deem thou hadst found a fairer love? Or dost thou spread some vile slander against me?" Or perchance she said: "Thou wilt come to-day and we will take our ease together: Love has made ready a welcome for thee all night long." These bare they, and all the shrewd words a chattering girl delights to find, when she appoints an hour for the stealthy joys of love. Alas! and now some greedy merchant writes his bill upon them and places them among his terrible ledgers! If any will return them to me he shall have gold for his reward: who would keep hard blocks of wood when he might have wealth for them? Go, boy, and with all speed set forth these lines upon some pillar, and write that thy master dwells upon the Esquiline.

XXIV

FALSE, woman, is the trust thou puttest in thy beauty; long since the partial judgment of mine eyes hath made thee overproud. Such praise of old my love bestowed on thee, and now it shames me that thou hast glory from my song. Oft did I praise the varied beauty of thy blending charms, and love deemed thee to be that which thou wert not. Oft was thy hue compared to the rosy star of dawn, though the splendour of thy face owed naught to nature. This madness my father's friends could not drive from me, nor any witch of Thessaly wash from me with the waves of the wild sea. All this — no fire or knife compelling — I confessed in utter truth, wrecked on a very ocean of trouble. Venus caught me and seethed me in the caldron of her cruelty; my hands were twisted and bound behind my back. But lo! my ships have found haven and wear wreaths of thanksgiving, the Syrtes are crossed and mine anchor cast. Now at last my senses return to me, aweary of the wild sea-tides; my wounds have closed, my flesh is healed. Good Sense, if any such goddess there be, I dedicate myself to the service of thy shrine, for Jove was deaf and took no heed of all my vows.

XXV

THEY made mock of me where the tables were set for feasting; the tongues of the vilest were suffered to make free with my name. For five years I had the heart to be thy faithful slave; oft shalt thou gnaw thy nails and mourn for my lost loyalty. Tears move me not a whit: 'twas tears ensnared me of old: Cynthia, thou never weepest save to deceive. I too shall weep as I depart, but my wrongs are stronger than grief; for thou lettest not the yoke sit easy on my shoulders. Farewell the threshold still weeping with my plaint, farewell that door ne'er broken by my hands for all its cruelty! But thee may weary age bow down with the years thou hast concealed, and may ill-favoured wrinkles come to mar thy beauty! Then mayest thou desire to tear out thy white hairs by the root, when the mirror mocks thee with thy wrinkles; mayest thou in thy turn be shut out from bliss and endure another's haughty scorn! Turned to an ancient crone, mayest thou lament what thou hast done! Such curses fraught with doom are the burden of my song for thee: learn to dread the end that awaits thy beauty!

BOOK IV

I

ALL that thou beholdest, stranger, where mighty Rome lies spread, was grass and hill before the coming of Phrygian Aeneas; and where stands the Palatine sacred to Phoebus of the Ships, there once lay the herd of Evander's exiled kine. From gods of clay sprang yonder golden temples; of old they spumed not to dwell in huts made by unskilled hands; the Tarpeian sire thundered from a bare crag, and Tiber still seemed strange to our cattle. Where Remus' house is perched yonder at the stairway's height the brothers of old counted their tiny hearth a mighty realm. The Senate-house, that towers on high filled with a shining throng of senators clad in the robe with purple hem, once held a rustic company, the city fathers robed in skins of beasts. The trumpet summoned the olden Quirites to debate: a hundred gathered in a meadow oft made a senate. No rippling awnings hung o'er the hollow theatre, nor reeked the stage with saffron, as 'tis wont to-day. Then no man sought to bring in strange gods, when the folk trembled in suspense before the ritual of their sires; but greatly they cared to celebrate the yearly feast of Pales with heaps of burning straw, making purification such as to-day we make with the blood of the maimed horse. Vesta was poor, and necklaced asses sufficed to make her glad, while lean kine dragged sacred emblems of little worth. The cross-roads, small as yet, were sprinkled with the blood of fatted swine, and the shepherd to the sound of pipes of reed made acceptable sacrifice with the entrails of sheep. The ploughman girt with skins plied his shaggy scourge; hence spring the rites of Fabian Lupercus. Their rude soldiers flashed not in threatening armour, but joined battle bare-breasted with stakes hardened in the fire. Lycmon wore but a wolf-skin helm when he pitched the first of general's tents, and the wealth of Tatius lay chiefly in his sheep. Thus rose the Titienses, the hero Ramnes, and the Luceres of Solonium; thus came it that Romulus drove the four white steeds of triumph. Of a truth Bovillae was less a suburb while Rome was yet so small, and Gabii, that now is naught, was then a crowded town. Then Alba, born of the white sow's omen, still stood in power, in the days when 'twas a long journey from Rome to Fidenae. The Roman of to-day has naught from his father save the name, nor would he deem that the she-wolf nurtured the blood from whence he sprang.

39 Hither, O Troy, for happier destiny didst thou send thine exiled gods; with blessed augury came hither the Dardan bark; even then the omens boded her well, since the womb of the horse of fir-wood had done her no hurt in that day when the father hung trembling on his son's neck, and the flame feared to burn those pious shoulders. That day led hither the dauntless Decii and the consulship of Brutus, and Venus herself bore hither her Caesar's arms, even the victorious arms of Troy reborn; with blessing, lulus, did the land receive thy gods, since the tripod of Avernus' trembling Sibyl bade Remus sanctify the fields of Aventine, and late in time the strains of the prophetess of Troy

proved true concerning ancient Priam. "Turn your steeds, ye Danaans!" she cried. "Ye conquer but in vain! Ilium's land shall live and Jove shall arm her ashes!"

55 O wolf of Mars, thou best of nurses for our state, what walls have sprung from thy milk! Of those walls let me sing in order due — alas! how weak is the voice of my lips. Yet howsoever slender the stream of song that flows from my puny heart, yet all of it shall be given to the service of my country. Let Ennius crown his songs with rude, shaggy wreath! To me, O Bacchus, give of thine ivy's leaves, that my books may make Umbria swell with pride, Umbria the home of Rome's Callimachus!

Let him that sees the towers of Asis climbing from the vale reckon the glory of its walls by the fame of my wit! Rome, smile on me! For thee my work is built. Ye citizens, give me fair omen, and from the right hand let some bird of augury sing me success. I will cry, "Troy, thou shalt fall, and thou, Trojan Rome, shalt arise anew!" and I will sing of all Rome's long perils by land and sea. Of holy rites and their days will I sing, and of the ancient names of places. This must be the goal toward which my foaming steed shall press.

WHITHER in heedless folly dost thou speed to sing the works of destiny, thou truant Propertius? The thread thou spinnest comes from no favouring distaff. Thy song shall bring thee sorrow; Apollo's face is turned from thee; thou askest of thine unwilling lyre such strains as thou shalt rue. I will tell thee sure truth with warrant sure; else am I a seer that knows not how to wheel the constellations on their orb of bronze. Horos is my name, and Babylonian Orops, child of Archytas, begat me, and my house hath Conon for ancestor. The gods be witness that I have not shamed my kin and that in my books there is naught set down save truth. Now have men turned the gods to profit and Jupiter is fooled by their gold; to profit have they turned the oft-scanned constellations of the slanting zodiac, the blessed star of Jove, the greedy star of Mars, the sign of Saturn that brings woe to one and all, the purport of the Fish and the fierce constellation of the Lion and Capricorn, bathed in the waters of the West.

89 When Arria was in travail with her twin sons I foretold — for she destined her sons for arms, though a god forbade — that they should never bring home their spears to the gods of their father's home, and now lo! two tombs prove that my words were true. For the horseman Lupercus, as he shielded his wounded face, guarded himself but ill, alas! for his steed had fallen: while Gall us, as in the camp he defended the standards entrusted to his charge, fell dead before his eagle's beak and bathed it in his blood. Doomed boys, both brought to your death by your mother's greed, my words found true fulfilment — ah! would that they had not! I, too, when Lucina prolonged Cinara's pains, and the slow burden of her womb delayed, cried: "Let her make a vow to Juno that shall win the ear of the goddess!" She was delivered: — my books won the day. Such truth is not unfolded by the cave of Libyan Jove amid the desert sands, nor by entrails that speak forth the will of heaven entrusted to their care; such truth he cannot tell that marks the crow's beating wings, nor the spirit of the dead that rises from magic waters. The seer must gaze upon the path of heaven, on the road of truth that lies among the stars, and from the five zones seek assurance. Calchas bears grievous witness; for he loosed from Aulis the ships that clung to the kindly rocks, as still they should have clung; 'twas Calchas, too, that embrued the steel in the blood of Agamemnon's daughter and launched Atrides with blood upon his sails; yet never did the Danaans return; fallen Troy, check thy weeping and behold Euboea's bays! Nauplius uplifts his vengeful fires by night, and Greece swims sunken by the weight of her own spoils. Victorious son of Oileus, go, ravish thy prophetess and take her to thy love, though Minerva forbid thee to tear her from her robe!

119 Thus far shall history witness; now to thy stars I turn; prepare to lend patient hearing to a new tale of tears. Ancient Umbria bore thee in a home of

high renown — do I lie? or do I touch thy country's borders? — where misty Mevania sheds its dews on the hollow plain and the waters of Umbria's lake send forth their summer steam, and the wall rises from the peak of climbing Asis, that wall made yet more glorious by thy wit. And all too young thou didst gather to thy bosom thy father's bones and wert driven to a poorer home. Many were the steers that tilled thy fields, but the pitiless measuring-rod robbed thee of thy wealth of plough-land. Thereafter when the ball of gold was cast from thy young neck and the robe of manhood's freedom was donned before thy mother's gods, then did Apollo teach thee some little of his song and forbid thee to thunder forth thy speech in the mad tumult of the Forum. Nay then, be elegy thy task, a work full of guile — here lies thy warfare! — that other bards may write inspired by thee. Thou shalt endure the alluring strife of Venus' wars and shalt be a foeman meet for the shafts of Venus' boys. For whatever victories thy toil may win thee, there is one girl shall baffle thee ever; and though thou shake from thy mouth the hook that is fast therein, it will avail thee naught; the rod shall keep thee captive with its barb. Her whim shall order thy waking and thy sleeping, and the tear shall not fall from thine eyes save at her command. Nor shall a thousand guards aid thee, nor a thousand seals set on her doors; if she be resolved to cheat thee, a chink in the door will suffice her. And now whether thy bark be tossed in mid tempest or thou go'est unarmed amid an armoured foe, or earth tremble and yawn for thee with gaping chasm, fear thou the ill-omened back of the eight-footed Crab!

II

WHY marvellest thou that my one body should have so many shapes? Learn the tokens of the god Vertumnus' birth. A Tuscan I from Tuscans sprung, nor do I repent me that I left Volsinii's hearths amid the din of battle. This throng that is ever round me is my joy; I need no ivory temple for my delight; enough that I can see the Roman Forum.

7 There once the Tiber went, and they say that the sound of oars was heard across the smitten shallows. But after he had yielded thus much ground to his nurslings I was called the god Vertumnus from the turning of the river. Or else because I receive the first-fruits of the year as it turns its round, for this reason also thou deemest that offering to be Vertumnus' due. For me the first grape changes colour with darkening cluster, and the spiked ear of corn swells with its milky fruit. Here thou seest sweet cherries glow, here autumn plums and summer mulberries. Here the grafter pays his vows with garland of fruit, when the pears unwilling stock hath borne him apples, 19 Lying rumour be silent; another warrant is there for my name; believe the god that tells his own tale. My nature suits with every form: turn me to what thou wilt, I shall still be comely. Clothe me in silks of Cos, I shall prove a graceful girl; and when I wear the toga who shall deny me to be a man? Give me a sickle and bind my brow with twisted hay, thou wilt swear that grass has been cut by my hands. Once I bore arms and, I mind me, won praise in war; but when the heavy basket was placed upon my back I was a reaper. Sober am I when law-suits call, yet when the wreath is on my brow thou wilt cry that the wine has stolen to my head. Gird my head with a turban, I will steal for me the semblance of Iacchus; I will steal the semblance of Phoebus if thou wilt but give me his lyre. With nets on my shoulder I go hunting; but when the fowler's reed is in my hand I am that god who speeds the snaring of feathered fowl. Vertumnus takes also the guise of a charioteer, and of him who transfers his nimble weight from horse to horse. Supply me and with a rod I will take spoil of fish, or will go my way a spruce pedlar with trailing tunic. I can stoop like a shepherd o'er his crook; I too can bring roses in baskets through the midst of summer's dust. For why should I add, since there lies my greatest fame, that the garden's choice gifts may be seen in my hands? The dark-green cucumber and the gourd with swelling belly and the cabbage tied with light rushes mark me out. Nor grows there any flower in the fields but is placed upon my brow and droops in comely fashion before my face. Nay, my name sprang from my deeds; 'twas because I turned to every shape that my native tongue bestowed it on me.

49 And thou, Rome, thou didst reward my Tuscan kin — from whom to-day the Tuscan street is named — what time the Lycomedian came with succouring host and crushed the Sabine warriors of fierce Tatius. I saw the breaking ranks, the weapons cast to earth, I saw the foe turn his back in base

flight.

55 But do thou, O Father of the gods, grant that the toga-clad throng of Rome may pass for ever before my feet.

57 Six lines remain; I would not delay you that hurry to answer your bail; this is the ending of my course.

59 Once I was a maple stock, rough-hewn with hurried sickle; 'twas before Numa's days I dwelt, no wealthy god, in the city of my love. But may the rude earth ne'er bruise thy cunning hands, Mamurius, that didst grave my form in bronze and hadst the skill to cast me to such changeful use. Thy work is but one, yet manifold the honour that it wins.

III

THIS charge doth Arethusa send to her Lycotas, if I may call thee mine who art so often far from me. Yet if any part thou wouldst read be lost and blotted, the blot will have been made by my tears; or if any letter baffle thee with uncertain outline, 'twill be the token of my right hand that now faints in death.

7 Thee now did Bactra behold in the twice-visited East, now the Neuric foe with armoured steed, the wintry Getans, and Britain of the painted car and the swart Indian washed by the Eastern wave.

11 Was this the meaning of thy wedded troth, of the night pledged to our kisses, when a stranger in love's warfare I yielded to thine onset? The torch that burned with ominous light before me as they led me to thy house drew its baleful flame from the ruins of some pyre; I was sprinkled with water from the pool of Styx, the wreath was set awry upon my hair: Hymen was not with me when I wedded. On every gate, alas! are hung my vows for thy safety, vows that bring naught save woe, and 'tis now the fourth cloak I am weaving for thy warfare. Perish the man first plucked the soldier's stake from some unoffending tree, and wrought mournful trumpets from hoarse-echoing bones! Worthier he than Ocnus to twist the rope, sitting slantwise at the task, and to feed thy hungry maw, poor ass, to all eternity!

23 Tell me, does the breastplate gall thy soft arms? does the heavy spear chafe thy hands that were not meant for war? Sooner let spear and breastplate hurt thee than that any girl should mar thy neck with the marks of her teeth, marks that must bring me tears to weep! They say, too, that thy face is lean and drawn: only I pray that thy pallor spring but from longing for me.

29 Meanwhile I, when evening brings round for me the bitter night, kiss whatever of thy weapons lie left at home. Then I complain that the coverlet will never stay upon my couch, and that the birds that herald dawn are slow to sing. Through the nights of winter I toil to weave thee raiment for thy life in camp, and sew lengths of woollen cloth purple with Tyrian dye, only to meet the sword. I learn where flows the Araxes thou must conquer, and how many miles the Parthian charger can run without slaking his thirst. I am driven also to study from a map the painted world and to learn what is the position of the far-northern Dahan, what lands are stiff with frost, what crumbling with heat, and what is the wind that may waft thy sails safe home to Italy.

41 My sister only waits on my sorrows, and my nurse, turning pale, swears falsely 'tis winter's season that delays thee. Happy Hippolyte! bare-breasted she bore arms and savage-hearted hid her soft locks beneath the helm. Would that the camps of Rome had opened their gates to women; then had I been the faithful burden of thy warfare. Nor would Scythia's hills delay me when Father Jove binds the deep waters to ice with keener cold. Love is mighty ever, but mightier far for an acknowledged husband; this flame Venus herself fans that it may live.

51 To what purpose now should robes of purple shine for me with Punic dye or clear crystal adorn my fingers? All things are silent and deaf; the Lares' closed shrine is opened on the Kalends, that come so seldom, and scarce even then by one solitary handmaid on her accustomed round. Dear to me is the whine of the little dog Craugis: she only claims thy place in my bed. I cover shrines with flowers, I wreath the cross-roads with sacred branches, and the herb Sabine crackles for me on ancient altars. If the owl perched on some neighbouring bough makes moan, or the lamp, as it burns low, needs the sprinkling of wine, that day orders sacrifice of this year's lambs, and the high-girt priests busy themselves to win fresh profit.

63 Count not, I pray, too high the glory of scaling Bactra's walls, or the spoil of fine linen tom from some perfumed chief, in that hour when the bolts of the twisted sling are scattered abroad and the crafty bow twangs from the flying steed! But — so when Parthia's nurslings are tamed may the headless spear-shaft follow thy triumphant steeds! — do thou keep unsullied the pact that binds thee to my bed. 'Tis the sole condition on which I would have thee return! Then when I shall have carried thine armour and votive offering to the Capene gate I will write beneath it: THE THANKOFFERING OF A GRATEFUL WIFE FOR HER HUSBAND'S SAFETY.

IV

I WILL tell of the Tarpeian grove, of Tarpeia's shameful tomb, and of the capture of the house of ancient Jove. This mount did Tatius gird with palisade of maple and ringed his camp securely with circling mound. What was Rome in those days when the trumpeter of Cures made the neighbouring cliffs, where Jove sits throned, tremble before his long-drawn blast, and when Sabine javelins stood in the Roman Forum, where now laws are given to the conquered world? Rome had no ramparts save her hills. Where now stands the Senate-house hedged in by walls, once the war-horse drank from a slender spring.

3 A goodly grove there was, hidden in a rocky, ivy-mantled glen, and many a tree made answering murmur to its native springs. 'Twas the branching home of Sylvanus, whither the sweet pipe would call the sheep from the hot sun to drink. From this spring Tarpeia drew water for her goddess, and the urn of earthenware bowed down her head whereon 'twas poised. fire, O Vesta? She saw Tatius practise for battle on the sandy plain and lift his Hashing spear amid the yellow helmet-plumes. Dumbstruck she marvelled at the king's face and at the kingly armour, and the urn fell from her forgetful hands. Often did she plead that the moon boded ill — yet the moon was guiltless — and said that she must bathe her locks in the running stream. Often she offered silvery lilies to the kindly nymphs, that the spear of Romulus might not wound the face of Tatius; and while she climbed the Capitol clouded with the first smoke of morning she came home with arms tom by rough brambles. And thus as she sate on the Tarpeian height she bewailed the wounds that Jove in his dwelling hard by might not forgive:

31 "Watchfires of the camp and thou, royal tent amidst the host of Tatius, and Sabine armour so lovely to mine eyes, would that I might sit a captive before your household gods, if so I might behold the face of Tatius! Farewell, ye hills of Rome, and Rome that crowns the hills, and Vesta brought to shame by my sin! That horse, o'er whose right shoulder Tatius smooths the mane, that horse and none other shall bear me love-maddened to his camp, my home.

39 "What marvel if Scylla waxed fierce against her father's locks and her white waist was transformed to fierce hounds? What marvel that the horns of the monstrous brother were betrayed, when the path was revealed by the gathering of the thread? What reproach I shall bring upon Ausonia's maids, I the traitress that was chosen to be the handmaid of the virgin hearth! If any shall marvel that the fires of Pallas are extinguished, let him pardon me! The altar is sprinkled with my tears!

47 "To-morrow, so rumour tells, there shall be a purification through all the city; do thou take the dewy ridge of the thorn-clad hill. The path is slippery and treacherous through all its length: for alway it hides silent waters on its

deceitful track. Would that I knew the charms of the magic Muse! Then had my tongue also brought thee succour, my beauteous lover! The royal robe beseems thee rather than that motherless wight, whom the rude teat of the savage she-wolf suckled.

55 “ Wilt thou make me thy queen on these terms, O stranger, and shall I bear thee children in thy halls? With me comes Rome betrayed, no puny dower! If thou wilt not have me thus, ravish me and have thy vengeance in turn, that the Sabine maids be not ravished unavenged! I have the power to part the hosts when locked in battle: enter, ye brides, on reconciling peace! My robe of marriage shows the way! And do thou, Hymenaeus, sound thy strain: trumpeter, hush thy wild blasts; believe me, my marriage-bed shall assuage your warfare.

63 “Now the fourth bugle sings the approach of dawn, and the stars themselves sink to their rest in Ocean. I will try sleep and will seek for dreams of thee: grant that thy semblance may come to cheer mine eyes.”

67 She spake, and let fall her arms in uneasy slumber: she knew not, alas! that she had laid her down to be the prey of fresh furies. For Vesta, the blessed guardian of the Trojan embers, fed her sin with fuel and hid more firebrands in her bones. She rushed away, like the Strymonian Amazon by swift Thermodon's bank, with raiment torn and bosom bared to view.

73 'Twas a feast-day in the city — the Fathers named it Parilia — the birthday of the walls of Rome, the yearly banquet of the shepherds, when the city makes merry, when country platters are moistened with rich fare, and the drunken crowd flings dust-stained feet o'er heaps of burning hay placed here and there. Romulus decreed that the watchmen should take their ease in rest, that the trumpet should be laid aside and the camp have silence. Tarpeia deemed her hour had come and met the foeman: she made her pact, herself a part thereof.

83 The hill was treacherous of ascent, but unguarded by reason of the feast; of a sudden with his sword he cuts down the noisy watchdogs. All was slumber: only Jove had resolved to wake that he might work thy doom. She had betrayed the secret of the gate, betrayed her prostrate country, and asked for marriage on the day of her own choice. But Tatius — for even the foe gave no honour to crime — answered: “Marry then, and climb thus my royal bed.” He spake and bade his comrades crush her beneath their piled shields. Such, Vestal, was thy dower, meet guerdon of thy services.

93 The hill took its name from Tarpeia, the foeman's guide. O watcher, unjustly hast thou won this recompense for thy doom.

MAY the earth cover thy tomb with thorns, thou bawd, and may thy shade be parched with thirst, for thirst thou hatest. May thy ghost find no rest among thine ashes, and may vengeful Cerberus fright thy dishonoured bones with hungry howl.

5 . Skilled to win even Hippolytus that said “Nay” to love, and ever worst of omens to lovers’ peace, she could force even Penelope to be deaf to rumours of her husband’s safety and to wed with wanton Antinous. Should she will it, the magnet will refuse to draw the steel, and the bird prove a stepmother to her nestlings. Nay, did she bring herbs from the Colline field to the magic trench, things solid would dissolve into running water. She dared put spells upon the moon to do her bidding and to disguise her shape beneath the form of the night-prowling wolf, that by her cunning she might blind jealous husbands, and with her nails she tore out the undeserving eyes of crows; she consulted owls how she might have my blood, and gathered for my destruction the charm that drips from the pregnant mare.

19 She plied her task, alas! with flattering words, even as the persistent mole bores out its stony path. Thus would she speak: “If the golden shores of the Dorozantes delight thee, or the shell that flaunts its purple in the Tyrian sea, if Eurypylus’ weft of Coan silk please thee or crumbling figures cut from coverlets of gold, or the wares sent from palm-bearing Thebes and myrrhine goblets baked in Parthian kilns, then spurn thine oath, and down with the gods! Let lies win the day! Break all the laws of chastity; they bring but loss! Feign that thou hast a husband; ‘twill heighten thy price! Use every excuse! Love will return with added fire after a night’s delay. If perchance he be angry and tear thy hair, his anger shall bring thee profit; after that thou must torment him till he purchase peace. Then when he has bought thine embraces and thou hast promised him enjoyment of thy love, see that thou feign that the days of Isis are come, enjoining abstinence. Let Iole thrust on thy notice that April’s Kalends are near, let Amycle din into thine ears that thy birthday falls on the Ides of May. He sits in supplication before thee. Take thy chair and write somewhat: if he trembles at these tricks thou hast him fast! Ever have fresh bites about thy throat, that he may deem to have been given in the strife of love. But delight not thou in the railing of importunate Medea — she was cast off that had dared be first to ask for love. But rather be costly Thais thy pattern, of whom Menander’s wit hath told, when the harlot of the stage tricks the shrewd Scythian slaves.

45 “Change thy ways to suit thy man. If he boasts his powers of song, accompany him and join thy drunken voice to his. Let thy porter be open-eyed for them that bring gifts; if he that knocks be empty-handed, let him sleep on, propped on the bar that is drawn across the door. Nor would I have thee spurn soldiers not made for love, nor sailors, if their horny hands bring coin, nor yet

one of those on whose barbarian necks the salesman's bill has hung, when with whitened feet they danced in the marketplace. Look to the gold, not to the hand that brings it. Though thou give ear to their verse, what will be thine save empty words? 'What boots it, light of my life, to go forth with locks adorned, and to rustle in slender folds of Coan silk?' Who brings thee verse yet never a gift of Coan raiment, let his lyre meet with deaf ears, since it brings no pelf. While spring is in the blood and thy years know not wrinkles, use thy time, lest the morrow take toll of thy beauty! I have seen the rose-beds of perfumed Paestum that should have lived lie blasted at mom by the Scirocco's breath."

63 While thus Acanthis plied my mistress' soul, all my bones might be counted beneath the shrunken skin. But do thou, Queen Venus, receive my thank-offering, a ring-dove's throat cut before thine altar. I saw the cough clot in her wrinkled throat, and the bloodstained spittle trickle through her hollow teeth. I saw her breathe out her plague-struck spirit on the blankets that were once her father's: the hearth was chill and the broken shed where she lay shivered for cold. For pomp of funeral she had but the stolen bands that bound her scanty hair, a mutch with colour dimmed by foul neglect; and the dog that of old was over-wakeful for my woes, when with stealthy fingers I had to slip the bolts that barred the door. Let the bawd's tomb be an old wine-jar with broken neck, and over it, wild fig-tree, put thou forth thy might. Whoe'er thou art that lovest, batter this grave with jagged stones, and mingled with the stones add words of cursing!

VI

THE priest doth sacrifice; be silent all that his sacrifice may prosper, and let the heifer fall smitten before mine altar-hearths. Let the garland of Rome vie with the ivy-clusters of Philetas, and let the urn serve me with water of Cyrene. Give me soft nard and offerings of appeasing incense, and thrice about the hearth be the woollen fillet twined. Sprinkle me with water, and by the new-built altar let the ivory pipe make libation of song from Phrygian vessels. Fly hence afar all guile, and beneath other skies let mischief dwell; new is the path the priest must tread, but the pure laurel-branch doth make it smooth for him.

11 My Muse, we will tell of the temple of Palatine Apollo; Calliope, the theme is worthy of thy favour. My songs are spun for the glory of Caesar: while Caesar is the theme of song, do thou, Jupiter, even thou, rest from thy labours and give ear.

15 By the Athamanian shores where Phoebus dwells there lies a haven, whose bay hushes the roar of the Ionian sea, Actium's wide water that guards the memory of the Julian bark, and gives easy entrance to the mariner's prayer. Here met the hosts of all the world: motionless on the deep stood the huge ships of pine, yet smiled not fortune alike on all their oars. There stood one fleet, doomed by Trojan Quirinus, and Roman javelins — ah! shame! — were grasped in a woman's hand. And there stood the ship of Augustus, its sails filled by the blessing of Jove, its standards long since taught to conquer for their country's sake. And now Nereus had bent the lines to twin crescent curves and the water quivered bright with the flash of arms, when Phoebus, leaving Delos, that abides firmly rooted now beneath his protection — for once alone of isles it was the sport of the South Wind's anger — took his stand above Augustus' ship, and thrice a strange flame shone forth, bent like the slant lightning-flash. He came not with hair streaming o'er his neck or with peaceful music of the tortoise lyre; but his face was as when he looked on Agamemnon Pelops' son, and carried forth the warriors of the Dorian camp to the greedy funeral pyre; or as when he slew the serpent Python, the terror of the peaceful Muses, and relaxed its coils in death.

37 Then he spake: "O saviour of the world, Augustus, sprung from Alba Longa and known for greater than thy Trojan sires, conquer now by sea! Already the land is thine. My bow fights for thee, and every arrow that burdens my shoulders wishes thee well. Free thy country from fear, thy country that, relying on thy protection, hath freighted thy bark with a nation's prayers. If thou defend her not, 'twas in evil hour that Romulus, as he sought omens for the founding of his walls, beheld the birds fly forth from the Palatine. Aye! and too near they venture with their oars! Shame that Latium's waves, while thou art prince, should bear the sails of a queen! Nor let it fright thee that their fleet is winged, each ship, with an hundred oars. The sea

whereon it sails will have none of it. And though the prows bear figures threatening to cast rocks such as centaurs throw, thou shalt find them but hollow planks and painted terrors. 'Tis his cause that makes or mars a soldier's strength. If the cause be not just, shame strikes the weapon from his hands. The time is come! Launch thy ships upon the foe! 'Tis I appoint the hour of battle and will guide the Julian prows with laurel-bearing hand."

⁵⁵ He spake and gave his quiver's burden to the bow; after his shafts the spear of Caesar was first to fly. Phoebus kept troth and Rome conquered; the woman met her doom, and broken sceptres floated on Ionia's waves. But his sire Caesar gazed marvelling from his Idalian star: "I am a god, and thy victory gives proof that thou art sprung from our blood." Triton hailed the victor with his song, and all the sea-goddesses clapped their hands around the standards of liberty. But she, vainly trusting in her flying sloop, sought the Nile; this only did she win, death at the hour of her own choice. Heaven willed it and 'twas better so; how mean a triumph would one woman make in those streets through which Jugurtha once was led!

⁶⁷ Hence Actian Phoebus won his temple. Each arrow sped from his bow vanquished ten vessels of the foe.

⁶⁹ I have sung enough of war: victorious Apollo now demands my lyre, and doffs his armour for the dances of peace. Let white-robed banqueters enter the luxuriant grove, and winsome roses stream about my neck. Be wine outpoured crushed in Falernian presses, and thrice let Cilician saffron bathe my locks. Let the Muse stir poets that now are fired with wine; Bacchus, 'tis thy wont to inspire Phoebus whom thou lovest. Let one tell how the Sycambri of the marsh have bowed to slavery, another sing of the dusky realms of Cephean Meroe; let another record how late in time the Parthian hath made truce and owned defeat. "Let him return the standards of Remus; soon shall he yield up his own. Or if Augustus spare for a little the quivers of the East, let him put off those trophies that his boys may win them. Rejoice, Crassus, if thou knowest aught in the darkness of the sands where thou liest: now may we cross Euphrates to thy grave." Thus will I pass the night with drink and thus with song, till dawn shall cast its rays upon my wine.

VII

THE Shades are no fable: death is not the end of all, and the pale ghost escapes the vanquished pyre. For Cynthia seemed to bend o'er my couch's head, Cynthia so lately buried beside the roaring road, as fresh from love's entombment I slept a broken sleep and mourned that the bed that was my kingdom was void and cold. Her hair, her eyes were the same as when she was borne to the grave: her raiment was charred against her side, and the fire had eaten away the beryl ring her finger wore, and the water of Lethe had withered her lips. Spirit and voice yet lived, but the thumb-bones rattled on her brittle hands.

13 "False heart!" she cried, "— yet ne'er may woman hope for truer — can sleep have power on thee so soon? So soon hast thou forgotten the guile we practised in the sleepless Subura and my window worn by our cunning in the night? — that window from which so oft for thy sake I let down the rope and hung in mid air, as with alternate hand descending I came to thine embrace. Oft at the cross-ways were our rites accomplished and the road grew warm beneath our cloaks as we lay breast to breast. Alas for that wordless bond whose cheating terms the deaf wind of the South-West has swept away! Yet no man called upon my name as I passed and mine eyelids closed: surely hadst thou recalled me, I had been granted one more day. No watchman rattled his cleft reed for my sake, and a broken tile wounded my defenceless brow. Aye, and who saw thee bowed with grief at my graveside? who saw thy robe of mourning grow hot with thy tears? If it vexed thee to go further than my portal, yet thus far thou mightest have bidden my bier be borne more slowly. Why, ungrateful, prayedst thou not for winds to fan my pyre? Why were the flames wherein I burned not fragrant with nard? Was this also a burden, to cast hyacinths — no costly gift — upon me and to appease mine ashes with wine from the shattered jar?

35 "Let Lygdamus be burned, let the branding-iron glow white for the slave of mine house! I knew his guilt when I drank the wine that struck me pale. And as for cunning Nomias, let her hide her secret poisons if she will! The burning potsherd shall convict her hands of guilt. She that of old was public to all men's gaze and asked so little for her love, now marks the dust with her train's golden hem, and if some chattering slave hath praised my beauty, requites her unjustly with heavier tasks of wool. For bearing wreaths to my sepulchre aged Petale is shackled to a foul clog of wood, while Lalage is hung by her twisted hair and scourged for daring to ask a boon in my name.

47 "And thou didst suffer *her* to melt mine image of gold, that so she might win her dowry from the flame that consumed me. Yet I chide thee not, Propertius, though thou deservest my chiding: long did I reign supreme in thy songs. I swear by the chant of the Fates that none may make unsung (and may the three-headed hound lull his baying for me, as I speak true), I swear that I

kept faith to thee. If I lie, may the adder hiss on my tomb and couch above my bones.

55 “Two mansions are there allotted beside the foul stream of Hell, and all the dead must ply the oar this way or that. One bark bears the adultery of Clytemestra, another the monstrous timber of the feigned Cretan cow; but lo! yet others are swept away in wreathed boat, where blessed airs fan the roses of Elysium, where the harp makes music and the round cymbals of Cybelle, and turbaned dancers strike the Lydian lyre. Andromede and Hypermestra, souls renowned, wives without blame, tell forth their story. The one complains that her arms are bruised with the chains brought on her by her mother’s pride, and that her hands deserved not to be bound to icy crags. Hypermestra tells how her sisters dared a mighty deed, and how she had not heart for such a crime. Thus with the tears of death we heal the passions of life; I hide in silence the many sins of thy faithlessness.

71 “But now I charge thee, if perchance my words move thee, and the spells of Chloris hold not all thy soul: let my nurse Parthenie lack naught in her years of palsied eld; she was kind to thee and clutched not at thy gold. And let not my darling Latris, whose name came from her service, hold up the mirror for another mistress. And all the verses thou didst make in mine honour, burn them, I pray thee; cease to win praise through me. Drive the ivy from my tomb, that with grappling cluster and twining leaves binds my frail bones, where applebearing Anio broods o’er its orchard meadows and by the favour of Hercules the ivory ne’er grows yellow. And write these verses on a pillar’s midst; they shall be worthy of me, but brief, that the traveller may read them as he hastens by: HERE GOLDEN CYNTHIA LIES IN THE FIELDS OF TIBUR. ANIO, NEW PRAISE IS ADDED TO THY BANK.

87 “Nor spurn thou visions that come through holy portals; when dreams are holy they have the weight of truth. By night we range in wandering flight; night frees the prisoned shades, and Cerberus himself strays at will, the bar that chains him cast aside. At dawn Hell’s ordinance bids us return to the pools of Lethe: we are ferried over and the mariner tells o’er his freight.

93 “Now let others possess thee! Soon shalt thou be mine alone; with me shalt thou be, and I will grind bone with mingled bone.”

95 When thus in querulous plaint she had brought her tale to a close, her spirit vanished from my embrace.

VIII

LEARN what this night struck panic through the watery Esquiline, when all the neighbours ran headlong through the New Fields.

3 Lanuvium is from of old under the guard of an ancient serpent; thou shalt not count it wasted time if thou give an hour to so wondrous a visit. Here down a dark chasm plunges a sacred path, where penetrates the offering of the hungry snake — beware, O maid, of all such paths as this! — when he demands his yearly tribute of food and sends forth loud hisses from the depths of earth. Maids that are sent down to rites such as this turn pale when their hand is rashly trusted in the serpent's mouth. He seizes the morsels that the virgin holds toward him: even the baskets tremble in the virgin's hands. If they have been chaste, they return to embrace their parents, and farmers cry: "Twill be a fertile year."

15 Hither was my Cynthia drawn by close-clipped ponies. She pleaded Juno's worship; more truly had she pleaded rites of Venus. Tell forth, prithee, thou Appian Way, what a triumphal journey she made before thine eyes, as her wheels whirled madly over thy paving-stones, [when a noisy brawl broke out in a secret tavern and brought shame on my fair name, though I was not there]. She was a sight to see as she sat there bending over the pole's end and daring to drive amain through rough places. For I say naught of the silk-hung chariot of the close-shaven fop, nor of the dogs with rich collars about their Molossian necks; some day he will sell his doomed body to feed on the foul fare of a gladiator, when the beard whereof he is now ashamed shall master those close-shaven cheeks.

27 Since so oft she wronged our bed, I resolved to change my couch and pitch my camp elsewhere. There is a certain Phyllis, that dwells nigh Diana on the Aventine. Sober she pleases me little; when she drinks all is charm. Another there is, one Teia, that dwells 'twixt the Tarpeian groves; fair is she, but when the wine is on her, one lover will be all too few. These two I resolved to summon to make night pass less sadly, and to renew my amorous adventures with love still strange to me. One little couch there was for three on a secret lawn. Dost ask how we lay? I was between the two. Lygdamus had charge of our cups; we had a service of glass to suit the summer with Greek wine that smacked of Methymna. Thou, Nile, didst provide us with a piper, while Phyllis played the castanets, and, fair in her artless beauty, was right content to be pelted with roses. Magnus himself, with short and shrunken limbs, clapped his deformed hands to the sound of the hollow boxwood flute. But, though their bowls were full, the lamp-flames flickered, and the table's top fell upside down on the feet that had supported it. And as for me, while I sought for sixes from the favouring dice, ever the ruinous aces leapt to light. They sang to me, but I was deaf. They bared their bosoms, but I was blind. Alas! I stood alone at Lanuvium's gates.

49 And lo! of a sudden the door-posts groaned harsh with turning hinge, and a light sound was heard at the entrance of the house. Straightway Cynthia hurled back the folding portals, Cynthia with hair disordered, yet lovely in her fury. My fingers loosed their grasp and dropped the cup; my lips turned pale though drunken with wine. Her eyes Hashed fire: she raged with all a woman's fury. The sight was fearful as a city's sack. She dashed her angry nails in Phyllis' face: Teia calls out in terror on all the watery neighbourhood. The brandished lights awakened the slumbering citizens, and all the street rang loud with the madness of the night. The girls fled with dishevelled raiment and tresses torn, and the first tavern in the street received them.

63 Cynthia rejoiced in her spoils and hastened back to me victorious, and bruised my face with cruel hands, and marked my neck with her teeth, till her bite drew blood, and above all smote mine eyes that had deserved her blows. Then when her arms were tired with beating me she routed forth Lygdamus, who lay hid on our left crouched beneath the couch's head at its very feet. Dragged forth to light, he implored protection from my guardian spirit. Lygdamus, I was powerless; I was thy fellow-captive. wouldst have me pardon the sin thou hast done, hear the conditions of the law that I impose. Never shalt thou walk abroad in rich attire in the shade of Pompey's colonnade, nor when the sand is strewn in the wanton Forum. Beware that thou bend not thy neck awry to gaze at the theatre's topmost ring; let never a litter yield itself uncurtained to thy loitering gaze. And above all let Lygdamus, chief cause of my complaint, be sold and trail double shackles on his feet."

81 Such were the terms she imposed. I replied: "I accept the terms." She laughed, exulting in the dominion I had given her over me. Then she purified with fire each place that the foreign girls had touched, and cleansed the threshold with pure water; she bade me change all my raiment anew, and thrice touched my head with burning sulphur. Then when every covering of the bed had been changed, I bowed to her will and we made up our quarrel on the couch we knew so well.

IX

WHAT time Amphitryon's son drove the oxen from thy stalls, O Erythea, he came to that hill untamed by man, the sheep-grazed Palatine, and there, himself aweary, halted his weary kine, where the Velabrum spread its stagnant stream and the mariner sailed over waters in the city's midst. But the kine remained not safe, since Cacus proved a disloyal host, and outraged Jove with theft. Cacus was a dweller in the place, a robber issuing from his dreaded cave, who spake with threefold utterance from three several mouths. He, that there might be no sure token to betray his theft, dragged the cattle tail foremost to his cave. But the god beheld him: the lowing steers revealed the thief, and wrath beat down the thief's cruel doors.

15 Cacus lay low, thrice smitten on the brow with the Maenalian club, and thus spake Alcides: "Go, ye oxen, go, oxen of Hercules, the last labour of my club. Twice, oxen, did I seek ye, and twice ye were my prey. Go ye and with your long-drawn lowing hallow the Place of Oxen; your pasture shall in times to come be the far-famed Forum of Rome." He spake, and thirst tortured his parched palate, while teeming earth supplied no water.

23 But far off he heard the laughter of cloistered maids, where a sacred grove made a dark encircling wood, the secret place of the Goddess of Women, with holy fountains and rites ne'er revealed to men save to their cost. Wreaths of purple veiled its portals far-withdrawn and a ruinous hovel shone with sweet fire of incense. A poplar decked the shrine with far-spread leaves, and its deep foliage shielded singing birds.

31 Hither he rushed, the dust thick-clotted on his parched beard, and before the portal spake wild words unworthy of a god. "Ye, that make merry in the sacred dells of the grove, I pray you, open your hospitable shrine to a weary man. Athirst for water I wander, while all the place is loud with the sound of streams. Enough for me were a draught of the running brook caught in the hollow of my hand. Have ye heard of one that bore the globe on his back? I am he; the world I carried calls me Alcides. Who has not heard of the mighty deeds of Hercules' club, and of those shafts that ne'er were spent in vain on ravening beasts? Who has not heard how for me alone of mortals the darkness of Hell was not dark? Receive me; this land is all but closed to me and I am aweary. Nay, though ye were sacrificing to Juno, that is my bane, even my stepdame had not closed her waters to me. But if some one of you be frightened by my visage and the lion's mane and my locks burnt by the Libyan sun, I also have performed servile tasks, clad in Sidonian cloak, and wrought the day's tale of wool with Lydian distaff. My shaggy breast was girt by the soft breast-band, and though my hands were horny I proved a nimble girl."

51 So spake Alcides; but thus replied the kindly priestess, her white hair bound in a purple band: "Forbear to gaze, O stranger, and leave this dreaded grove. Come, leave it, depart from its threshold and seek safety in flight. The

altar that guards its sanctity in this secret hut is forbidden to men, and dire is the doom that avenges its pollution. At great cost did the seer Tiresias behold Pallas, while she bathed her mighty limbs, the Gorgon breastplate laid aside. The gods give thee other fountains! This one stream flows for maidens only in secret channel far from the paths of men.” So spake the aged dame. He with his shoulders shattered the doorposts that barred his sight, nor could the closed gate endure the fury of his thirst.

63 But after he had quenched his burning and drained the stream to naught, with lips scarce dry he pronounced this stern decree: “This corner of the world hath now received me as I drag out my doom: weary though I be this land is all but closed to me. May that Mightiest of Altars dedicated for the finding of my flocks, this altar made Mightiest by mine hands, never be open to women’s worship, that the thirst of Hercules be avenged to all eternity.”

71 Hail, Holy Sire, on whom now cruel Juno smiles. Holy one, I pray thee to take thy place in my book with blessing. This hero of old, for that he had cleansed the world with his hands and made it holy, Tatian Cures established in his temple as the Holy one.

X

Now will I begin to show forth the origins of Feretrian Jupiter and to tell of the triple spoils of armour won from three several chiefs. Great are the heights I must scale, but glory lends me strength; crowns plucked from easy summits please me not.

5 Thou, Romulus, first didst win this prize and earnest home laden with the spoil of thy foe, what time thou didst vanquish Caeninian Acron, as he sought the gates of Rome, and with thy spear didst hurl him dead upon his fallen steed. Acron, the chieftain from Caenina's citadel, sprung from the seed of Hercules, was once the terror of thy lands, O Rome. He dared to hope for spoil from Quirinus' shoulders, but himself gave up his own, spoil dripping with his own life-blood. Him Romulus espied, as he poised his javelin against the hollow towers, and forestalled him with a vow that heaven approved: "Jupiter, behold thy victim; to-day shall Acron fall in thine honour," The vow was made, and Acron fell to be the spoil of Jupiter. Thus was he wont to conquer, the father of Rome and the Virtues, who from homes of thrift endured the hardships of the camp. The knight was ready alike to guide the war-horse or the plough; his helm was of wolf-skin decked with shaggy plume, his shield shone not with gaudy inlay of golden bronze, and his tough belt was but the hide of slaughtered kine. Not yet was the sound of war heard beyond Tiber's bank, and Nomentum and the three acres of captured Cora were Rome's furthest prey.

23 Cossus comes next with the slaughter of Tolumnius, Veii's lord, in the days when even to have power for Veii's conquest was a mighty task. Alas! Veii, thou ancient city, thou too wert then a kingdom and the throne of gold was set in thy market-place: now within thy walls is heard the horn of the idle shepherd, and they reap the cornfields amid thy people's bones. It chanced that Veii's chief stood on the tower above the gate and parleyed without fear from his own city: and while the ram shook the walls with brazen horn, where the long mantlet shielded the siege-works' line, Cossus cried: "'Twere better for the brave to meet in open field." No tarrying then, but both stood forth on the level plain. The gods aided the Latin's hands, and Tolumnius' severed neck bathed Roman steeds with blood.

39 Claudius beat back the foe that had crossed from the banks of Rhone, when the Belgic shield of the giant chief Viridomarus was brought back to Rome. He boasted to be sprung from Rhine himself, and nimble was he to hurl the Gallic spear from unswerving chariot. Even as in striped breeches he went forth before his host, the bent torque fell from his severed throat.

45 These triple spoils are stored in the temple. Hence comes Feretrius' name, because with heaven's sure favour chief smote chief with the sword: or else the proud altar of Feretrian Jupiter hath won its name because the victor bore the armour of the vanquished on his shoulders.

XI

CEASE, Paullus, to burden my grave with tears: no prayers may open the gate of darkness; when once the dead have passed beneath the rule of Hell the ways are barred with inexorable adamant. Though thine entreaty reach the ears of the god that reigns in the house of gloom, the shores of Styx shall drink thy tears unmoved. Heaven only is won by supplication: when the ferryman has received his toll, the pale portal closes on the world of shadows. Such was the burden of the trumpets' strain, when the cruel torch was placed beneath my pyre and the flames engulfed my head.

11 What availed me the wedded love of Paullus? what the triumphal chariot of mine ancestors, or those that live to bear such witness to their mother's glory? Cornelia found not therefore the Fates less cruel, and lo! I am now but one little handful of dust. Dark night of doom, and ye, O shallow, stagnant meres, and every stream that winds about my feet, guiltless, though untimely, am I come hither, and may Father Dis deal gentle judgment to my soul. Else, if there be an Aeacus who sits in judgment with the urn at his side, let him punish my shade when the lot bearing my name is drawn. Let the two brothers sit by him, and near the seat of Minos let the stem band of Furies stand, while all the court is hushed to hear my doom. Sisyphus, be thou freed awhile from thy huge stone! Hushed be Ixion's wheel! And thou, baffling water, be thou caught by the lips of Tantalus! To-day let cruel Cerberus attack no shade, let his chain hang slack from its silent bar! Myself I plead my cause. If I plead falsely, let the woeful urn that is the Danaïd sisters' doom bow down my shoulders!

29 If ancestral trophies have e'er won glory for any, why, then, the statues of my house tell of Numantine ancestry, while yonder is gathered a not less glorious band, the Libones of my mother's line: on either side my house is pillared with glory. Such was my birth; thereafter when the maid's robe of purple was laid aside before the torch of marriage, and a new wreath caught up and bound my hair, I was wedded to thy couch, my Paullus, doomed, alas! to leave it thus. Behold the legend on this stone: "To one and one alone was she espoused." I call to witness the ashes of my sires, revered, O Rome, by thee; beneath their glory's record thou, Africa, best beaten to the dust.... [*I call the chiefs of Carthage and the East*] and Perseus, whose soul was spurred by the thought that he came of Achilles' line and of his that shattered thy halls, Avernus, to witness that the censor's ordinance was ne'er relaxed for me and that my hearth ne'er blushed for sin of mine. Cornelia ne'er dimmed the lustre of such spoils of war; nay, even in that great house she was a pattern to be followed.

45 My life was changeless; through all its days it knew no slander: 'twixt torch of marriage and torch of death ours was a life of high renown. The laws I followed sprang from pride of blood: 'twas nature gave me them, that no

fear of judgment might lead me toward virtue. I care not who the judges be that pass stem sentence on me; no woman shall be shamed by sitting at my side, not thou, Claudia, the peerless servant of the tower-crowned goddess, that didst lay hold of the cable and move Cybelle's lagging image, nor thou whose white linen robe showed that the hearth still lived, when Vesta demanded the fire thou hadst sworn to keep. Nor yet in aught have I wronged thee, sweet mother mine, Scribonia: what wouldst thou have me change save only my doom? My mother's tears and the laments of Rome give glory to my name and mine ashes are championed by the grief of Caesar. Moaning he cries that in me his daughter had a worthy sister, and we saw that even a god may weep.

61 Yet well did I merit the robe of honour, nor childless was the household whence I was snatched away. Thou, Lepidus, and thou, Paullus, are my comfort even in death; in your bosom were mine eyelids closed. My brother also I saw twice throned in the curule chair, and 'twas in the very hour of rejoicing, when they chose him consul, that I his sister was rapt away. And thou, my daughter, born to be the mirror of thy father's censorship, see thou follow mine example and wed one and one only. My children, get you children also to be pillars of the house: I grudge not now to put forth in the boat of death, since so many of my blood shall add fresh lustre to my deeds. This is the supreme honour of a woman's triumph, that outspoken rumour should praise her dead ashes.

73 And now to thee, Paullus, I commend our children, the common pledges of our love: this care yet lives deep-burned even into mine ashes. Father, 'tis thine to fill the mother's room; thy neck alone must bear all my children's throng. When thou dost kiss their tears away, add thereto their mother's kisses; henceforth the whole house must be thy burden. And if thou must weep at all, weep when they are not by; when they come to thee, cheat their kisses with tearless eye. Enough for thee, Paullus, be the nights thou wearest out with memories of me, enough the dreams wherein so oft thou thinkest to see my very self: and when in secret thou shalt speak unto mine image, breathe every word as though to one that should reply.

85 Yet if another couch shall front the portals of our hall, and a wary stepdame usurp my bed, my sons, praise and endure your father's spouse; your virtues shall win her heart to yield. Nor praise your mother overmuch: she will be angered if in unguarded speech ye compare her with her that was. Or if he forget me not, if my shade sufficeth him and he still doth prize mine ashes, learn even now to note how old age steals upon him, and leave no path for grief to assail his widowed heart. May the years that were snatched from me be added to your years; thus may my children's presence sweeten old age for Paullus. Aye, and 'tis well: ne'er did I don a mother's mourning weeds; all, all my children came to my graveside.

99 My pleading is accomplished; rise, ye my witnesses that weep my loss, and wait Earth's kindly sentence that shall give the reward my life hath

earned. Even heaven hath unbarred its gates to virtue; may my merit win its
guerdon and mine ashes be borne to dwell with my glorious ancestors.

THE ELEGIES: VERSE TRANSLATION



Translated by James Canstoun, 1875

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BOOK I. CYNTHIA

I.

TO TULLUS.

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis.

'Twas Cynthia with her eyes first caused me pain,
Unused, before, one burning pang to feel:
Then Love cast down my looks of proud disdain,
And pressed my neck with unrelenting heel.

The modest fair he taught me to detest,
And waste in deeds of shame my aimless life;
For one whole year this madness fills my breast,
And Heaven against me wages endless strife.

O Tullus! every toil Milanion faced,
Till Atalanta's heart was fain to yield;
A-craze with love Parthenian caves he paced,
And looked on shaggy monsters of the field.

Felled by Hylaeus' club, he, sorely maimed,
To rocks Arcadian poured his woeful wail —
Yea, strove till he the nimble maiden tamed,
So much in love kind deeds and prayers avail.

In me no arts can laggard Love devise;
Each beaten path some dark obstruction bars:
Come ye, who wean the moon from yonder skies,
And woo, on magic hearth, the watchful stars!

Oh change her heart where icy coldness dwells,
And make her cheek than mine even paler grow!
Then will I own your dread Cytaean spells
Can lead the stars and rule the river's flow.

My friends, I'm lost! too late ye call me back;
Yet help, and oh, this frenzy wild assuage;
I'll bravely face the flames, and bear the rack,
If I may freely speak my boundless rage.

Bear me to earth's lone verge, or far convey
Beyond the waste illimitable sea,
Where woman ne'er may track my weary way,
To wound my soul and mock my misery.

Stay ye, while Love will hearken to your call:
May cloudless joys upon your passion shower!
My Venus mingles all my nights with gall,
And never lets me rest one single hour.

I warn you, shun this woe; nor ever veer
From her whose love hath aye been leal and true:
If to my voice ye lend a slothful ear,
My slighted words how bitterly ye'll rue!

II.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quid juvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo?

WHY wear, my Life, when thou abroad dost stir,
A head trimmed up to fashion's latest laws?
A Coan vestment of transparent gauze,
And hair perfumed with Orontean myrrh?

Why deck thyself with gems and costly dress?
Why mar with trinkets Nature's form divine,
And not allow thy beauties forth to shine
In all their own, their matchless loveliness?

To thee such aids can add no charms — ah, no!
True love will aye disdain the artist's care.
See! the fair fields a thousand colours wear,
And ivy-sprays far best spontaneous grow.

Fairer in lonely grots green arbutus rise,
Fairer the streamlet wends its wandering way,
Lovelier bright pebbles gem their native bay,
Sweetlier song-birds trill artless melodies.

Not so did Phoebe merit Castor's hand,
Or Hilaira win her Pollux' love;
Not so, when Idas erst with Phoebus strove,
Appeared Marpessa by Evenus' strand.

With no false glare Hippodamia drew
Her Phrygian lord, to reign a foreign queen;
Her face no gems adorned, though fair, I ween,
As e'er Apelles on the canvas threw.

No fear for lack of lovers tortured these —
Their wealth of beauty was their modesty;
I, too, repose unwavering faith in thee:
She's rich in charms who can one lover please.

And richer thou; for Phoebus gives thee song,
And fond Calliope the Aonian lyre:
Yea, thy sweet speech my eager soul shall fire
With love for thee, my Cynthia, all life long.

Thine Beauty's charms and Wisdom's priceless prize,
The brightest jewels that adorn a wife;
With these thou'lt shed a lustre round my life,
If thou wilt wretched luxuries despise.

III.

TO CYNTHIA.

Qualis Thesea jacuit cedente carina.

As Ariadne on the lonely strand
O'erwearied slept, while Theseus sailed away;
And as Andromeda, by Perseus' hand
Freed from rude rocks, in new-born slumber lay;

As Bacchant, by the ceaseless dance outworn,
Falls on Apidanus' soft marge of green, —
So with her head on feeble hands upborne
My Cynthia seemed to breathe in sleep serene.

Wine-flushed and reeling I had homeward sped,
A servant's brandished torch my midnight guide;
Nor yet had all my wandering senses fled
As I with gentlest movement sought her side.

Then Love and Bacchus, gods of iron will,
Urged me with double fire to slip my arm
Beneath her as she lay so calm and still,
Kiss her sweet lips, and rifle every charm.

Yet dared I not disturb my darling's sleep,
Fearing the bitter taunts I'd learned to dread,
But gazed with steadfast eyes in wonder deep,
Like Argus scanning Io's horned head.

Then, sweet, I loosed the garland from my brow,
And round thy temples did a chaplet twine;
Anon thy truant locks arranged, and now
My hands the stealthy apple placed in thine.

Ungrateful sleep with all my gifts I dowered —
Gifts that oft rolled from forth thy sloping breast;
And when thou stirr'dst or heav'dst a sigh I cowered,
Fond fool! with groundless bodings sore opprest,

For fear unwonted terrors marred thy dreams,
Or tempter forced thee gainst thy will to yield.
Then mild-rayed Luna with officious beams
Streamed through the lattice and thine eyes unsealed.

When she on elbow rising half upright:
“Another scorns thee and thou seek’st my bed.
Where hast thou wasted all my promised night,
Enfeebled youth? Woe’s me! the stars are fled.

“Wretch! with such anguished nights mayst thou be tried
As those with which thou hast my bosom wrung.
To banish sleep my purple thread I plied,
Toil-weary then, my tuneful lyre I strung.

“As best I could my lonely lot I bore,
Grieving another’s love should charm thee so,
Till downy-pinioned slumber lulled me o’er,
And bade my tears of sorrow cease to flow.”

IV.

TO BASSUS.

Quid mihi tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas.

WHY, by praising to me every maiden you see,
Would you wean me from Cynthia, my friend?
And why not allow the old chain that till now
I have worn to be worn till the end?

Praise Antiope's cheek, and in ecstasy speak
Of Spartan Hermione's fame,
And maidens the rage in a beauty-famed age, —
She'll not leave them the shade of a name.

Nay, if her you compare with the commoner fair,
Less chance of defeat will there be;
But her face is the least of my passionate feast —
She has beauties far dearer to me.

She is warm as she's fair, in accomplishments rare,
She's charming by day and by night;
So the more that you try our love-knot to untie,
The firmer the faith we will plight.

Nor unpunished you'll go, for my Cynthia shall know,
And you'll find she's a tongue of her own;
She'll forbid you the door, nor inquire for you more,
And your fault she will never condone.

On your head she'll bring down all the girls in the town,
You'll be banished the homes of the fair —
Every fane she reveres she will deluge with tears,
And old stone, no odds whatlike or where.

There's no heavier blow that my Cynthia could know,
Than the loss of the love of her swain:
Oh! fervently pray she'll so love me alway,
And ne'er give me cause to complain.

V.

TO GALLUS.

Invide, tu tandem voces conpesce molestas.

PRAY, envious wretch, thy tiresome pratings cease,
And let us both pursue our path in peace.
Madman! wouldst thou my lady's temper know?
Unhappy one, wouldst court the depths of woe?
Through hidden embers heedless dash amain,
And all Thessalia's direst poisons drain?

My mistress is no common stroller, mind;
Nor light her ire, as to thy cost thou'lt find.
And if perchance she listen to thy prayers,
Alas! thou'rt sure to reap no end of cares.
Thy sleep she'll spoil, thine eyes with weeping drain;
Around the sternest hearts she coils her chain.

How often, scorned, thou'lt to my threshold hie,
While all thy haughty words in sobs will die;
And chilling tremors come with bitter tears,
And care's dark lines betray thine anxious fears;
Words leave thee when thou fain wouldst tell thy woe,
And what or where thou art thou'lt cease to know.

Then, too, thou'lt learn perforce what chains I bore,
What 'tis to wander home debarred her door;
Then, too, my lank, emaciated frame,
And pallid hue, will less thy wonder claim;
Nor will thy lofty lineage ease thy pain —
Love looks on ancient busts with proud disdain.

Breathe to a soul the pangs that rend thy breast,
How soon thy noble name will be a jest!
And I, who found no balm to heal my smart,
Shall have no power to soothe thy aching heart;
But each alike, by hopeless love opprest,
Will weep his sorrows on the other's breast.

Then, Gallus, never more for Cynthia sigh:
None gain her favours with impunity.

VI.

TO TULLUS.

Non ego nunc Hadriae vereor mare noscere tecum.

DEAR Tullus, now I'd gladly plough wild Adria's waves with thee,
And fearlessly my canvas spread upon the Aegean sea;
Yea, by thy side I'd o'er the steep Rhipaeon ridges roam,
Or wend my toilsome way beyond swart Memnon's distant home:
But me a maiden's pleading words and circling arms detain;
'Gainst her pale cheek and earnest prayers to strive, alas! were vain.

Still of her ardent love for me she raves the weary night,
And swears there's not a god in heaven if e'er I leave her sight —
Declares that she is not my love; nay more, the frantic girl
Vents every threat that peevish maids at heartless lovers hurl;
Against her plaints a single hour I cannot, cannot hold.
Ah! perish he, if such there be, whose bosom could be cold!

True, I should see fair Athens reared beneath Minerva's smile,
And Asia's grandeur famed of old; but is it worth the while —
To make my Cynthia scream what time my vessel seeks the sea,
To see her tear her tender cheeks in frenzied agony,
And say that she will kiss the wind that balks her lover's plan,
And that no monster walks the earth so fell as faithless man?

Go, strive to earn a nobler wreath than e'er thine uncle wore,
And to our old allies their long-forgotten rights restore:
And may the unpitying Boy ne'er bring on thee my sorrows fell,
And all the tokens of a woe my tears too plainly tell;
For thou hast frittered not thy years on Beauty's fatal charms,
But aye been ready to assert thy country's cause in arms.

Here let me lie, as fortune aye hath willed it in the past,
And let me still devote my soul to folly to the last.
Many in tardy love have gladly spent their latest day —
Then let me die with these, with these let earth conceal my clay:
For fame I was not nurtured, nor in arms would glorious prove;
The Fates decree my fields shall be the battle-plains of love.

Then, whether thou shalt roam athwart Ionia's pleasant lands,
Or where Pactolus streaks the Lydian vales with golden sands;
Whether on foot thou'lt scour the plain or tempt with oars the sea,

And all the duties well discharge thine office claims from thee:
If thou shouldst chance to think of me in foreign climes afar,
Be well assured I'm living still beneath a baleful star.

VII.

TO PONTICUS.

Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae.

WHILE, Ponticus, Cadmean Thebes you sing,
And the sad woes that feuds of brothers bring,
And, sooth, are threatening Homer's fame the while
If on your strains the Fates auspicious smile,
I pine and weave my wonted tale of love,
And try my mistress' cruel heart to move.
Far less to genius than to sorrow thrall
Against my bitter lot I'm forced to call.
Thus pass my days: hence would I gather fame,
And win the glory of a poet's name;
The praise be mine that I alone could please
My clever maid and bear her railleries.
Lorn lovers, o'er and o'er my pages turn,
And from my woes a wholesome lesson learn.

Should Cupid wound you with unerring bow,
(Oh may our guardian powers avert the blow!)
Your camp and seven armed legions wrapt in night,
You'll mourn, and vainly trill, O sorry sight!
In life's December-day the songs of June:
Love out of time is ever out of tune.
In me no humble bard you'll then admire —
King crowned o'er all who've swept the Roman lyre;
While o'er my grave shall lovers breathe this strain,
"Here liest thou, great poet of our pain."

Treat not my love-lays, then, with scornful jest:
Love's bills long due bear fearful interest.

VIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Tunc igitur demens, nec te mea cura moratur?

A.

CYNTHIA, art mad? and can no care of mine delay thee more?
Oh, have I grown more vile to thee than cold Illyria's shore?
And is that creature thou hast found to thee so very dear,
That thou with any wind wilt go, and leave me pining here?
And canst thou hear the sea's mad moan, in rocking ship repose?
Tread with soft feet the frozen ground, and bear unwonted snows?

Oh may the weary winter-time two winters'-length remain,
And the late-lingering Pleiades the mariner detain,
Thy cable keep the shore, nor breeze unfriendly balk my prayer,
Nor tempests lull what time the tide thy ship shall outward bear;
And may it then be mine upon the lonely shore to stand,
To call thee cruel o'er and o'er, and wave my angry hand!

Do what thou wilt, O perjured one! — yet ah, to me how dear!
May Galatea speed thee past the Thunder-hills of fear,
And Oricos receive thee safe upon its peaceful shore:
My plaint I'll at thy threshold make, nor burn for maiden more.
Each flying mariner I'll ask, "What harbour holds my fair?
To Atrax or to Elis borne — she'll yet be mine, I swear."

B.

She'll stay; she's sworn she will not go: ye envious, burst with spleen!
My pleadings and unwearied prayers have won me back my queen.
Though green-eyed envy did her best false splendours to portray,
My Cynthia now has ceased to dream of regions far away.
To her I'm dear, and Rome she calls earth's dearest spot, for me,
And, from my side, she'd scorn the pride and pomp of royalty;
She'd rather share my humble cot, be mine, and mine alone,
Than call that ancient realm — Hippodamia's dower — her own,
And all the wealth that Elis gained from mares in years ago:
And whatsoe'er her friend might give, or promise to bestow,
With me she's ne'er been covetous, nor fled my circling arms,
Won by nor gold nor Indian shells, but music's gentle charms.

I nursed my pain, nor leaned in vain on Phoebus and the Nine;

Now I can tread heaven's starry floor — by day, by night she's mine:
My rival cannot lure my love to break her plighted vow;
This glory, 'mid the snows of age, will mantle round my brow.

IX.

TO PONTICUS.

Dicebam tibi venturos, inrisor, amores.

I TOLD you, mocker, love would break your peace,
And that your boastful words would have an end.
Lo! now you're prostrate, and, a suppliant, bend,
The puppet of a paltry slave's caprice.

Sure as Chaonian doves I can discern
What maid will hold in thrall each lover's heart;
Yes; grief and tears have schooled me in the art
Would I were free from love, and yet to learn!

What boots your grave, heroic strain to-day,
Or wailing o'er Amphion's lyre-built walls?
In love great Homer 'neath Mimnermus falls;
For gentle love demands a gentle lay.

Pray, throw aside at once that dreary theme;
Sing something every girl would like to know.
You can't? materials all around you flow —
You're crazy seeking water in the stream.

You're not even pale — you've hardly felt the fire,
Just the first spark that heralds coming bale;
You'll soon with greater willingness assail
The wild Armenian tigress in her ire;

Ay, then indeed you'll rather wish to bear
The fearful tortures of the infernal wheel,
Than still within your heart Love's arrows feel,
And not have power to cross the angry fair.

On lover ne'er such facile wings have grown
That he has soared unchecked on every hand.
Then be not duped by maid, however bland;
She wounds more deeply when she's all your own.

For ne'er from her you may your eyes remove,
Or ope them, save on Love's account alone,
Who will not leave you till you're skin and bone.
Ah! fly the ceaseless blandishments of love.

'Gainst these, since rocks and oaks can not endure,
Can you, an airy shadow, hope to win?
If you're ashamed, at once avow your sin:
In love confession's often half the cure.

X.

TO GALLUS.

O jocunda quies, primo cum testis amori.

O HAPPY night! when I beheld thee prove,
‘Mid tears of joy, the rosy dawn of love!
Sweet night, whose pleasant memories never pall,
How oft I’ll in my vows those hours recall,
When in thy love’s embrace I saw thee lie,
And melt away in speechless ecstasy!

Although my drowsy eyes with sleep were gone,
And midway in her course the red moon shone,
Yet from your sport I could not think to go,
Such passion did your mutual prattle show.
But since thou fear’dst not to confide in me,
In token of my gratitude to thee,
I’ll keep thy secret, friend, with right good will,
And show I can do something better still.

Lovers, though parted, I can join once more,
Wide open throw cold Beauty’s lazy door,
And soothe the sorrows of a bleeding heart —
Such healing balm my counsel doth impart.
’Twas Cynthia taught me what to seek and shun
So Love for me, you see, has something done.

Of wrangling with an angry maid beware;
Proud words and dogged silence, too, forbear;
Treat not her quest with look of cold disdain,
Nor let her kindly words be breathed in vain.
Once scorned, she meets you with a face of fire;
Once hurt, she cannot curb her righteous ire.
The calmer and the milder you can be,
The better the effect you’ll often see.
With one true maid that youth will happy prove
Whose bosom knows no respite from her love.

XI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Ecquid te mediis cessantem, Cynthia, Baiis.

SAY, Cynthia, as thou bask'st in Baian bowers
Where lies along the shore Alcides' Way,
And view'st, maychance, where famed Misenum towers,
'Neath old Thesprotus' realm, the smiling bay —

Do still thy nights of me remembrance claim?
Doth corner in thy heart for me remain?
Or breathes some foe his feigned unholy flame,
To lure my Cynthia from her poet's strain?

On Lucrine's bosom rather drift and dream,
And the light skiff with tiny paddles guide,
Or bathe alone in Teuthras' limpid stream,
And cleave with pliant arms the yielding tide,

Than to man's suasive whispers lend thine ear,
While softly seated on the silent shore:
Thus falls the giddy girl, no guardian near,
Nor love's attested gods remembers more.

Full well I know thine honour's free from stain,
But love still broods o'er what it holds most dear:
Forgive me, therefore, if my verse give pain,
And only blame an anxious lover's fear.

Could I with greater care my mother tend,
Or value life itself, if reft of thee?
For thou alone art parent, kindred, friend —
Yea, life itself, and life's delight to me.

Then whether grief its melancholy hue,
Or joy its sunshine, to my face impart,
Whate'er I am, I'll ever say is due
To Cynthia — Cynthia, darling of my heart.

Oh then at once from tainted Baiae fly,
Whose shores the source of many a rupture prove! —
Shores ruinous to maiden purity:
Ah! perish Baiae's waters, bane of love!

XII.

TO A FRIEND ON CYNTHIA'S ABSENCE.

Quid mihi desidia non cessas fingere crimen?

WHY charge me still with inactivity,
As if from Cynthia's side I would not go?
Lo! Cynthia sleeps as far from where I lie
As Hypanis from the Venetian Po.

No more she holds me clasped in fond embrace,
Nor with sweet accents glads my listening ear.
I once was dear; nor bosoms e'er bore trace
Of happier loves than ours, or more sincere.

Does heaven, with envy stung, our hearts estrange?
Does Promethean herb our union rend?
I'm altered; distance, too, doth maidens change:
How soon doth love to sore disfavour tend!

Now first I'm forced long nights' lone hours to bear —
My very sighs are painful to my ears;
Blest he who still may weep before his fair,
For love rejoices in a lover's tears.

Blest he who, scorned, may after others range,
For love transferred may find felicity:
None else I'll love — I cannot, cannot change;
Cynthia my first, my latest love shall be.

XIII.

TO GALLUS.

Tu, quod saepe soles, nostro laetabere casu.

You, as you're wont, will revel in my pain,
For now I pine alone, and pine in vain.
Yet, traitor, I'll not imitate your spite:
May maid with falsehood ne'er your love requite!

Your fame is raised with every maid you wrong,
And in no love you seek to tarry long;
Yet tardy cares at last your heart enthrall,
And pale your cheek: at love's first step you fall.
The girls you've wronged will glory in your smart,
And one avenge full many an injured heart;
She'll check those wild and roving loves of yours,
Nor will you always counsel fresh amours.
No scandal this, no augur's tale, I ween;
I've seen it: can you gainsay what I've seen?
I've seen you clasp her till you'd feeble grown;
I've seen you weep, your hands around her thrown,
Yearn on her longed-for lips your soul to pour,
And... friend... but modesty may tell no more.

I could not your enclaspéd arms unlace,
So close your frantic, passionate embrace:
Not so, Enipeus feigning, Neptune prest
All-yielding Tyro to his panting breast;

Not Hercules, aflame from Oeta's pyre,
Felt for immortal Hebe such desire.
In one brief day your love all loves o'ercame,
For with no feeble torch she lit your flame.
She'll let you not your past disdain renew,
Or wander more: your love will keep you true.
Nor strange: for next to Jove's fair Leda she,
And Leda's daughters; lovelier than the three:
In charms Inachian heroines above,
Her suasive words would win the Thunderer's love.

Now, since you're doomed, your blooming girl enjoy
None else more fitly can your thoughts employ.

Blest be this new-born love, and oh may she
To you prove all that maid to man can be!

XIV.

TO TULLUS.

Tu licet abjectus Tiberina molliter unda.

THOUGH now on Tiber's banks you lie and dream,
And quaff your Lesbian from Mentorean bowl,
Admire the rapid wherries skim the stream,
And rope-dragged barges slowly seek their goal —

Though round you leafy woodlands wave that bear
Trees huge as those in green Caucasian grove, —
All these can never with my bliss compare:
Great riches pale before the joys of love.

With me if Cynthia sink in longed-for sleep,
Or spend the live-long day in dalliance fain,
I see Pactolus' waters round me sweep,
And gather jewels from the Indian main.

My joys then teach me kings must yield to me;
May these abide till Fate shall close my day:
Who cares for wealth if love still adverse be?
If Venus frown, be riches far away!

She frowns — great heroes boast their might no more,
Down by sore grief the iron soul is weighed:
She feareth not to tread the marble floor,
Nay, e'en the purple couch she dares invade.

Then rolls the lover on a thorny bed,
Though laid on softest silk of varied hue:
But if on me a favouring smile she shed,
Realms and Alcinous' wealth with scorn I'll view.

XV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Saepe ego multa tuae levitatis dura timebam.

MUCH from thy levity I feared, but never wrong so deep.
I quail with terror as the waves of trouble round me sweep;
Yet airily thou trimm'st the locks thou braidedst yesternorn,
And leisurely with tireless hands thy person dost adorn,
And with the costly gems of Ind thy bosom all array,
Like a fair bride, in beauty's pride, upon her wedding-day.

Not so Calypso wept beside the bleak and barren sea,
What time Ulysses left her island-home for Ithaké;
But many a day with hair unkempt she sat in sorrow lone,
And wildly to the cruel waves outpoured her weary moan;
And, though she knew that he had gone for ever from her ken,
Kept brooding o'er remembered joys she ne'er might know again.

Not so when swift winds bore Iason o'er the ocean stood
Hypsipyle, with anguish wrung, in lonely widowhood;
Nor e'er again within her breast did Love assert his sway,
As when for her Thessalian guest she pined her soul away.

Dire vengeance on her brothers, too, for her beloved slain,
Alphesiboea wreaked, and Love rent kinship's ties in twain.
Upon her husband's burning corse the leal Evadne died,
Of Argive faith and chastity the pattern and the pride.

Yet all these bright examples wrought no tender change in thee,
Nor made thee yearn a name to earn of noble memory.

False one! give o'er, and breathe no more to me thy perjured vows;
While still the gods will slumber on, their fury do not rouse.
Rash girl! the trials I endure shall steep thine hours in gall,
If haply on thy sunlit path some gloomy shadow fall.

Sooner shall streams in silence glide back from the boundless sea,
And seasons change their wonted course than change arise in me.
Be what thou wilt, thou'lt still be mine; nor may I loathe the eyes
That to my ruin lured me on — the dupe of cunning lies.
And thou didst swear, if false thou wert, thou'dst pluck them forth; yet thou
Canst lift them to the glorious sun, nor dread'st thy broken vow!
Who made thy colour come and go? who drew the unwilling tear?

Youths! place no trust in woman's wiles: a heart is bleeding here.

XVI.

COMPLAINT OF A WANTON'S DOOR.

Quae fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis

Fanua Tarpeiae nota pudicitiae.

I, CHASTE Tarpeia's famous gate,
That opened once for triumphs great,
Whose threshold teemed with gilded cars,
And weeping captives from the wars,
Am bored at night by drunken bands,
And knocked at by unworthy hands.
Base garlands round me gallants weave,
Their torches banished lovers leave;
I'm blazed abroad in songs obscene,
Nor can I madam's orgies screen.
No words of mine can influence her
To spare her odious character,
To lust and luxury more prone
Than aught this shameless age hath known.
And here, forsooth, in sorrow deep,
I'm doomed to linger on and weep,
Made sadder by the vigils drear
Of an inveterate suppliant here,
Who never leaves my posts alone,
But pours his plaint in piteous tone:

“Gate! than my love more cruel far,
Why ne'er thy closed leaves unbar,
But cold, and deaf, and mute remain,
And never hear a wretch complain?
Why never let my darling know
My secret vows, my tale of woe?
Must I for ever lie and moan,
And warm by night this ice-cold stone?
The midnight hour, night's starry train,
Slow wending onward to their wane,
The chill and frosty eastern gale
My miserable lot bewail.
Alone untouched by human grief,
Mute-hinged, thou grant'st me no relief.
Oh that some hollow chink were here,

To let one whisper reach her ear!
Though colder than Sicilian rock,
Harder than steel or iron block,
She'd surely weep, and tender sighs
Amid unbidden tears would rise.
Now on another's favoured arm,
Woe's me! she's lying snug and warm;
While all my complaints unheeded light
Upon the wandering winds of night.
O Gate! chief cause of all my pain,
Thine ear no prayers of mine can gain;
I'm sure I've ne'er decried thy fame,
Nor called thee by an ugly name,
That thou shouldst let me pour my woe
Till I am hoarser than a crow,
And linger on, with anxious care,
Upon the open thoroughfare.
To thee new songs I used to sing;
I've kissed thy steps — vile, thankless thing!
How often at thy posts I've wheeled,
And dropped the gifts my hands concealed!"
With all the complaints of lovers lorn,
This pest outbawls the birds of mom,
So with his woes and madam's fame
Eternal scandals brand my name.

XVII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Et merito quoniam potui fugisse puellam.

SINCE from my love I had the heart to flee,
Justly to halcyons lone my wail I pour;
No more Cassiope my bark will see,
And all my vows fall fruitless on the shore.

The winds are leagued for thee now far away:
Hark to the threatening tempest's fitful gust!
Will no kind fortune this dread storm allay?
Must a few grains of sand conceal my dust?

Oh let no more thy harsh upbraidings rise,
But say this night at sea my fault atones!
Or canst thou paint my fate with tearless eyes,
Nor in thy bosom bear to hold my bones?

Ah! perish he who first, with impious art,
In sail-rigged craft dared tempt the unwilling sea
'Twere better I had soothed my mistress' heart —
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!
Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore,
And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
And some small stone — love's tribute — marked my grave.

For me she might have shorn her cherished hair;
'Mid sweet-breath'd roses laid my bones at rest;
Called o'er my dust my name, and breathed a prayer
That earth might lightly lie upon my breast.

Fair Doris' daughters, who o'er ocean roam,
Speed our white sails with your auspicious band!
And oh, if Love e'er sought your azure home,
Grant one, who loved like you, a sheltered strand!

ANOTHER VERSION.

SINCE I could leave thee all this weary while,
To halcyons lone I'm justly doomed to call;
From me Cassiope withholds her smile,

And on the shore my vows unheeded fall.
Thee, far away, no howling winds appal;
Hark how the wildly-threatening billows chide!
Will no kind fortune hold the storm in thrall?
Must a few grains of sand my body hide?
O Cynthia! cease thy plaints and lay thine ire aside.

Thou'rt well avenged. Enough the darkness drear,
Enough for thee the tempest's ceaseless whine.
Oh, couldst thou see me die without a tear,
And gather in thy lap no bones of mine?
Perish the man first ploughed the unwilling brine
In sail-rigged craft! far better had it been
If I had bent the knee at Venus' shrine,
And tried to win me back my haughty queen —
Though adamant of heart, yet peerless she, I ween! —

Than thus to gaze on shores all waste and wan,
Fringed with strange forests; and the crown of night
With sleep-denying wistful eyes to scan,
For the bright Twins — the mariner's delight.
Oh, if at Rome dark death had buried quite
My sorrows in the grave, and tombstone there
Marked now the hallowed spot! in funeral rite
My Cynthia might have shorn her cherished hair,
And gently placed my bones 'mid sweet-breath'd roses rare.

O'er the poor urn wherein my dust was laid
She might have called my name, urged the fond plea
Of lasting love to soothe my tender shade,
And prayed that earth might lightly lie on me.
But you, O maidens! tenants of the sea,
Daughters of lovely Doris, fill once more
Our lint-white sails, and speed us fair and free,
And, if e'er Love your waters dared explore,
Spare one who felt like you, and calm the troubled shore.

XVIII.

CYNTHIA.

A SOLILOQUY.

Ilaec certe deserta loca, et taciturna querenti.

THIS desert is the home of dumb repose,
In this lorn grove calm Zephyr holds sole sway;
Here one may safely breathe his secret woes,
If lonely rocks the trust will not betray.

Whence, Cynthia, shall I date thy cold disdain?
What act of thine did first my sorrow move?
Once I was numbered in love's happy train,
And now, alas! I'm branded in thy love.

Is this deserved? To me what charge is laid?
Does some new flame of mine thy bosom fret?
Turn, fickle one, for ne'er has other maid
Her fairy foot upon my threshold set.

Although from thee has sprung this anguish dire,
Yet will my fury prove not so severe
As justly to bring down thy ceaseless ire,
And from thine eyes draw forth the bitter tear.

Have I, grown cold, too little love confest?
Or has my faithless face evoked thy ban?
If trees can love, ye shall my truth attest,
O beech! and thou, O pine! beloved of Pan.

'Neath your soft shade how oft my wail I pour!
How oft is "Cynthia" graven on your rind!
Art wroth I mourned thy wrongs? thy silent door
Alone can tell my misery of mind.

Thy proud behests I've borne with patient will,
Nor 'gainst thy treatment cried in my distress;
For this my couch is the bleak furzy hill,
The ice-cold rock, the pathless wilderness.

Whatever tale of woe my tongue may frame,
Alone to tuneful birds I'm forced to sing:

Be what thou wilt, the woods with Cynthia's name,
With Cynthia's name the desert rocks shall ring.

XIX.

TO CYNTHIA.

Non ego nunc tristes vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes.

CYNTHIA, I dread not now the dreary tomb,
Nor on the pile to pay the debt of doom,
But lest, perchance, thy love should die with me —
This fear is worse than death itself can be;
For Love hath stuck too firmly to mine eyes
To let the grave efface old memories.
Phylacides in Hades could not dwell
Forgetful of the wife he loved so well,
But for her sweet caress his shadow yearned,
And to his old Thessalian home returned.
‘Mong shades I’ll thine be called for evermore:
Great love survives beyond the fatal shore.
There let the troop of lovely heroines stand —
The Dardan prizes of the Argive band —
No form, like thine, my heart shall captive lead;
And Tellus this, in justice, may concede.
And though thou liv’st through long and weary years,
Yet shall thy bones be watered by my tears.
Oh might thy lifelong love mine ashes bless!
Then death were reft of all its bitterness;
Yet how I fear my tomb thou’lt disregard,
And Love estrange thy heart — for Love is hard —
And sternly make thee dry the trickling tear!
His ceaseless threats make lealest maidens veer.

Then let us pluck life’s roses while we may:
Love’s longest term flits all too fast away.

XX.

TO GALLUS.

Hoc pro continuo te, Galle, monemus amore.

GALLUS! 'tis steadfast friendship prompts my lay,
Then do not lightly throw my words away:
Ill fortune often meets the incautious swain;
Erst cold Ascanius brought the Minyae bane.

As Theiodamantéan Hylas dear,
A youth thou hast — like-named — in looks his peer.
Then shouldst thou roam by shady river-side,
Or lave thy feet in Anio's limpid tide,
Or saunter by the giant-peopled shore,
Or stroll, maychance, where dashing torrents roar —
Beware the nymphs, — beware their amorous raids —
Ausonian Dryads love like other maids —
Lest thou be doomed to range o'er mountain-brake,
By frozen rock and undiscovered lake
As lorn Alcides trod the pathless shore
Of pitiless Ascanius, weeping sore.

'Tis said that Argo whilom sailed away
For Phasis from the Pagasæan bay,
On through the Athamantine billows bore,
And put to land on Mysia's rocky shore.

When now the crew had reached a peaceful strand,
And made, with leaves, soft couches on the sand,
The unconquered hero's favourite onward sped
To seek a far-secluded fountain-head.
Him the twin-brothers, Boreas' wingéd brood,
Zethes and Calais, rapidly pursued —
Strove, on their poiséd wings, his lips to kiss,
And bear aloft in turn the ravished bliss:
Now hid he 'neath their wings upraised in air,
And with a bough drove off the wily pair.
Soon Orithyia's sons let Hylas roam:
Ah woe! he sought, ah! sought the oak-nymphs' home.

Beneath Arganthus' summit lay a well —
Moist home where Thynian Dryads love to dwell —

O'erhanging which dew-nurtured apples smiled
On trees untended in the woodland wild;
Around the watered mead white lilies grew,
With poppies intermixed of purple hue.
With tender nail he culls them, happy boy!
His task forgot — a flower his only joy.
Now o'er the font the reckless youth delays,
And in the glassy pool his form surveys;
Now dips his urn to fill it to the brim,
His right arm leaning on the mossy rim.

His beauty then the gamesome Naiads fired:
They left their roundel, and his charms admired;
Then gently drew him down the yielding wave,
As prone he bent — a scream poor Hylas gave.
Afar Alcides answered, but there came
From fonts afar nought save the echoed name.

Gallus, be warned, thy Hylas tend with care,
Nor deign to trust with maids a youth so fair.

XXI.

GALLUS.

Tu qui consortem properas evadere casum

Miles, ab Etruscis saucius aggeribus.

SOLDIER, from Tuscan ramparts wounded, why,
When thou thy comrades' fate dost seek to fly,
Roll'st thou thy tear-swoln eyes with grief for me,
Who lately shared the toils of war with thee?
Save thee, and joy to thy glad parents bear,
And to my sister let thy tears declare:
That Gallus, safe 'mid Caesar's hostile bands,
Could not escape a nameless bandit's hands;
And say that any bones that she may see
On Tuscan hills are the remains of me.

XXII.

TO TULLUS.

Qualis et unde genus qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates,

Quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.

DEAR Tullus, ceaselessly you make
Request of me, for friendship's sake,
To let you know my rank and race,
And all about my native place.

You know, Perusia's walls around,
Your native country's burial-ground,
In evil times Italia's bane,
When civil discord drove amain
Rome's sons (O Tuscan soil! to me
The woe of woes, for thou didst see
My poor friend's bones unburied strown,
Nor grain of dust upon them thrown), —
Well, Umbria, whose hill-border crowns
The adjacent underlying downs,
Gave birth to me — a land renowned
For rich and finely-watered ground.

BOOK II.

I.

TO CAIUS CILNIUS MAECENAS.

Quaeritis uncle mihi totiens scribantur amores.

You ask me why love-elegy so frequently I follow,
And why my little book of tender trifles only sings:
It is not from Calliope, nor is it from Apollo,
But from my own sweet lady-love my inspiration springs.

If in resplendent purple robe of Cos my darling dresses,
I'll fill a portly volume with the Coan garment's praise;
Or if her truant tresses wreath her forehead with caresses,
The tresses of her queenly brow demand her poet's lays.

Or if, perchance, she strike the speaking lyre with ivory fingers,
I marvel how those nimble fingers run the chords along;
Or if above her slumber-drooping eyes a shadow lingers,
My tranced mind is sure to find a thousand themes of song.

Or if for love's delightful strife repose awhile be broken,
Oh, I could write an Iliad of our sallies and alarms;
If anything at all she's done — if any word she's spoken —
From out of nothing rise at once innumerable charms.

But if the Fates had given me the power, beloved Maecenas,
To marshal hero-bands, I'd neither sing of Titan wars,
Nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Terra's brood most heinous,
By aid of Pelion, might scale the everlasting stars;

Nor hoary Thebes, nor Pergamus in Homer's song undying,
Nor sea to sea, by stern decree of haughty Xerxes, brought;
The warlike Cimbri, nor the soul of Carthage death-defying;
Nor Remus' ancient realm, nor deeds of fame by Marius wrought;

But I would sing of Caesar's might and Caesar's martial glory,
And next to mighty Caesar would my lyre for thee be strung:
For while of Mutina, or of Philippi fell and gory,
Or of the naval war and rout by Sicily I sung;

Or of Etruria's ancient hearths in ruin laid for ever,
Or Ptolemaean Pharos with its subjugated shore,
Or Egypt and the Nile what time the broad seven-mantled river
In drear captivity to Rome our conquering armies bore;

Or kings with golden fetters bound, in gorgeous-hued apparel,
And trophied prows of Actium, whirled along the Sacred Way, —
My Muse would ever twine around thy brow the wreath of laurel —
In time of peace, in time of war, a faithful subject eye.

Lo! Theseus boasts Peirithous, among the shades infernal,
An ever-during witness of the debt to friendship due;
Achilles has Patroclus in the realms of light supernal:
Thy friendship, dear Maecenas, is as theirs — as leal and true.

But how Enceladus with Jove erst fought in fields Phlegræan,
Callimachus has not the depth of lung to thunder forth;
No more can I in nervous verse outpour a noble paean,
Declare great Caesar's lofty line, or trace his Phrygian birth.

The sailor tells of stormy gales, of oxen talks the farmer,
The soldier counts his wounds, of sheep the shepherd prates away;
I sing of hours in rosy bowers, of dalliance with my charmer:
We all have here our proper sphere — his part let each one play.

'Tis one renown to die in love; another — when love-laden —
To sink in rest on one true breast: oh may this lot be mine!
And, if I'm right, my darling's wont to blame the fickle maiden,
And, for the sin of Helen, hates the Iliad every line.

Whether I'm doomed to drain a draught like Phaedra's magic potion,
Mixed for the step-son she could ne'er from paths of honour turn,
Or perish by Circean herbs, or, bathed in charmed lotion,
Slow simmer o'er Iolcian hearth in Colchian witch's urn,

One woman stole my heart away — for her alone I languish;
In her embraces I will live, in her embraces die:
Though medicine hath power to cure the sum of human anguish,
The mightiest physician's skill the pains of love defy.

In time Machaon healed the loathsome limbs of Philoctetes,
And Phillyreian Chiron gave to blinded Phoenix sight;
The god of Epidaurus, at a father's fond entreaties,
By Cretan herbs Androgeos brought again to realms of light

The same Haemonian spear by which the Mysian youth fell bleeding,
Alone could to the festering wound impart a healing balm;
But he who'll cure this pain of mine is certain of succeeding
In giving Tantalus the fruit that cheats his eager palm:

Yea, he the pierced pails may fill, and heavy burden lighten,

The slender Danaids endure, with ceaseless toil oppress;
From the bleak cliff of Caucasus unchain, the fettered Titan,
And scare away the bird of prey that tears his mangled breast.

When, therefore, Fate shall come and place the dreary bourne between us,
And on a little marble slab thou'lt read my humble name,
O thou! the hope and envy of our chivalry, Maecenas,
Whose friendship sheds around my life and death the light of fame —

If thou shouldst chance to pass the grave where I am quietly sleeping,
Rein in thy British car, a-gleam with richly-graven gear,
And breathe these words of sorrow, o'er my silent ashes weeping,
“A cruel maiden was the death of him who's mouldering here.”

II.

CYNTHIA'S PRAISE.

Liber eram et vacuo meditabar vivere lecto.

FREE — I designed my bed with none to share;
I made a truce with Love: "'Tis null," he cries.
Why lingers here on earth a form so fair?
Jove, I ignore thine ancient gallantries.

Flaxen her hair, hands slender, matchless all;
No queenlier aspect Juno ever wore,
Or Pallas in Dulichian temple-hall,
Her breast with Gorgon's snake-hair mantled o'er.

Fair as Ischomache, the heroine bride
Deflowered by lustful Centaurs mad with wine;
As Brimo by Boebeis' hallowed tide,
On Hermes lavishing her charms divine.

Yield, goddesses! whom erst on Ida's height
The shepherd saw in robeless loveliness;
May time on her fair face no wrinkle write,
Though hers the years of Cumae's prophetess!

III.

CYNTHIA'S CHARMS.

Qui nullam tibi dicebas jam posse nocere.

THOU who declar'dst no shaft could wound thy breast
Art pierced; thy haughty spirit cowers: O shame!
Scarcely for one brief month thy soul can rest,
And now another love-book brands thy name.

I sought if fishes on dry sands might dwell,
And savage boars frequent the unwonted sea;
If close and earnest toil might love dispel:
Deferred love may, dispelled it cannot, be.

'Twas not her face, though fair, so smote my eye
(Less fair the lily than my love: as snows
Of Scythia with Iberian vermil vie;
As float in milk the petals of the rose);

Nor locks that down her neck of ivory stream,
Nor eyes — my stars — twin lamps with love a-glow;
Nor if in silk of Araby she gleam
(I prize not baubles) does she thrill me so

As when she leaves the mantling cup to thread
The mazy dance, and moves before my view,
Graceful as blooming Ariadne led
The choral revels of the Bacchic crew;

Or wakes the lute-strings, with Aeolian quill,
To music worthy of the immortal Nine,
And challenges renowned Corinna's skill,
And rates her own above Erinne's line.

My life! oh tell me, at thy natal hour
Did radiant Love a ringing omen sneeze?
Such charms as thine were heaven's all-priceless dower —
Think not thy mother gave thee gifts like these.

For they, I ween, are not of mortal birth,
Nor ten brief moons thy robe of beauty wove;
Thou cam'st a glory to the Roman earth —
First Roman girl to win the heart of Jove.

Nor aye with me an earthly home thou'lt share —
Earth sees in thee a second Helen bloom.
Is't strange our youth should burn? for one so fair,
Ilium, thy sun had set in grander gloom.

I marvelled that to Troy a woman's eyes
Drew Europe's might and Asia's martial pride:
Thou, Paris; Menelaus, thou wert wise, —
Thou, quick to claim — thou, loath to lose thy bride.

For one so fair Achilles well might die;
For her even Priam must have sanctioned arms:
But he who'd all of pictured Eld outvie,
Should paint my darling in her native charms.

To West, to East, her likeness let him show —
Of East and West she'll fire the ravished eyes:
With Her love end for me! What death-dire woe
Were mine should e'er a second love arise!

As bull that spurns the plough, when once subdued,
Endures the yoke and meekly seeks the field;
So curbless hearts that chafe in youth's wild mood
Soon to Love's sweet and bitter bondage yield.

Base chains the seer Melampus bore awhile
For robbing Iphiclus' much-envied stalls,
Not lured by gain, but fair-cheeked Pero's smile —
A bride foredoomed in Amythaon's halls.

IV.

TO A LOVER.

Multa prius dominae delicta queraris oportel.

OF many a weary wrong thou must complain,
For many a favour plead, but plead in vain,
Gnaw with thy teeth thine unoffending nails,
And stamp with rage when doubt thy soul assails.

In vain were unguents lavished on my head,
In vain I walked with slow and measured tread —
No herb avails, or witch, from Colchis' strand,
Or juice distilled by Perimede's hand;
For when we know not how our ills arise,
Nor whence they come, our way in darkness lies.
This patient needs no downy bed — no pill;
'Tis nothing in the weather makes him ill;
He walks about — drops dead — relations stare:
This thing called love quite baffles human care.
Where's the false sorcerer I have not fee'd?
Or witch who has not tried my dreams to read?
'Neath Cupid's banner let my foes enlist,
Be every friend a sworn misogynist.
Safe glides the pinnace down the tranquil stream;
Why on its tiny shore of danger dream?
Light by thyself will be thy load of care:
Thy heart's blood hardly will appease the fair.

V.

TO CYNTHIA.

Hoc verumst, tota te ferri, Cynthia, Roma.

THE talk of Rome! O Cynthia! is it true?
And dost thou then the tongue of scandal court?
Was this deserved? False one, thy course thou'lt rue!
The wind shall waft me to another port.

I'll surely find one in the fickle throng
Who'll prize her poet's tuneful wreath of fame —
Who will not mock his love with bitter wrong,
But hold thy heartless conduct up to shame.

Alas! long loved — too late thou'lt weep at last.
'Tis time to say adieu, while fresh mine ire;
Full well I know, when once my grief is past,
Love will return with all its olden fire.

Not so, when raves the northern tempest loud,
Carpathian billows ever-varying range;
Nor veering south wind turns the blackening cloud,
As love's capricious mind is prone to change.

Propertius! nerve thy spirit for the fight,
And from the galling yoke thy neck remove;
Thou'lt grieve, 'tis true, but only for a night:
Be firm, and light are all the ills of love.

But thou, by Juno's hallowed name, I pray,
Harm not thyself, nor give thy fury rein;
Not the homed bull alone doth seek the fray —
The gentle sheep, if injured, turns again.

From thy false breast I'll not the raiment tear,
Nor shiver in my wrath thy bolted door,
Nor use my hands, nor rend thy braided hair —
Thus clowns may war whose brows ne'er ivy wore.

But what I write shall cleave unto thy name:
“*The lovely Cynthia, Cynthia false and frail.*”
Scorn as thou wilt the idle tales of fame,
This verse will make thy rosy colour pale.

VI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Non ita complebant Ephyreae Laidos aedes.

NOT SO through Ephyrean Lais' door,
Where Greece all prostrate lay, did lovers pour;
Nor to Mehander's Thais flocked along
The gay and giddy Erichthonian throng;
Not Phryne, who could ruined Thebes rebuild,
By more admirers had her coffers filled.
Sham cousins often come and kiss thee too,
As cousins always have a right to do!
Their portraits pain my eyes, their names my ears,
The tender cradled infant wakes my fears;
Nay more, thy very mother's lips I dread,
Thy sister, and the maid who shares her bed;
Annoyed, perplexed, I fear — oh pardon me! —
A man 'neath every female dress I see.
Hence, legends tell, did strife men's minds employ;
Hence, hence arose the bloody wars of Troy;
The Centaurs, with the self-same fury stung,
Their crashing goblets at Peirithous flung.
But wherefore cite the Greeks? To thee 'tis due,
Wolf-suckled Romulus, who taught'st thy crew
To rifle of its maids each Sabine home,
That now unbridled licence reigns in Rome.

Thrice-blest Admetus' spouse, Ulysses' bride,
And every wife who loves her lord's fireside!
Why rear new fanes to Chastity, if still
We let our matrons do whate'er they will?

The hand that first depicted scenes impure,
And decked chaste homes with lust's foul garniture,
Corrupted guileless maidens' modest eyes,
Till then unschooled in immoralities —
Curse him, who with insidious art could throw
The veil of rapture o'er the springs of woe!
Men had no statues in the olden time,
Nor lined their walls with scenes of pictured crime.
Now cobwebs veil our fanes, with weeds o'ergrown
The gods deserted lie — the fault's our own.

What guards, what threshold shall I find, alas!
That hostile foot may never dare to pass?
'Gainst woman's will no power can keep her pure:
Ashamed to sin, she's safe from every lure.

Nor wife nor mistress shall inveigle me:
My mistress and my wife thou'lt ever be.

VII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Gavisa es certe sublatam, Cynthia, legem.

CYNTHIA, I'm sure thou'rt glad that they've been sweeping
Away that law that's kept us both long weeping,
For fear 'twould part us; though Jove's self could never
Two faithful lovers 'gainst their will dissever.
Our Caesar's great — in arms a mighty hero;
But glorious conquests stand in love at zero.
I'd sooner die than come to such a dead-lock
As change our taper for the torch of wedlock,
Or pass thy closed door in mode marital,
Shedding true tears at thy too hard requital.
And then the flute-notes — ah! to thee how frightful!
A funeral trumpet's blast were more delightful.

Rear sons to win new triumphs for the nation!
'Twill have no soldiers of my procreation;
But were my love in camp, a charger faster
I'd need than e'en the nimble steed of Castor.
For hence such fame have I achieved in story,
The frozen Scythians own my claims to glory.
If thou art mine, and I thine only treasure,
I'll count paternity a paltry pleasure.

VIII.

ON CYNTHIA'S FAITHLESSNESS.

Eripitur nobis jam pridem cara puella.

FROM me is tom a girl long-loved and dear,
And you forbid me, friend, to shed a tear;
All strifes are placable save those of love —
Slay me at once, a gentler foe I'll prove.

Can I behold her woo'd I won before?
Hear her, once called mine own, called mine no more?
All changes: loves too surely change, I feel;
Defeat or victory — so whirls love's wheel.
Kings and great heroes have been swept away;
Thebes and proud Ilium are but names to-day.
What gifts I gave her! what sweet songs I sung!
Yet from her iron soul ne'er love-note rung.

So then, long years a reckless course I've run,
And borne with thee and thine, O shameless one!
When did I e'er the garb of freedom wear?
Must I thy gibes and insults ever bear?

And shalt thou die, Propertius, in thy bloom?
Yes, die; and let her glory in thy doom.

Torment my Manes, persecute my shade,
Dance on my pyre, and spurn my bones, false maid!

What? O'er Antigone, his soul's adored,
Rushed not Boeotian Haemon on his sword,
And mixed his bones with hers whose hapless fate
His Theban home had rendered desolate?

Thou'lt not escape — with me thou needs must go;
This self-same steel shall make our life-blood flow.
And though in such a death dishonour lie —
As sure it does — yet, maiden, thou shalt die.

A lonely time love-lorn Achilles spent,
And let his arms hang idle in his tent;
Beheld the Grecians fly in dread amaze;
The Dorian fleet with Hector's flames a-blaze;

Patroclus stretched upon the barren sand,
His hair with gore, his corse begrimed with sand:
All this for fair Briseis' sake he bore,
Such poignant grief his widowed bosom tore.
But after Retribution, long delayed,
Back to the hero gave the captive maid,
He dragged brave Hector in the pomp of war
Behind the wheels of his Haemonian car.

No match for him in arms and pedigree,
Is't strange if Love ride rough-shod over me?

IX.

TO CYNTHIA.

Iste quod est, ego saepe fui; sed fors et in hora.

WHAT he is now I've often been before;
An hour, perhaps, may see his glory o'er.

Penelope, whom many sought to wed,
For twice ten years a life of honour led;
With guileful web her bridal could delay,
By night unweaving what she wove by day;
And though for aye she deemed Ulysses gone,
And age with wrinkles came, she waited on.

Briseis, too, caressed with wild embrace
Achilles slain, and smote her lovely face;
Though slave, she mourned and laved her gore-stained lord
In Simois' stream beside a shallow ford;
Soiled her fair locks, and in her tender hold
Lifted thy corse and bones of giant mould,
Achilles, when nor Peleus stood by thee,
Nor thy dear mother from the azure sea,
Nor lone Deidamia, left the while
To mourn thy loss in Scyros' barren isle.

Then Greece rejoiced in daughters leal in love,
And 'mid the clang of arms fair virtue throve.
Yet one brief night alone thou couldst not stay;
No, heartless woman, not a single day.
Nay, thou didst drink and giggle with thy guests,
Myself, perchance, the butt of all thy jests.
Thou seek'st the man who played thee false before —
Heaven grant thou mayst enjoy him evermore!
Fell payment for my vows thy life to save
When thou wert sinking in the Stygian wave,
And friends stood round thy bed bewailing thee!
Where was he then, ye gods, or what was he?
What! were I now, on some far Indian plain,
In arms detained, or tossed upon the main,
My trust with falsehood thou wouldst glibly earn —
This trick a woman never failed to learn.
Not so with gusts the Syrtes shift, nor so

Quiver the leaves when wintry south winds blow,
As wavers woman's mind with rage a-flame;
And, grave or slight the cause, 'tis all the same.

Since such thy fiat, I will now give way.
Ho, Cupids! draw more poignant shafts, I pray;
Strike sure, and snap at once my life's poor thread:
Your noblest prize to see my heart's-blood shed.

The watchful stars, the pearly rime of morn,
Thy door by stealth unbarred to me love-torn,
Attest thou'st aye been all in all to me:
Though mine no longer, dear thou'lt ever be.
No other love shall e'er press couch of mine:
Alone I'll live, since I may not be thine.
If pure my life, heaven grant that clod may prove
A block of stone amid the fires of love!

The Theban chiefs did not more proudly die
To gain the throne, before their mother's eye,
Than I, wert thou but witness of the fray,
Would welcome death might I my rival slay.

BOOK III.

I.

TO THE MUSE.

Sed tempus lustrare aliis Helicon choreis.

'Tis time to traverse Helicon in themes of higher strain —
'Tis time to spur my Thracian steed across a wider plain;
Now I would sing of mighty hosts and deeds of battle done,
And chronicle the Roman fields my general has won;
And if my powers of song should fail — to dare were surely fame:
Enough that I have had the will; no higher praise I claim.

Let hot youth sing the laughing loves — be war the theme of age;
Be war my theme — till now the dream of love has filled my page.
With sober mien and graver brow I now must walk along,
Now on another lyre my Muse essays another song.
Rise, O my Muse! from lowly themes; put on your strength, ye Nine!
Who haunt the clear Pierian springs — outpour the lofty line!

Euphrates boasts no more the Parthian horseman's flying fight,
And grieves it kept the Crassi, slain in miserable plight;
Nay more, Augustus, India lays her neck beneath thy heel —
Arabia's homes, untouched before, in grievous terror reel;

Yea, wheresoe'er earth stretches out her lands to shores afar,
The captive soil shall feel thy hands invincible in war.
I'll track thy camp, and, while the tramp of warriors fires my lay,
I'll earn the poet's wreath of fame: heaven grant I see the day!

* * * * *

As when we cannot reach the head of statues all too high,
We lay a chaplet at the feet, so now perforce do I,
Unfit to climb the giddy heights of Epic song divine,
In humble adoration lay poor incense on thy shrine;
For not as yet my Muse hath known the wells of Ascrea's grove:
Permessus' gentle wave alone hath laved the limbs of Love.

II.

TO CYNTHIA.

Scribant de te alii vel sis ignota licebit.

BE sung by others, or unsung remain,
Who sings thy praises sows a sterile plain.
All, all thy gifts with thee on Fate's dark day
One bier shall bear; nor shall the traveller say,
All heedless passing where thy bones are laid,
"Here lie the ashes of a learned maid."

III.

CUPID'S EFFIGY.

Quicumque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,

Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?

THINK'ST not that he had hands of cunning rare
Whoe'er first painted Love a little boy?
He saw what heedless beings lovers were,
Losing life's blessings for a trivial toy.

Nor yet in vain those airy wings he gave,
And bade him flutter in the human breast:
Truly we're tost upon a restless wave,
And on by ever-changing breezes prest.

Nor bears the Boy those barbéd shafts for show,
And Cretan quiver from his shoulders slung;
Dreamless of danger, ere we see the foe,
He strikes and leaves his victim torment-wrung.

In me his shafts, in me his image lies;
But, sure, his wings of gossamer are gone,
For ne'er, alas! he from my bosom flies,
But in my blood keeps ever warring on.

In my scorched marrow why delight to dwell?
Hence, Boy! on others with thy darts make raid;
On hearts unscathed outpour thy venom fell —
Not me thou woundest, but my wasted shade.

Slay me — from whom will then such songs arise?
My Muse, though lowly, is thy glory great,
Who sings of Cynthia's head and jet-black eyes,
Her lovely fingers and her mincing gait

IV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Non tot Achaemeniis armantur Susa sagittis.

FEWER the shafts that Susa doth contain,
Than in my breast the arrows lodged by Love,
Who bade me not the tender Muse disdain,
But make my dwelling in the Ascrean grove;

Not with my lyre Pierian oaks to draw,
Or lead wild beasts Ismarian vales along,
But to thrill Cynthia's soul with breathless awe,
And o'er Inachian Linus soar in song.

To me the prize of woman's winsome charms,
Or her high lineage, is not half so dear,
As in my gifted maiden's circling arms
To read my lays and please her faultless ear.

Why should I heed the babbling tongue of Fame,
Sure of the verdict of the girl I love?
Let her but smile and feed my tender flame,
And I can bear the enmity of Jove.

When, therefore, death shall close my failing eyes,
This boon I crave: at my last rites let no
Long image-train be borne in pompous guise,
Nor trumpet sound the idle notes of woe.

No costly bier with ivory posts be mine —
No couch bespread with rich embroideries —
No odour-breathing censers ranged in line:
Be mine the poor man's humble obsequies.

Meet pomp — my three small books which I shall bear —
Best gift I have — to queen Persephone;
But follow thou, thy baréd bosom tear,
Call me by name the while nor weary be.

On my cold lips be thy last kisses prest,
While fragrant Syrian nard — one box — thou'lt burn;
And when the blazing pile has done the rest,
Consign my relics to a little urn.

Plant o'er the hallowed spot the dark-green bay,
To shade my tomb, and these two lines engrave:
"Here, loathsome ashes, lies the bard to-day,
Who erst was one loved one's all-faithful slave."

No meaner glory then shall mantle round
The lowly hillock where my dust is laid,
Than lights the Phthian hero's lofty mound,
That drank the life-blood of the Trojan maid.

When death shall come — remember 'tis thy doom —
Seek, hoar with years, the ever-mindful stone;
But oh, be kind, nor spurn me in the tomb!
The very mould can feel an outrage shown.

Would that one sister of the fatal Three
Had bid me in my cradle breathe my last!
Why nurse a life of such uncertainty?
Nestor is dead — his three long ages past

Had Phrygian spear, ere mighty Troy fell doomed,
Hurl'd from her ramparts, sealed his lingering fate,
He ne'er had seen Antilochus entombed,
Nor said in sorrow, "Death, why come so late?"

Thou, too, shalt weep when I have done with time —
The left may ever love the loved who die.
See fair Adonis, smitten in his prime
By savage boar on crest of Idaly! —

'Tis said that Venus roamed the fenny plains,
Called the fair youth, and her long tresses spread;
But, Cynthia, thou shalt call my shade in vain, —
Mute are the mouldering ashes of the dead.

V.

LOVE'S DREAM REALISED.

Non ita Dardanio gavisus Atrida triumphost.

NOT in his Dardan triumph so rejoiced the great Atrides
When fell the mighty kingdom of Laomedon of yore;
Not so Ulysses when he moored his wave-worn raft beside his
Beloved Dulichian island-home — his weary wanderings o'er;

Not so Electra when she saw Orestes out of danger,
Whose simulated bones she'd held and watered with her tears;
Nor burning Ariadne when she saw the fair-haired stranger
Safe thread the Daedalean maze and dissipate her fears, —

As I, when last night's rosy joys I ruminated over:
To me another night like that were immortality!
Awhile before with downcast head I walked a pining lover —
More useless I had grown, 'twas said, than water-tank run dry.

No more my darling passes me with silent recognition,
Nor can she sit unmoved while I outpour my tender vow.
I wish that I had sooner realised this blest condition;
'Tis pouring living water on a dead man's ashes now.

Before my feet my path was clear, but I was wholly blinded;
And surely no one sees when love his senses steals away.
But here's a cure I've found most sure — aye scorn the scornfulminded:
She who repulsed you yesternight will come to you to-day.

In vain did others seek my love, in vain they called upon her,
She leaned her head upon my breast, was kind as girl could be.
Of conquered Parthians talk no more, I've gained a nobler honour,
For she'll be spoils, and leaders, and triumphal car to me.

O Cytherea! I'll affix great presents to thy portal,
And underneath my name this little distich I will write:
"Propertius lays upon thy fane these spoils, O Queen immortal!
Pray do not spurn this poor return for one immortal night."

Light of my life! say, shall my bark reach shore with gear befitting,
Or, dashed amid the breakers, with her cargo run aground?
With thee it lies: but if, perchance, through fault of my committing
Thou giv'st me o'er, before thy door let my cold corse be found.

VI.

THE JOYS OF LOVE.

O me felicem! o nox mihi Candida! et o tu!

O BLISS! O charming night! O couch thrice dear,
From love-delights that all past joys outshone!
What charming prattle when the lamp burnt clear!
What loving dalliance when the light was gone!

Now with bare breasts she strove, and now delayed
My eager efforts; then the sweet coquette
Oped with her lips my sleep-closed eyes and said:
“Sluggard, is this the way you treat your pet?”

How twined our arms our struggling waists around
How lip on lip imprest the lingering kiss!
Why in the dark the joys of love confound?
The eyes are aye the pioneers of bliss!

Lo! Paris burned as Helen robeless came
From Menelaus' chamber; and they say
Robeless Endymion kindled Dian's flame,
And with the robeless virgin-goddess lay.

But if, persistently, your robe you don,
My hands will rend it to invade your charms;
Nay, should unwonted passion urge me on,
You'll have to show your mother bruised arms.

Yours are no drooping breasts that you should claim
To be from Love's delightful warfare barred;
Leave it to her to wear the blush of shame
Whose handsome form has been by travail marred.

While fate allows, let love delight our eyne;
A long night comes and no returning day.
Oh, would that Love around us both might twine
A clasping chain that would endure for aye!

The amorous doves be pattern of our joy,
That each with each in fond affection vie;
He errs who would love's frenzied flame destroy:
True love can never know satiety.

Sooner the soil shall mock the toiling swain
With bastard produce — sooner shall the sun
Urge on his sable steeds with slackened rein,
And rivers backward to their fountains run —

Sooner shall fishes roam the arid shore, —
Than I to other maid transfer my love:
All my life long my charmer I'll adore;
To her in death itself I'll faithful prove.

If nights like this she grant me e'er again,
A single year will be an age to me;
If many such, I'll be immortal then;
Even one gives mortal immortality.

Were Love and Wine life's work, we'd mourn nor steel,
War-ships nor bones on Actian billows tost;
Nor so would Rome, beset with triumphs, feel
Weary of her tresses streaming for the lost.

Surely of me posterity shall say
My cups ne'er vexed the gods: then, love, do you
Stint not life's joys in youth's brief summer day;
A world of kisses is a world too few.

For as the leaves from withered garlands fall
And strew the goblet, so shall we who bloom
In love to-day, ere mom, perchance, be thrall
To ruthless fate and prisoned in the tomb.

VII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Praetor ab Illyricis venit modo, Cynthia, terris.

FROM the Illyrian land the other day
Your friend the praetor has returned, I learn —
To you a fruitful source of welcome prey,
To me of inexpressible concern.

If on the Thunder-cliffs thou'dst dashed his head,
O Neptune! what rare gifts I'd offer thee!
Now not with me the groaning board is spread;
Wide stands your door all night, but not for me.

Yet reap the proffered harvest if you're wise,
And fleece, while thick his wool, the silly sheep;
And when at last in beggary he lies,
For new Illyrias bid him cross the deep.

With neither rank nor honours Cynthia's ta'en;
She weighs her lovers' purses day by day.
But now, O Venus! aid me in my pain,
Let sore indulgence waste his strength away.

So any one with gifts may purchase love?
O Jove! my darling pines for harlot-hire;
For gems she bids me o'er the ocean rove,
And bear her home the costly gifts of Tyre.

Would none were rich in Rome, and Caesar's self
Could be content in straw-built hut to dwell!
Our girls would never barter charms for pelf,
But every home of hoary virtue tell.

Not that for seven whole nights from me you lay —
Your fair arms round so foul a lecher thrown —
Nor that you've sinned, have I a word to say,
But that the fair to levity are prone.

A lubber, sudden-blest, in robes of shame,
Now rules my realm: yet think, in all your pride,
What bitter gifts to Eriphyle came!
What fearful flames consumed Iason's bride!

Will no wrong stem the ever-welling tear?
And must I still your faithlessness deplore?
The theatres and parks have ceased to cheer
For many a day, and song is song no more.

Yet shame, ah! shame — unless, perchance, 'tis true,
That shameless love is deaf, as men have said.
See him who lately with his guilty crew
The Actian sea with bootless din o'erspread.

Base passion bade him wheel with flying prow,
And to the world's far verge for refuge steer:
A double laurel wreathes our Caesar's brow;
The hand that conquered now has sheathed the spear.

What robes he gave you, and what emeralds rare,
What costly chrysoliths of golden gleam,
May furious tempests sweep athwart the air —
Be they as dust or water in the stream.

Not aye Jove calmly smiles on perjury,
And turns a deaf ear to the wretch's prayer.
Say, have ye heard the thunder rend the sky,
And seen the lightning sweeping down the air?

These not the frowning Pleiades have wrought;
Nor yet Orion on his stormy raids, —
The blood-red bolt descendeth not for nought:
Thus Jove is wont to punish perjured maids.

For he hath shed the bitter tears of woe,
Befooled by faithless maiden's perfidy:
Then prize no more Sidonian vestments so,
That you must fear when south winds gloom the sky.

VIII.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

Mentiri noctem, promissis ducere amantem.

THE stains of blood are on her hands who makes
A tryst with lover and her promise breaks.
Such death I dread, when, left in lonesome plight,
I toss from side to side the livelong night.
You pity Tantalus, who never sips
The wave escaping from his thirsty lips;
Gape o'er the toils of Sisyphus, who still
His weary burden rolls up all the hill:
But nought on earth exceeds a lover's woe —
Nought, if you're wise, you'll covet less to know.
I, late so blest — even envy stared, I trow —
Am scarce admitted once in ten days now.
False girl, I'd hurl me sheer from yonder height,
Or drain the poisoned chalice with delight,
Since 'neath the waning moon abroad no more
I now may sleep or whisper through her door.

Yet be it so; I'll never change my love:
She'll weep to see my faith unfaltering prove.

IXa.

TO CYNTHIA.

Assiduae multis odium peperere querellae.

WITH many, constant complaints engender hate;
Oft a quiet husband breaks a stubborn mate.
If aught thou'st seen, the fact at once deny;
If grieved, thy sorrow let thy tongue belie.
What if with age my locks were silver-gray,
And languid wrinkles ploughed my cheeks to-day?
Aurora did not old Tithonus scorn,
And leave him lonely in the halls of Morn;
But in her arms she clasped him ere she drave
Her harnessed coursers briskly through the wave;
And when on neighbouring Ind love-locked she lay,
She sorrowed o'er the fast-returning day;
Called the gods cruel as she clomb her car,
Performed her debt to earth and pined afar,
More glad while old Tithonus still drew breath
Than grieved for Memnon's all too early death.
She never blushed, though rosy-cheeked and fair,
To sleep with him and kiss his silver hair;
But thou, false maiden, scorn'st me in my prime,
Though age shall bow thee at no distant time.
In this, moreover, I some solace find;
Love's often cruel where he once was kind.

IXb.

Nunc etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos.

FOOL! now a woad-stained Briton, too, thou'dst seem,
And frisk, thy hair with foreign nard a-gleam.
The form that Nature fashioned lacks no grace,
But Belgian paint deforms a Roman face.
Full many pains let girls in Hades bear
Who dye their own or wear another's hair.
Think'st thou if maiden dyed her temples blue,
Her face would therefore have a charming hue?
Fair in mine eyes thou'lt surely ever shine;
Yes, fair enough, if only thou art mine.
Darling, thou hast no brother and no son;
Let me be son and brother both in one.
Thy guardian be thy bed, and do not care
For sitting with elaborated hair.
Do nought to make me trust what gossips say:
O'er earth and ocean scandal speeds its way.

X.

TO CYNTHIA.

Etsi, me invito, discedis, Cynthia, Roma.

THOUGH 'gainst my will thou'rt leaving Rome, 'tis sweet
To think thou'lt rove the lonely fields the while;
In those pure haunts no tempter thou shalt meet,
To lure, with honeyed words, thy soul to guile.

Before thy windows never brawl by night,
Nor serenade, shall mar thy gentle sleep;
Alone thou'lt gaze upon the lonely height,
The humble peasants' fields and wandering sheep.

No sports shall e'er corrupt thee there; nor fanes —
Fell source of wellnigh every fault of thine:
Thou'lt view the toiling oxen plough the plains,
And the deft pruner lop the leafy vine!

Scant incense in rude cell thou'lt burn, and see
A kid before the rural altar fall;
With naked ankle trip it on the lea,
Safe from the strange and prying eyes of all.

I'll seek the chase; my eager soul delights
To enter on Diana's service now:
A while I must abandon Venus' rites,
And pay to Artemis the bounden vow.

I'll track the deer, aloft on pine-tree boughs
The antlers hang, and urge the daring hound;
Yet no huge lion in his lair I'll rouse,
Nor 'gainst the boar with rapid onset bound.

My prowess be to trap the timid hare,
And with the winged arrow pierce the bird,
Where sweet Clitumnus hides its waters fair
'Neath mantling shades, and laves the snow-white herd.

My life, remember thou in all thy schemes
I'll come to thee ere many days are o'er;
But neither shall the lonely woods and streams,
That down the mossy crags meandering pour,

Have power to charm away the jealous pain
That makes my restless tongue for ever run
‘Tween thy sweet name and this love-bitter strain:
“None but would wish to harm the absent one.”

XI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quid fles abducta gravius Briseide? quid fles?

WHY weep more sadly than Briseis borne from friends afar?
Or woe-begone Andromache, led captive erst in war?
Why weary out the gods, mad girl, about my wrongs alway?
And why complain our olden faith but blossomed to decay?

Not so the mournful Attic bird outpours her bitter wail,
When 'neath Cecropia's sylvan shades she tells her dismal tale;
Nor, at the tombs of children twelve, incessant tear-drops thus
Doth overweening Niobe rain from sad Sipylus.

Although with chains of beaten brass my arms should bounden be,
Though iron walls confined my limbs like prisoned Danae,
Yet should I break for thy sweet sake, my soul, the bars of brass,
And quickly from the iron keep of prisoned Danae pass.

Whate'er of thee is told to me shall fall on heedless ears,
Provided only ne'er of me thou cherish needless fears.
Oh, by my sire's and mothers bones! I swear I'll keep thy trust,
And if I lie, then heavily upon me press their dust

I still shall be, my life, to thee, true till death's shadows come;
Away one troth shall bear us both — one day behold our doom:
But if nor name nor beauty of thine should keep me leal to thee,
Yet would thine easy thrall be aye a gentle bond for me.

'Tis seven full moons since all the town has rung about us twain;
Oft was thy door unbarred to me — oft entrance did I gain:
Yet never bribe by me was given to buy a kiss of thine;
Whate'er I was I was to thee — myself thy chosen shrine.

Whilst many woo'd thee, me alone thou woo'dst, sweet love of mine;
If I forget — me Furies rack, me Aeacus consign,
At the infernal bar, to feed, like Tityos, vultures fell,
And roll the rock like Sisyphus aloft the hills of hell.

No further then assail me, sweet, with suppliant letters now;
True as of old, so to the last aye true shall be my vow:
This my perpetual privilege, that soon I should not tire,
Alone of lovers all, of love, nor rashly catch its fire.

XII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Ah quantum de me Panthi tibi pagina finxit.

As far as Panthus e'er made free
In page of his to slander me,
So hard to him may Venus be,
And plague his life.

Now seem I not a truer seer
Than famed Dodona? Well, my dear,
Your handsome lover's off, I hear,
And ta'en a wife.

Just so much time quite lost! O fie!
List how he's singing while you lie,
The victim of credulity,
In lonely woe.

In you the pair their gossip find;
And he, grown vain, declared you pined,
And stayed at home against his mind.
That may be so,

But may I die if he'd in view
Aught save to triumph over you.
He's wed, and has his triumph too,
While you must smart.

Her guest Iason thus betrayed
In days of yore the Colchian maid;
He left her, and Creusa swayed
His home and heart.

So the Dulichian hero sped
Away from fond Calypso's bed —
She saw her faithless lover spread
His swelling sails.

Maids, prone to trust whate'er you hear,
When ye are left in sorrow drear,
Oh do not rashly lend an ear
To tempter's tales!

Long, long has Cynthia sought the track
Of one she hopes may yet come back.
Poor foolish girl, what does, alack!
Experience say?

Whate'er the place on earth you fill,
Whate'er the time, alike I'm still
Yours whether you are well or ill.
Yes — yours for aye.

XIIIa.

TO DEMOPHOON.

Scis here mi multas pariter placuisse puellas.

DEMOPHOON, it was but yesterday
Full many a maiden pleased me well, you know;
And now, from scenes where all was glad and gay,
To me arises many a weary woe.

Now every street is filled with fatal charms;
O theatres, too sure to ruin me,
If Beauty spread her fair, voluptuous arms,
Or trill the changing notes of melody!

If lovely maiden sit with bosom bare,
Or o'er her brow of snowy whiteness play
The truant ringlets of her gem-bound hair,
Mine eyes invite the shaft too sure to slay.

And if she e'er had chanced to disallow,
By one forbidding look, my cherished dream,
Soul-freezing sweats would gather on my brow,
And trickle down my cheeks in chilling stream.

Why do I melt at every maiden's charms?
Why ask me? Such a "Why" love never knew.
Why with the knife does votary gash his arms,
And to the frantic notes his members hew?

Some failing, Nature did to each assign:
My fate has ever been to love the fair;
And, Envy, though rapt Thamyras' doom be mine,
I never will be blind if beauty's there.

Though now, perchance, my limbs seem lank and spare,
Love's service galls me not all-unsubdued;
Make quest — my prowess many will declare,
Though fierce the combat and though oft renewed.

Two nights great Jove to fair Alcmena clung,
And twice was heaven reft of its king by night,
Yet with no feebler hand the bolt he flung:
Love ne'er exhausts its vigour from delight.

What? when Achilles left Briseis' side,
Was Ilium of his javelins less afraid?
When valiant Hector left his loving bride,
Say, were the fleets of Argos undismayed?

The one a nation's navy could o'erthrow,
A city's walls the other could undo:
So me in love a fierce Pelides know,
In me behold a valiant Hector too.

See how the sky enjoys two favourites' charms —
The sun's now, now the moon's: a pair for me!
Yes, let a second clasp me in her arms,
Should one make bold my fond embrace to flee.

Or if my slave has roused her ire, as sure
As she denies, she'll find her rival wins:
Two cables doubly well a ship secure;
An anxious mother doubly cares for twins.

XIIIb.

Aut, si es dura, nega: sin es non dura, venito!

IF cold, refuse; if kind, come hither, love!
Why all thy promises as nothing deem?
For 'tis a woe all other woes above
To dash at once a lover's cherished dream.

In bed he sighs and tosses spirit-sore,
To think his darling seeks a stranger's arms;
He bores his slave with questions o'er and o'er,
And pleads for fresh details 'mid fresh alarms.

XIV.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Cui fuit indocti fugienda haec semita volgi.

ALL fancy for the rabble road 'twas once my aim to smother,
Now water from the pond to me has quite a pleasant *gout*.
Say, is a gentleman to bribe the servant of another,
To carry to his lady-love a promised *billet-doux*?

Is he to ask times o'er and o'er what temple she may be in,
And in what park she's walking now; and then, when he has sought
The town all through, and borne a host of toils quite Herculean,
To get from her a note like this: "What present have you brought?"

To be allowed to scan her surly warder, and, detected,
To skulk away perhaps in some abominable slum?
How dearly once a-year comes round a night we've long expected!
On those whom bolted doors delight may every evil come!

Give me the girl who boldly walks, her veil thrown back behind her,
Unwatched by guards whose jealous eyes one's peace of mind destroy —
Who treads the Sacred Way with muddy shoe, and when you find her,
And whisper in her ear your wish, is anything but coy.

She'll never put you off, nor for the paltry guinea stickle,
The loss of which your cross-grained sire would mourn in sore dismay;
Nor will she say, "I'm terrified; be off, I'm in a pickle, —
My husband, who's been out of town, is coming home to-day."

With maidens from Euphrates and Orontes I'm in clover.
Talk not of chaste caress to me, 'tis all a bagatelle:
Since lovers are constrained to give all thoughts of freedom over,
The man who sets his heart on love to freedom bids farewell.

XV.

THE POETS EXCUSE.

‘Tu loqueris, cum sis jam noto fabula libro,

Et tua sit toto Cynthia lecta foro?’

“AND do you talk — *you*, now a byword grown,
Whose ‘Cynthia’ through the forum’s read and known?”
At words like these, whose brow all o’er and o’er
Would rain not burning sweat from every pore?
A gentleman must either blush for shame,
Or never venture once his love to name.

Were Cynthia kind as girls of lower price,
I should not now be called the crown of vice,
Nor have the whole town’s scandal at me hurled;
And though I burned, in word I’d cheat the world.
No wonder I to common queans repair —
They harm me less; seems that a small affair?

For fan a peacock’s tail she now demands,
Now asks a crystal ball to cool her hands;
Begs me, grown wroth, to cheapen ivory dice,
And Sacra Via’s glittering trash. The price —
Hang it! — is a mere bagatelle; but yet
I blush to be the jest of a coquette.

XVI.

SEPARATION.

Hoc erat in primis quod me gaudere jubebas?

WAS this the peerless joy in store for me?
Oh, shame that one so fair should fickle be!
In love we've hardly spent our second night,
And now thou art a-weary of my sight.
Once thou didst praise me and my lays alone;
Has all that love of thine so quickly flown?

With me in genius let my rival vie,
Or art — first let him learn fidelity;
Bid him on Lerna's brood his prowess test,
The apples from Hisperian dragon wrest,
Drain baleful poisons, shipwrecked gulp the sea,
And brave all miseries for sake of thee.
Light of my life! oh bid me bear the same!
That braggart soon will earn the coward's name
Who proudly vaunts his puffed-up honour now:
One single year will snap your covenant-vow.

Me not the Sibyl's years, though vast their range,
Alcides' toil, nor doom's dark day, shall change.
Thou'lt lay me in the silent grave, and say,
"These are thy bones, Propertius, faithful ay.
Alas! alas! how true wast thou to me,
Though thine nor wealth nor ancient pedigree!"

I'll suffer all: unchanged, all wrongs I'll bear
It were no load to bear with one so fair!
Not few, I ween, have for thy beauty pined;
But faith, I ween, thou'lt not in many find.
A short while Theseus Ariadne loved;
Demophoon Phyllis: both deceitful proved.
In Jason's ship thou know'st Medea's fate —
The man she rescued left her desolate.

Hard is the maid who feigns a ready fire,
And dons for more than one her best attire.
Court not the rich or noble; hardly one
Would lift, like me, thy bones when life is done.

Yet oh for me be thine the mournful care,
To beat thy naked breast and rend thy hair!

XVII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Unica nata meo pulcherrima cura dolori.

SOLE care, and fairest cause of all my pain,
Since fate forbids the whispered "Come again!"
Thy beauty from my lays shall peerless shine:
Catullus, with thy leave; with, Calvus, thine.

The veteran doffs his arms war-wearied now,
The aged steers refuse to drag the plough,
The crumbling ship lies on the lonely shore,
In temple hung the old buckler's borne no more;
But time will never wean my heart from thine,
Though Nestor's or Tithonus' years be mine.

Far better brook the tyrant's ruthless rule,
And groan, O fell Perillus! in thy bull;
Far better freeze to stone 'neath Gorgon's stare,
And e'en the dire Caucasian vultures bear.
Yet firm I'll stand: with rust steel spears decay,
A little water wears the rock away:
My love no caustic wears howe'er severe;
It lasts, and bears all threats with patient ear.
Though scorned, it pleads; though wronged, admits the fault,
And e'en returns, though fain its feet would halt.
Thou too, fond fool, in love's good fortune strong
Be warned! — no woman e'er is faithful long.
Who pays his vows while storms around him rave,
Since oft in port the wreck bestrews the wave?
Who claims the prize before the race is done,
And round the goal the wheels seven times have run?
Deceitful blows in love the prosperous gale;
If late disaster come, then great the bale.
Yet do thou, meanwhile, though she love thee well,
Close lock thy breast; thy joys to no one tell.
In love affairs — I know not why 'tis so —
Our boastful words are sure to work us woe.
Though oft invited, seldom go her way;
What causes envy is not wont to stay.
Were times like times, and maids like maids of yore,
I'd be as thou: by time I'm triumphed o'er;

Yet shall this age my habits never change:
Let each one wander in his fitting range.
But ye who love, and love, and love again,
How salt the tears that from your eyes must rain!
Ye've seen the tender maiden lily-white,
Ye've seen the dusky girl; both tints delight.
Ye've seen the nymph of Grecian mould, and there
The Roman maid; and both were passing fair.
In russet robe or purple raiment drest,
Alike each charmer wounds the lover's breast:
Since one can steal the slumber from thine eyes,
One maid to one may well for woe suffice.

XVIII.

DREAM OF CYNTHIA'S SHIPWRECK.

Vidi te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina.

LIGHT of my life! I saw thee in my sleep,
Wrecked on the storm-yvext Ionian deep;
Thy vessel's shivered timbers round thee strown,
Thy weary hands for succour upward thrown,
Confessing all the falsehoods thou hadst told,
While o'er thy matted hair the waters rolled —
Like Helle wave-tost on the purple deep,
Borne on the downy back of golden sheep.
Oh how I feared that on the "Cynthian sea."
Sailors should tell thy tale and weep for thee!

What vows to Neptune and the Twins I made,
And to divine Leucothoe, for aid!
While thou — thy hands scarce raised above the wave —
Didst often call me from the yawning grave.
Had thy bright eyes by Glaucus then been seen,
The Ionian sea had hailed another queen,
And jealous Nereids would be chiding thee,
Nisaea fair, and green Cymothoe.
But to thine aid I saw the dolphin scud
That bore, methinks, Arion o'er the flood.
Down from a rock I tried to plunge ahead,
When fear awoke me, and the vision fled.

Now let men marvel maid so fair's mine own
And that through all the town my bliss is blown.
Although for her Pactolus' streams should glide,
She would not say, "Poor poet, leave my side."
My lays she sings, and scorns the rich man's lure:
No maiden courts the Muse with zeal so pure.
Much, faith in love, much, constancy can do:
Who many gifts can give may many woo.

Should Cynthia wish o'er ocean wide to fare,
I'll go: one breeze will waft the faithful pair,
One shore our couch when sleep our eyelids fill,
One sheltering tree pur roof, our cup one rill,
One plank for both will ample bedroom be;

Afore, abaft, 'tis all the same to me —
All toils I'll bear: let savage Eurys rave,
Or freezing Auster whirl us o'er the wave,
And all ye winds that poor Ulysses tost,
And drave the Greeks along Euboea's coast,
That moved two strands when forth the dove had flown,
To lead rude Argo on through seas unknown.
If only from my eyes she never turn,
Jove with his blazing bolt our ship may burn;
Naked, we'll toss upon the self-same shore:
The wave may waft me if thou'rt covered o'er.

Not harsh is Neptune to so leal a love,
Nor Neptune mates in love his brother Jove.
Ah! Argive Amymoné with her pail,
And Lerna, trident-smit, can tell the tale,
How erst he wooed and won, and in return
With god-sent waters filled her golden urn;
And ravished Orithyia says the Wind
Who rules the earth and sea is not unkind.

Believe me, Scylla's mouths will cease to rave,
Nor vast Charybdis overwhelm us with its wave;
The very stars will shine, by clouds unhid;
Clear shall Orion gleam and clear the Kid:
But should my life be lost in saving thine,
Then surely no inglorious fate is mine.

XIX.

THE LOVER.

Al vos incertam, mortales, funeris horam.

I.

MORTALS, ye seek with anxious soul
To know death's hour uncertain,
And from the darkly-mantled goal
To lift the awful curtain;
Anon the cloudless sky ye scan,
And lore Phoenician borrow,
To read what stars bring weal to man,
And what is fraught with sorrow.

II.

We track the Parthian o'er the plain,
O'er ocean seek the stranger,
Yet every path o'er earth and main
Is filled with hidden danger;
Again ye rue the roaring din,
The rushing and the rattle,
When troop oh troop comes pouring in
To join in doubtful battle.

III.

Ye fear lest fire your homes assail,
And ruin's mad commotion;
Ye dread the cup ye quaff, and quail
Lest death lurk in the potion;
But how he'll die, and when his hour,
The lover's ne'er in error —
Nor Boreas' blasts nor arms have power
To smite his soul with terror.

IV.

Though now he ply the oar, afloat
On Styx's reedy river,
And see above the infernal boat
The gloomy canvas quiver;

Let but his darling sigh — the clay
Will life, sweet life recover,
And back the unpermitted way
Will speed the joyful lover.

XX.

TO JUPITER, ON CYNTHIA'S SICKNESS.

Jupiter! affectae tandem miserere puellae.

PITY my stricken love, O Jove! the blame
Will all be thine if she should die — so fair;
For now the sky with fire is all a-flame,
And earth is burning 'neath the dog-star's glare.

Yet not so much to blame is heat or sky,
As heaven's dread name long outraged day by day.
This kills, and killed poor girls in days gone by:
Their oaths the winds and waters waft away.

Was Venus wroth thou didst her equal shine?
She envies all whose charms with hers compare.
Hast thou despised Pelasgian Juno's shrine,
Or dared deny that Pallas' eyes were fair?

Ah! maidens' tongues were heedless evermore:
This fell disease from pride and beauty rose.
But, love, thy vexed life's weary trials o'er,
A calmer hour awaits thee at the close.

In youth the horned Io lowed; now changed,
The cow that drank Nile's waters reigns on high;
And Ino, who in youth the woodlands ranged,
Hears as Leucothoe the poor sailor's cry.

In youth the fair Andromeda was doomed
A prey to savage monsters of the sea;
The same in Perseus' home in wifhood bloomed
And wore her wifely honours royally.

A bear Callisto roamed Arcadia; now,
A radiant star, she guides the nightly sail:
And if the Fates should speed thy rest, I trow
Those Fates with bliss shall crown thy burial.

Thou'lt talk to Semele of beauty's bane,
Who, by experience taught, will trust thy tale;
Queen crowned 'mid Homer's Heroines thou'lt reign,
Nor one thy proud prerogative assail.

Calmly, sick love, to fate the issue leave;
Eternal Jove may smile, and light arise.
O Jove! even Juno's self will grant reprieve,
For Juno sorrows when a damsel dies.

Powerless the wheel by spells of magic driven,
On the cold hearth the half-burnt laurel lies;
The moon refuses to descend from heaven,
And the dark bird outpours its baleful cries.

All that I loved, to the drear realms below
Thou'lt bear, O pale-dark raft of destiny!
If not to one, to two, Heaven, mercy show:
If life be hers, I'll live; if death, I'll die.

O spare her, and in song thy praise I'll swell,
I'll write "The Damsel saved by Jove's decree;"
And, veiled, before thy shrine she'll sit and tell
Her dangers, and her gratitude to thee.

Persephone, continued mercy show,
And thou, her husband, be not more severe;
Since yours so many thousand nymphs below,
O let one lovely maiden linger here!

Iope, fair Tyro, and Europa too,
Unchaste Pasiphae, and the heroine-band
Of Troy, Achaia, Thebes, now dwell with you,
And all the bloom of Priam's ruined land.

Where are Rome's women of renown to-day?
Alas! the greedy pyre has claimed them all;
For beauty dies and fortune flits away —
Death soon or late doth all that lives enthrall.

My love, relieved from grievous danger now,
To Dian pay her choral rites meanwhile;
To Isis, too, discharge thy vigil-vow:
Be mine, for all my care, thy loving smile!

XXI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Extrema, mea lux, cum potus nocte vagarer.

MY love, as I was roaming late at night,
Wine-flushed, with not a slave to guide my way,
A group of urchins met me in my plight —
How many there might be, I cannot say.

I dared not even count the impish crew —
I was so terrified: some seemed to be
With brands equipped, and some with shafts, a few
Appeared to be preparing chains for me.

The whole were naked. One, more rude than all,
Cried, "Seize him! well you know him! he's the dunce
The angry woman hired us to bemaule."
He spoke; a rope was round my neck at once.

One bids him drag me forth; another shouts,
"Hang him! He thinks we are not gods! Ho, there!
She's waited hours for you, you lout of louts!
And you, the while, are staggering heaven knows where.

"When her Sidonian night-cap she unties,
And opes her eyes where lovely languors rest,
You'll breathe no perfumes from Arabian skies,
But such as Love's own fingers have exprest.

"Spare, brothers, spare; he swears he'll now be true.
And lo! unto the very door we've come."
My stripped-off garment then they round me threw,
And said, "Go, learn to spend your nights at home."

'Twas morn: I wished to see if all alone
My Cynthia lay — lone lay my lovely queen.
I stood amazed; nor e'er her form had known
More fair, when, clad in robes of purple sheen,

She went to tell chaste Vesta what she'd dreamed,
Lest to herself or me it boded harm:
So fair to me the awakened sleeper seemed.
O beauty, how omnipotent thy charm!

“Why come to spy me with the morning sun?
What? do you think I’m prone to rove like you?
I’m not so fickle — quite content with one,
Yourself, or any other still more true.

“No trace of guilt will meet your jealous eyes,
Nor to my couch hath stranger found his way.
See here, no pantings in my bosom rise,
The sure revealers of the amorous fray.”

She spake; with her right hand my kiss opposed,
Then in loose sandal darted from my sight.
Thus prying eyes Love’s hallowed temple closed;
Since then I have not known one happy night.

XXII.

NO ESCAPE FROM LOVE.

Quo fugis? ah, demens, nulla est fuga! tu licet usque.

Ho, madman! whither now? escape there's none:
Fly to the Don, Love at thy heels will run;
Mount winged Pegasus and scour the sky,
Thy course with winged feet like Perseus ply,
With winged sandals beat the hurrying gale,
Another Mercury— 'twill nought avail.
Love ever hovers o'er the hapless head,
And on free necks alights with weight of lead.
A keen-eyed wardour he; thy stricken eyes
He'll never suffer from the ground to rise;
Yet shouldst thou ever sin, he's sure to lend
A ready ear, if timely vows ascend.

The happy hours we've spent let grey-beards blame;
We'll keep our old road, darling, all the same.
Their ears with musty proverbs let them fill;
But here, sweet pipe, 'tis meet that thou shouldst trill,
Erst in Maeander's stream unjustly thrown,
When Pallas out of shape her cheeks had blown.
Harsh one! wilt sail the Phrygian billows o'er,
And seek the Caspian's hoarse-resounding shore?
The common gods with blood alternate soil,
And homeward bear with thee the baleful spoil?

What? blush to live content with one fair friend?
If sin there be, 'tis Love's, and there's an end.
Hence, churls! If thou with me, sweet Cynthia, still
Wilt share some dewy grot on mossy hill,
There to the rocks thou'lt see the Sisters cling,
And ancient Jove's delightful love-raids sing, —
How he consumed in Semele's fond arms;
How pined away for Io's maiden charms;
How, too, in fine, on wanton wings of joy,
He fluttered bird-like to the walls of Troy.

If all resist the winged god in vain,
And all transgress, why me alone arraign?
Nor wilt thou make the Virgins blush for shame —

They, too, have felt the soul-consuming flame,
If haply 'mid Bistonian rocks of yore
One nymph Oeagrus' warm caresses bore.

Here, when they'll make thee leader in the dance,
And Bacchus midst us deftly whirls his lance,
I'll wear the sacred ivy wreath for thee —
My fount of song! my dream of poesy!

XXIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Quaeris, cur veniam tibi tardior? Aurea Phoebi.

I'VE seen — hence, love, I come so late to thee —
Great Caesar open Phoebus' golden shrine,
Adorned with Punic columns fair to see,
And Danaids 'twixt them all along the line.

Here shone in marble, than himself more fair,
Phoebus with silent lyre, outpouring strains;
And round the altar stood four oxen rare,
Carved to the life — the fruit of Myron's pains.

Rose in the midst the polished marble shrine,
More, than Ortygia, dear to Phoebus' heart.
Swept o'er the roof the car of Sol divine;
While ivory folding-doors — a gem of art —

Showed, — this, the Gauls sheer from Parnassus flung;
That, Niobe's slain children's woeful plight;
Last, 'tween his mother and his sister, sung
The Pythian god, in trailing garment dight.

XXIV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Qui videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo.

WHO sees thee, sins; who sees thee not, is free
From all temptation: keep our eyes from thee.
Cynthia, why seek Praeneste's doubtful lore?
Or Telegonian Tusculum? — nay, more,
Why to Herculean Tibur ride, I pray?
Why pace so oft the ancient Appian way?
Would, when at leisure, thou wouldst walk with me!
For people bid me doubt thee when they see
Thee, votaress, with kindled torches rove,
And bear the holy lights to Trivia's grove.

Ha! Pompey's portico now palls for thee,
With pillared shade and purple tapestry —
Our closely-planted planes in even row,
The streams that from a sleeping Maro flow,
And showers by Tritons poured the city round,
With sudden spurts and gently-gurgling sound.

Poor dupe! thy secret's out; such journeys cry —
'Tis not the city but my sight thou'dst fly.
Vain all thine efforts — vain thy schemings fell;
The bootless toils thou spread'st I know too well.
As for myself, 'tis nought; but thy fair fame
Will suffer in proportion to thy blame.

Of late my ears an odious rumour stung —
Through all the town the shameful story rung.
"A wicked tongue thou'lt surely ne'er believe;
For fee the fair did scandal aye receive."
With mixing poison charged thou'st never been;
Phoebus, thou'lt witness be those hands are clean!
One frolic-night or two I'd not reprove;
Such trifling errors ne'er mine anger move.

Helen left home to feed a stranger's flame,
Yet back was brought, and lived absolved from blame.
Venus, though once to Mars she gave her love,
Was ne'er less honoured in the realms above.

No, not though Ida tells she loved of old,
And lay with shepherd Paris 'mid his fold.
The Hamadryads did their dalliance view,
The old Sileni, sire Silenus too,
With whom, O Paris! in the Idaean grot
You gathered apples, taking oft, I wot, —
The gifts your hand from fair Oenone got.

In such a hive of harlots, asks one why
This girl's so rich? — whose? whence the vast supply?
O Rome! in this our time, of bliss how full!
If but one girl transgress the *golden* rule!
Who Tatian worth and virtuous Sabine home
Seeks here, has but of late set foot in Rome.
Thou'lt sooner drain the sea that laps the land,
And pluck the stars on high with mortal hand,
Than make our maids their love of sin restrain —
A custom that obtained in Saturn's reign,
And when Deucalion's flood the world flowed round,
And since Deucalion's flood of old renowned.

Where is the bed that aye unstained was known?
What goddess ever loved one god alone?
The wife of mighty Minos e'en, they say,
The grim bull's milk-white form once led astray.
And Danae, too, with brazen wall encased,
Could not deny great Jove, though erewhile chaste.

If Greek and Latin queans thy patterns be,
I'll judge thee not; live as thou wilt for me.

XXV.

TO CYNTHIA.

Tristia jam redeunt iterum solennia nobis.

THOSE drear solemnities draw round once more,
And Cynthia now has vowed ten penance-nights;
Ah! perish Io, who from Nile's warm shore
To our Ausonian matrons sent her rites!

She who so oft has severed love from love
Was ever loathsome — be she who she may.
Thou, Io, erst in secret loved of Jove,
Didst surely feel the toils of many a way,

What time with horns stem Juno marred thy brow,
And merged thine accents in a heifer's roar.
How often oak-leaves hurt thy mouth ere now,
Thy home a shed when grazing-time was o'er!

Since Jove did thee from heifer-form recall,
Hast thou a haughty deity become?
Was Egypt with its dusky maids too small?
Why hast thou travelled all the way to Rome?

What gain'st thou if alone our ladies lie?
Again thy brow shall be with horns o'ergrown,
Harsh one! or from our city thou shalt fly:
To Nile no favour e'er hath Tiber shown.

But thou, too well appeased by all my woe,
Cynthia, those nights once o'er, to love give rein.
Thou hear'st not: no; thou mock'st my words, although
Icarion's steers now turn the lazy wain.

Late, late thou drink'st — not midnight bids thee rise;
And canst thou tireless still the dice endure?
Ah! perish he who grapeward cast his eyes,
And first with nectar spoiled the water pure!

Thee Attic hinds, Icarion, justly slew;
Thou know'st how bitter is the breath of wine:
To wine, Eurytion, thy death was due;
To Thracian juice, O Polyphemus! thine.

Wine ruins beauty, saps the strength of years;
In wine doth woman oft her lord forget.
Ah me! how little changed my girl appears,
Deep though she drink! — drink on, thou'rt charming yet.

Unharm'd though to thy cups the wreaths droop low,
And from thy lips my love-lays slowly roll:
More freely let the ripe Falernian flow,
And foam more mellow in the golden bowl.

Yet loath to bed her way lone maiden wends,
Love keeps her brooding o'er forbidden joys;
More deeply yearns the heart for absent friends:
Even of the leal the long possession cloy.

XXVI.

TO LYNCEUS.

Cur quisquam faciem dominae jam credat amico?

WHY trust a mistress' beauty to a friend?
'Twas thus I wellnigh lost my darling rare.
Well tried I speak: in love all faith doth end;
Each for himself would ever win the fair.

Love breaks up kinship, severs friends, I ween,
And calls to baleful arms the happy band:
A guest robbed Menelaus of his queen;
The Colchian maiden sought a stranger's hand.

Lynceus, couldst thou thus with my darling deal?
False one! did not thy hands drop numb the while?
What? had she not been firm and true as steel,
Couldst thou have lived in villany so vile?

Stab me — with poison take my life away;
But leave, oh leave my mistress all to me!
Thou'lt be my dearest, closest comrade, yea,
All that I have I give in charge to thee.

O keep from her, and leave her all mine own!
I cannot brook even Jove as rival here;
O — dread my very shadow when alone,
And, foolish, tremble oft from foolish fear.

Yet for one cause I pass thine error by —
Wine made thy words in mazy wanderings flow;
Ne'er more affected frown will cheat mine eye,
For all, even Lynceus, now love's blessings know.

In age my Lynceus raves, love-smitten sore:
I'm glad thou, too, rever'st the gods we praise:
What now avails thy deep Socratic lore,
Or power of telling Nature's wondrous ways?

Or what thy study of the Athenian strains?
Thine aged favourite soothes not hearts love-torn.
Wouldst shun Antimachus' and Homer's pains?
The straight-limbed maiden views the gods with scorn.

No woman broods o'er mundane problems here;
Why Luna's pangs from Phoebus' steeds can be —
If dwells a judge beyond the Stygian mere —
Or the bolt thunders by great Heaven's decree.

Themes for the Aeschylean buskin hence afar:
Unbend thy limbs, in gentle dances rove;
What boots Amphiaraus' fatal car,
Or fall of Capaneus that pleased great Jove?

Go, imitate — and sure 'twere better thus —
Coan Philetas with thy love-sick muse;
And from the "Dreams" of terse Callimachus
A fitting theme for adaptation choose.

Tell how Aetolian Achelous' tide
Ran wild when vanquished in dire love-affray,
Or how o'er Phrygian plain deceitful glide
Maeander's waves and thwart his weary way,

And how Adrastus' speech-dowered courser won
The palm beside Archemorus' tearful tomb:
Now in a narrow groove, harsh poet, run,
And sing the flame the gods for thee foredoom.

The bull submits not to the toilsome plough
Till the tough lasso round his horns has caught;
Nor meekly thou'lt to love's fell bondage bow —
Restive, by me thou must be tamed and taught.

Behold me, whose inheritance was small,
To no ancestral triumphs' glory born,
King crowned of Beauty in the banquet-hall,
Through that same genius which thou hold'st in scorn.

Let me, whom love has smitten to the core,
In yester-evening's wreaths lie languishing;
But of the Phoebus-guarded Actian shore,
And Caesar's valiant fleets, let Virgil sing,

Who rouses Troy's Aeneas to the fray,
And rears in song Lavinium's walls on high:
Yield, Roman writers — bards of Greece, give way —
A work will soon the Iliad's fame outvie.

Thou sing'st the precepts of the Ascrean sage,

What plain grows com, what mountain suits the vine
A strain, O Virgil! that might well engage
Apollo's fingers on his lyre divine.

Thou sing'st, beneath Galaesus' pinewood shades,
Thyrsis and Daphnis on thy well-worn reed;
And how ten apples can seduce the maids,
And kid, from un milked teats, girls captive lead.

Happy, with apples, loves so cheap to buy!
To such, may Tityrus sing, though cold and coy:
O happy Corydon! when thou mayst try
To win Alexis fair — his master's joy.

Though of his oaten-pipe he weary be,
Kind Hamadryads still their bard adore,
Whose strains will charm the reader's ear, be he
Unlearned or learned in love's delightful lore.

Nowise inferior in the lesser lay
(In spirit not — maychance less grand in tone),
The tuneful swan resigns the rustic bay,
With no unskilled goose-cackle idly blown.

In kindred topics Varro sported too;
His "Jason" done, of love he swept the lyre —
Varro, whose own Leucadia thrilled him through
With flames of inextinguishable fire.

This was the theme of warm Catullus' lays,
That made his Lesbia's more than Helen's fame;
Thus learned Calvus told Quintilia's praise,
Bewailed her death, and sung her honoured name.

How many wounds from fair Lycoris' scorn
Poor Gallus now has washed in Lethe's stream!
But Cynthia, too, shall live to times unborn,
If fame will but indulge her poet's dream.

BOOK IV.

I.

THE IMMORTALITY OF SONG.

Callimachi Manes et Coi sacra Philetæ.

SHADE of Callimachus! and thou, sweet spirit,
Coan Philetas! let me tread your grove:
Pure is your font, and I, first priest to stir it,
'Mid Grecian choirs in Latin orgies rove.

Say where ye trimmed your lays — in what charmed grotto?
How trod ye thither? drank what stream divine?
Avaunt, the bard who makes the camp his motto!
Smooth from the pumice flow my tender line!

Thus Fame uplifts me from earth's lower level;
My Muse on flower-crowned steeds in triumph reels;
Borne in my car the little Cupids revel;
And crowds of poets run behind my wheels.

Why press with slackened rein? O vain endeavour!
Steep is the Muses' hill, nor wide the way:
Many will bid Rome's glory shine for ever,
And Asian Bactra bound the Imperial sway:

But lays of peace I bring from Song's green mountain
By path untrodden; twine soft garlands now,
Ye Nine! who haunt the Pegasæan fountain:
'Tis no rough wreath will suit your poet's brow.

Though now dark envy rob me, double wages
Await me when I'm wasting in the tomb:
Time magnifies the things of bygone ages;
And o'er the grave far fairer honours bloom.

Witness the weary siege the fir-horse ended —
Achilles wrestling with Scamander's flood —
[Idæan Simois where young Jove was tended] —
The plains — the wheels thrice stained with Hector's blood —

Deiphobus, Polydamas, Troy's prophet,
Paris, nigh nameless in his native soil —
Ilium — we else had heard but little of it,
And Troy, twice o'er the Oetaean hero's spoil.

Great Homer, too, who sang her rueful story,
Hath grown in honour in the mouths of men;
And Rome in times unborn shall laud my glory:
When I am dust: yea, I shall triumph then.

Apollo smiles; the ages will not spurn me,
Or merely rear a slab my bones above:
Now to my olden theme once more I'll turn me,
And thrill my charmer with the lays of love.

II.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

Orpheus delinisse feras et concita dicunt.

ORPHEUS— 'tis said — the Thracian lyre-strings sweeping,
Stayed the swift stream and soothed the savage brute;
Cithaeron's rocks, to Thebes spontaneous leaping,
Rose into walls before Amphion's lute.

With dripping steeds did Galatea follow,
'Neath Aetna's crags, lone Polyphemus' song:
Is't strange the loved of Bacchus and Apollo
Leads captive with his lay the maiden throng?

Though no Taenarian blocks uphold my dwelling,
Nor ivory panels shine 'tween gilded beams;
No orchards mine Phaeacia's woods excelling,
No chiselled grotts where Marcian water streams, —

Yet Song is mine; my strain the heart engages;
Faint from the dance sinks the lithe Muse with me, —
O happy maid! whose name adorns my pages,
Each lay a lasting monument to thee!

The pyramids that cleave heaven's jewelled portal;
Elean Jove's star-spangled dome; the tomb
Where rich Mausolus sleeps, — are not immortal,
Nor shall escape inevitable doom.

Devouring fire and rains will mar their splendour —
The weight of years will drag the marble down:
Genius alone a name can deathless render,
And round the forehead wreath the unfading crown.

III.

THE VISION.

Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbra.

METHOUGHT, in Helicon's soft shade reclining,
Where the clear fount of Hippocrene springs, —
Thy kings, O Alba! and their deeds enshrining —
A lofty task, — I smote the tuneful strings;

I'd moved my lips anear those wondrous waters,
Whence father Ennius, thirsting, drank of yore,
Then sang the Curian and Horatian slaughters,
And regal spoils Aemilius' vessel bore —

Fabius' delay that proved the foe's undoing,
Cannae's fell field, heaven turned by holy vows,
The Lares Hannibal from Rome pursuing,
And Jove by goose-note saved — when through the boughs

Of the Castalian laurel Phoebus peering,
Leaning near a grot upon his golden lyre,
Addressed me: "Fool! wouldst quaff this stream unfearing?
Who bade thee wake the strings to epic fire?"

"Propertius, hence no dreams of glory harbour;
Thy tiny wheels must press the velvet mead,
If maid must bear thy leaflets to her arbour,
And these, lone waiting for her lover, read.

"Why cross thy limit-line, to danger callous?
Weigh not the pinnacle of thy genius down:
One oar should smite the wave — one graze the shallows:
Then safe thy course; mid-sea vast billows frown."

With ivory quill he showed me on the hill-side,
Approached by path new-made in mossy ground,
A green grot decked with pebbles from the rill-side:
Hung timbrels from the pumice-rocks around.

There, clay-wrought, stood the Nine and sire Silenus;
Thy reeds, O Pan of the Tegaeon hills!
There, too, thy doves, my pets, almighty Venus!
Dipped in the Gorgon lake their purple bills.

O'er her peculiar work each maiden lingers,
And deftly plies the task that best she knows;
One wreathes the thyrsus, one with nimble fingers
Attunes the strings, another twines the rose.

Spake one of these in tones of mild dominion —
Calliope, methinks, from all her charms:
“Safely thou'lt soar on swan of snow-white pinion,
But ne'er on charger rush to clang of arms.

“Sound not the hoarse-breath'd horn, for battle sighing,
Nor fence with warring hosts the Aonian bower;
Nor sing the Camp where Marius' flag is flying,
And Rome is crushing out the Teuton's power;

“Or how far Rhine, with Suevan blood red-reeking,
Bears gory corpses on his rueful stream:
Thou'lt sing the serenaded wreath bespeaking
The midnight rout, and the gay reveller's dream —

“Thou'lt teach the youth to open Beauty's portal
By song: by song the churlish lord beguile.”
She ceased, and with the waters, whence immortal
Philetas quaffed, laved all my lips the while.

IV.

PICTURE OF CAESAR'S TRIUMPH.

Arma Deus Caesar dices meditatur ad Indos.

To Ind's rich land our arms great Caesar bearing
Designs with ships to plough the pearl-gemmed deep;
Vast prize! far lands new triumphs are preparing —
Euphrates — Tigris 'neath his sway shall sweep.

Though late the Parthian shall obey the Roman;
To Latin Jove be Parthian spoils decreed;
Up! rig our war-tried fleet, and for the yeoman
Lead forth — his wonted gift — the gallant steed.

Heaven smiles: the Crassi's fall avenge, and gather
For Rome fresh garlands of immortal bay;
O fateful fires of Vesta! Mars our father!
Grant, ere I die, may dawn the glorious day

When I shall gaze on Caesars car spoil-laden,
His steeds oft fretting at the applauding throng,
And, clasping to my heart my matchless maiden,
Devour the titles, as they flaunt along,

Of conquered towns, amid a myriad readers —
Scan the fell shafts the flying horseman bore —
The trousered soldier's bow, and captive leaders
Sitting in chains beneath the arms they wore.

Preserve thy race, O Venus! and for ever
Smile on the scion of Aeneas' line;
Let booty crown the warrior's bold endeavour:
To cheer along the Sacred Way be mine!

V.

IN PRAISE OF A PEACEFUL LIFE.

Pacis Amor Deus est: pacem veneramur amantes.

LOVE is a god of peace: peace lovers prize.
My bitter war with Cynthia never dies.
Yet dream of gold accurst ne'er haunts my soul,
Nor do I quench my thirst from jewelled bowl,
Plough rich Campania's slopes, or sigh to deck
My home with bronze, O Corinth! from thy wreck.

First earth! to rash Prometheus most unblest!
O luckless dream of a too heedless breast,
To frame a shape and give no mind to it! —
Though common-sense was man's first requisite.

Now we are tossed by winds on seas afar,
We seek a foe, and add fresh war to war.
Thou'lt bear no treasures to the realms below:
Naked to Hell's dark rafts, poor fool, thou'lt go.
Victor and vanquished in the shades shall meet,
And Consul Marius share Jugurtha's seat,
King Croesus near Dulichian Iris be:
That death is best which comes by Fate's decree.
In youth on Helicon I loved to twine
My arms in dances with the tuneful Nine;
Now with full bowl I'd chain my soul, and string
For ever round my head the rose of spring;
And when dull age shall banish love-caresses,
And streak with snow-white locks my raven tresses,
O be it mine dark Nature's ways to scan,
And learn what power controls this mundane plan;
Whence comes the monthly moon, where pales from sight,
Whence fills her rounding horns with waxing light;
What Eurus courts; whence winds o'errun the main;
Whence swell the clouds with never-failing rain;
If comes a day shall lay earth's bulwarks low;
Why drizzly raindrops feed the purple bow;
Or why Perrhaebian Pindus' summits quailed,
And Sol his radiant steeds in mourning veiled;
Why lags Bootes' steers and circling wain;
Why blend in mazy light the Pleiad train;

Why ocean cannot leave its settled sphere;
Why four set seasons part the rolling year;
If judges sit and wretches writhe below;
If snake-haired fiends exist in realms of woe;
Alcmaeon's furies, Phineus' famine-dream,
The wheel, the rock, the thirst amid the stream;
If three-mouthed Cerberus guard the gate of gloom;
And Tityos find nine acres narrow room;
Or if some fable haunt poor souls the while,
And terrors cease beyond the funeral pile.

So end my days: go, warriors, and do ye
Bring Crassus' banners back to Italy.

VI.

A DIALOGUE.

Dic mihi de nostra, quae sentis, vera puella.

PROPERTIUS.

ALL that thou know'st of Cynthia let me hear:
So, Lygdamus, thy freedom thou'lt receive.
Yet puff not with unfounded tales mine ear,
Detailing what thou think'st I'd fain believe.

All messengers by truth should needs stand fast;
Yet more, with slaves, from fear should truth prevail.
Now tell me all thou know'st from first to last, —
Begin: with open ears I'll drink the tale.

Hast thou e'er seen her weep with ruffled hair,
Tears from her eyes down-streaming all unchecked?
Her bed laid out, and yet no mirror there?
Her snowy hands with jewels unbedecked?

Her arms a mourning robe loose-mantling o'er?
At her bed-feet her jewel-casket flung,
Shut and unheeded on the chamber floor,
While o'er the house a gloomy shadow hung?

Hast seen her slaves their tasks in sorrow ply —
She spinning all the while her maids among;
With tuft of wool the trickling tear-drops dry,
And tell our quarrels with a faltering tongue?

LYGDAMUS.

“O Lygdamus! was this my promised meed?
'Tis base in him,” she said, “to treat me so;
And he can leave me sad for no misdeed,
And e'en declare no home my peer can show!

“He's glad I pine on lonesome couch undone;
Well, let him dance for joy when I am dead.
By herbs, not graces, hath that base wench won,
And by the wicked witch's wheel-whirled thread.

“The venom-swollen toad, ‘mid brambles found,
Snakes’ bones, owls’ feathers, culled from crumbling tomb,
Wool-fillets twined the fatal couch around —
Such the weird spells with which she wrought his doom.

“Yet if my dreams bode truth, meet vengeance dread,
Though late, shall at my feet be amply paid;
The flimsy cobweb line their vacant bed,
And Love sleep all night long though fondly prayed.”

PROPERTIUS.

If earnest be the plaint she made to thee,
Go back the way thou cam’st and speed along,
And bear these words with many tears from me, —
That wrath has marred my love, but never wrong —

That fires as fierce as hers torment my life,
Yet ne’er for other maid I’ve deigned to burn;
And if sweet union crown so sad a strife,
Thou’lt earn through me thy freedom in return.

VII.

ON THE DEATH OF PAETUS.

Ergo sollicitae tu causa, Pecunia, vitae!

MONEY! — alas! from thee what troubles spring!
Through thee before our time death's path we tread;
To human vices felly pandering,
Of cares the fosterer and fountain-head!

Thou whelmedst Paetus in the raging tide,
What time to Pharian ports he sailed away;
For, following thee, he sank in youthhood's pride,
And now he floats, to distant fish a prey.

No mother there earth's holy dues could pay,
Or lay with kindred dust the last of thee:
Now o'er thy bones the sea-birds linger aye,
For tomb thou hast the wide Carpathian sea.

Fell Aquilo, fair Orithyia's bane,
What splendid spoils of his have swelled thy store?
Neptune, what joy from shipwreck dost thou gain?
No crew of impious men his vessel bore.

Paetus, why count thy years? why vainly call
On mother dear? On godless waves thou'rt borne.
For in that midnight storm the cables all
That lashed thee to the rocks snapt, chafed and worn.

Those shores, where sunk Argynnus in his bloom,
Attest the depth of Agamemnon's woe,
Who for his loss detained the fleet to doom
Iphigenia to the realms below.

Go, build curved ships to glut the greedy grave:
By human hands is dealt the fatal blow:
Earth was too small; we added then the wave,
And swelled by art Misfortune's ways of woe.

Can anchor hold whom home has failed to keep?
What merits he who can his land despise?
The winds will all thy gains and treasures reap:
No ship grows old: the very harbour lies.

To snare the trader Nature smoothed the main:
Thou'rt lucky if but once success be thine;
Caphareus dashed the conquering prow in twain,
When reeled wrecked Greece athwart the trackless brine.

Then wise Ulysses, whose accustomed skill
Against the ruthless ocean nought availed,
As drooping comrade followed comrade still,
At last the loss of all his crew bewailed.

But if, content to turn his father's field,
Paetus had weighed my words of warning well,
His roof-tree now a welcome guest would shield,
Poor, but on land unswept by tempest fell.

No shrieking hurricane he'd learned to dread,
Nor bruise his tender hands with cable rude,
But lain on terebinth or cedar bed,
On pillow soft of feathers many-hued.

Out by the roots his nails the wave had torn;
With gasping mouth he gulped the hateful brine;
On one small plank drear night beheld him borne:
To crush him did so many ills combine.

With tears he poured this plaint — his latest prayer —
Ere the dark billow choked his dying breath:
“Ye dread Aegean gods! ye winds of air!
And waves that downward drag my head to death!

“O whither are ye hurrying one so young?
No impious hands I brought your waters near:
On jagged halcyon-cliffs I shall be flung,
Transfixed, woe's me! by Neptune's trident-spear.

“Ye tides! O bear me to Italia's shore;
Enough if but my mother find my clay.”
Sucked down by eddying waves he spake no more —
These his last words, and that his latest day.

Ye hundred Nereid-nymphs who scour the main,
And, Thetis, thou who'st felt a mother's woe!
(Ye should have raised his drooping chin again,
So light a load your hands had failed to know,)

Give back his corse: his life is in the wave:

Poor sand, unsought, my Paetus' body veil!
And let the sailor gliding o'er his grave
Declare, "Thy fate may make the boldest quail."

But thou, dread Spirit of the Northern Wind,
Shalt never see my canvas tempt thy blast;
In sweet security I'll fitly find,
At Cynthia's door, a peaceful tomb at last.

VIII.

TO CYNTHIA.

Dulcis ad hesternas fuerat mihi rixa lucernas.

SWEET was our last night's quarrel, Cynthia mine,
And taunts that from thy frenzied tongue did roll
Why, love, upset the board when wild with wine,
And madly hurl at me the brimming bowl?

Come, clutch my locks — be bold, thou'st nought to fear —
And with thy lovely nails my visage tear,
Threaten with uplifted torch mine eyes to sear,
My raiment rend, and strip my bosom bare.

So shalt thou prove thy love is leal and strong:
In earnest love alone thus fret the fair.
If woman bandy jeers with furious tongue,
And roll before dread Venus' feet in prayer —

Or walk with gang of wary warders near,
Or through the streets like frantic Maenad fly,
Or startle in her dreams from frequent fear,
Or at a maiden's portrait sob and sigh, —

From pangs like these I can her feelings tell;
They are sure signs of heart-felt love, I know.
The girl no insult moves thou'lt trust not well;
Heaven send an easy mistress to my foe!

Friends with unbitten neck my wounds may see;
Those livid marks my love's affection show:
In love I'd grieve or else grief's witness be;
'Tis well my tears or thine, sweet one, should flow,

Whene'er thou dumbly speak'st with knitted brow;
Or writ'st with finger what thou dar'st not say;
I loathe the sleep no sigh disturbs, I trow —
Be mine in love an angry maiden aye.

Sweeter was Paris' flame, when 'mid the bands
Of warlike Greece he could his love delight;
While Argos wins, while Hector's might withstands,
In Helen's arms he courts the glorious fight.

With thee or with my rivals ceaseless war
I'll wage: no peace for me while thou art near!
Rejoice no fairer maiden dims thy star:
Else wouldst thou grieve: thou'rt Queen of Beauty here.

And as for thee who wouldst my girl ensnare,
May sire-in-law and mother work thee rue:
If one night's stolen bliss has been thy share,
To wrath 'gainst me, not love for thee, 'twas due.

IX.

TO MAECENAS.

Maecenas, eques Etrusco de sanguine regum.

MAECENAS, knight of regal Tuscan blood,
Content within thy fortune's limit-line,
Why bid me venture on so vast a flood?
Great sails are suited not to bark like mine.

'Tis base to take a load one cannot bear,
And, fainting 'neath it, bend the knee and yield
All are not fitted equal fates to share:
Alone we win the palm on glory's field.

By lifelike statues rose Lysippus' name;
And Calamis in groups equestrian shone;
His Venus earned Apelles deathless fame;
In smaller forms Parrhasius stands alone;

In beauty, fair the groups of Mentor shine;
Mys bends the Acanthus' tiny path with ease;
The ivory Jove of Phidias is divine;
The Parian marble claims Praxiteles;

Some wrest the palm-wreath of the Elean car;
Others by speed of foot achieve renown;
This man for peace — that born for camps and war
Each follows still the seeds by Nature sown.

To all the rules of life laid down by thee,
My heart, Maecenas, I did well incline.
A faithful pupil thou wilt find in me,
Who thine example now must needs outshine.

Though, honoured, thou the lordly axe mayst wield;
Lay down the law within the forum's walls;
March through fell Medan spears on war's red field;
And pile up stands of armour in thy halls;

Though Caesar ever gives the ready aid,
And wealth profusely proffered never fails, —
Thou shrink'st and humbly seek'st the gentle shade,
And with thine own hand reef st thy bellying sails.

In this thou'lt with the great Camilli vie;
Yea, every tongue thy praises shall proclaim;
By Caesar's glory still thy path shall lie,
And loyalty, true trophy, crown thy fame.

With sails I will not cleave the swollen deep:
Safe, anchored near the tiny stream, I'll ride;
Nor o'er the smouldering walls of Cadmus weep,
Or fields with gore like-stained on either side;

Nor sing the Scaean gates, Apollo's tower,
And Graecia's fleet's return, ten winters o'er,
What time the wooden horse, Minerva's dower,
With Grecian ploughshare Neptune's bulwarks tore.

Enough — with sweet Callimachus to please,
And lays like thine, O Coan poet! weave;
To thrill the youth and fire the fair with these,
Be hailed divine, and homage meet receive.

But lead thou on; and I shall then make bold
To sing how erst in war Almighty Jove
With Coeus and Oromedon of old
On Phlegra's mountains for heaven's empire strove —

Sing lofty Palatine where browsed the steer —
Rome's battlements made strong through Remus slain —
The royal Twins the she-wolf came to rear —
And loftier themes than these, shouldst thou ordain:

I'll sing our triumphs won in East and West,
The Parthian shafts back-showered in foul retreat,
Pelusium's forts by Roman steel opprest,
And Antony's self-murder in defeat.

Kind patron of my youth, take rein and go,
And, whirled away, auspicious smile on me.
This praise thou giv'st me, and to thee I owe
The fame I'll reap from emulating thee.

X.

TO CYNTHIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Mirabar, quidnam misissent mane Camenae.

THIS mom I marvelled why the tuneful Nine
Before my couch at blush of sunrise stood;
Of Cynthia's natal day they sent a sign,
And, thrice, loud clapped their hands with omen good.

Ye winds, be still; no cloud obscure the sky;
Calm on the shore let the rude billow sleep;
Let sorrow cease to dim the mourner's eye,
And marble Niobe forget to weep.

Let the lorn halcyons hush their doleful cries,
Nor Procne mourn lost Itys; and do thou,
Dear one, with happy omen born, arise,
Adore the gods who claim thy homage now.

And first with water pure dull sleep remove,
With skilful fingers gloss thy gleaming hair;
Then don the dress first lured my eyes to love,
And round thy brow a flowery chaplet wear.

And pray thy potent charms may bloom eterne,
And o'er my head thy rule remain supreme;
On the crowned altar let sweet incense burn,
And cheerful flames through all thy dwelling gleam.

Then spread the board; all night the goblets drain;
From murrhine box the saffron essence pour;
Dance till the flute croaks breathless, nor restrain
Thy wanton prattle while we tread the floor.

Let the glad feast unwelcome slumber scare,
And all the neighbouring street with echo ring,
Then let the dice to thee and me declare
Which one the Boy-god smites with heavy wing.

When many a cup has whiled the hours away,
And love's fair queen shall sound the welcome call,

The yearly solemn love-rites let us pay,
And so conclude thy birthday festival.

XI.

LOVE'S BONDAGE.

Quid mirare meam si versat femina vitam?

WHY marvel that a woman sways my life
And drags me bankrupt as her will ordains?
Why brand me coward when I shun the strife,
Unfit to break my yoke and burst my chains?

Better the sailor reads the gathering gloom,
And wounds have taught the soldier what to fear;
Thus I, too, used to boast in youthhood's bloom:
Learn from my case to dread the danger near.

'Neath yoke of adamant Medea brake
The flame-breath'd bulls and sowed with war the wold,
Closed the fell jaws of the keen warder-snake,
That Aeson's house might gain the fleece of gold.

On horse Penthesilea boldly dared
Erst launch the shaft against the Grecian fleet;
Stripped of her golden casque, and forehead bared,
Her beauty laid her victor at her feet.

And Omphale such beauty rare attained —
The Lydian maid who bathed in Gyges' lake —
That he, whose pillars told earth's peace regained,
Plied with hard hand soft tasks for her sweet sake.

Semiramis built Babylon, Persia's pride,
And made her work with brick-reared ramparts strong,
Whereon two cars could meet and pass — no side
Or axle grazing as they swept along.

She bade Euphrates cleave the castled plain,
Bade Bactra now the seat of empire be —
But wherefore heroes, wherefore gods arraign?
Jove shames himself and all his family.

Why should I speak of her who stained our shield,
Whose pampered slaves her battered lovers were;
Who asked for harlot-hire that Rome should yield
Her walls and senate's freedom up to her —

Fell Alexandria! den of guile? and you,
Memphis, for us too oft a gory land!
Whose sand three triumphs from great Pompey drew:
No day from thee, O Rome! shall wipe this brand.

Better thou'dst died on the Phlegraean plain,
Or bent thy neck 'neath Caesar's conquering sword.
Thou, foul Canopus' harlot-queen, — sole stain
Left from old Philip's line by us deplored —

Darest set the hound Anubis 'gainst our Jove,
And force our Tiber Nile's proud threats to bear,
Rome's war-trump for thy jingling rods remove,
With puny rafts Liburnia's triremes scare,

Stretch thy foul gauze o'er the Tarpeian's brow,
'Mid marble kings and Marius' trophies reign:
What boots Tarquinius' broken sceptre now,
Well named the "Proud," if we must bear thy chain?

Triumph, O Rome! now saved, pray Heaven may save
Augustus' life for many a day to come!
Yet back to timid Nile's far-wandering wave
Thou fled'st: O queen! thy hands were chained by Rome.

I saw thine arms bit by the sacred asp,
And o'er thy limbs death's slumber silent steal.
Thou criedst, "My own and wine-steeped lover's grasp
How weak, O Rome! while Caesar watched thy weal."

The seven-hill'd city, empress of the world,
War-frighted, feared a woman's threats! go, mete
Spoiled Hannibal, proud Syphax headlong hurled,
And Pyrrhus' glory shivered at her feet.

The yawning chasm won Curtius fair renown;
Brave Decius spurred his steed to crush the foe;
Yon path attests Horatius' bridge hewn down;
One Roman took his surname from the crow.

These Heaven-built walls are Heaven's eternal care;
Scarce Jove, while Caesar's safe, may Rome dismay.
Where Scipio's fleets? Camillus' standards where?
And thou, O Bosphorus! late Pompey's prey?

Leucadian Phoebus will record the rout

That bade a nation's navy ride no more.
But, sailor, landward bound or sailing out,
Breathe Caesar's name the wide Ionian o'er.

XII.

TO POSTUMUS.

Postume, plorantem potuisti linquere Gallam.

O COULDST thou leave thy Galla weeping here,
In arms with Caesar's conquering hosts to fare?
Did Parthian spoil so glorious then appear
As to outweigh thy wife's incessant prayer?

Die, misers, die! and all who thus disdain
A faithful partner for the gory glave;
Go, madman! wrapt in martial cloak, and drain,
Wayworn, from out thy casque Araxes' wave.

She'll pine, distraught by rumour's idle breath,
Lest this thy valour win thee bitter meed,
The quiver'd Parthian glory in thy death,
Or mail-clad warrior in thy gilded steed,

And all she gets of thee an urnful prove;
For so return the brave who perish there:
Thrice, four times blest in Galla's spotless love,
Thou, Postumus, deserv'dst a colder fair.

What will she do when fears no more restrain,
And Rome's seductive snares are round her set?
Yet go in peace: no gifts her heart will gain —
Thy very cruelty she'll e'en forget.

If fate shall bring thee safely home, I ween
Chaste Galla round thy neck will fondly cling;
Thou'lt mate Ulysses with his peerless queen,
Leal after all his years of wandering, —

The ten years' siege, the armed Ciconian bands,
Ta'en Ismarus, the Cyclops' burnt-out sight,
The wiles of Circe, and the lotus-lands,
And herbs that held him long by magic might;

Hoarse Scylla's and Charybdis' bosom dread,
Where lashed and lashing waves alternate split;
The steers Lampetie for Phoebus fed,
That low'd when roasting on the plunderer's spit;

The fond Aeaeon maiden left to weep,
The stormy nights and days he sailed the blue,
The journey to the still shades' dreary keep,
The Sirens' lake approached with deafened crew,

And the old bow he strung again to kill
The suitor-band and bid his wanderings cease.
'Twas well; his wife at home was stainless still:
Thy Galla's faith excels Penelope's.

XIII.

ON WOMAN'S AVARICE.

Quaeritis, uncle avidis nox sit pretiosa puellis.

You ask why vice has so expensive grown,
And coffers drained by lust their loss bemoan?
The reason's clear and certain as can be —
The path to luxury is far too free.
The Indian ant sends gold from hollow mine,
The Eastern Ocean pearls of rarest shine;
Cadmean Tyre her purple dyes; the son
Of Araby sweet-scented cinnamon;
Such arms by storm take e'en the spotless bride
And wives, Penelope, with all thy pride.
In spendthrifts' fortunes clad, proud walks the dame,
And to our face parades the spoils of shame.
Ask all — give all — for scruple now there's none;
She's shy — bid higher, and the maiden's won.

Blest is your funeral rite, ye Eastern swains!
Whom with her steeds the ruddy Morn ingrains;
For when above your bier the death-fires gleam,
Round crowd your loving wives with locks a-stream,
Strive which shall first their husbands' footsteps trace,
And deem refusal bitterest disgrace.
The favoured seek the flames with dauntless breast,
And die, their scorched lips to their husbands' prest.
Here wives are faithless; here we never prove
Evadne's truth, Penelopea's love.

O happy were the peaceful swains of yore,
Whose only wealth the fields and orchards bore;
Their gifts were quinces shaken from the trees,
And baskets filled with luscious blackberries;
Posies of violets with white lilies blent,
In wicker-baskets to their girls they sent;
Grape-clusters wrapt in leaves 'mong which they grew,
Or speckled bird with plumes of changing hue;
For which the woodland suitor freely got
The fair one's kisses in some hidden grot.
Then lovers clothed their forms in skins of fawn,
And slept on Nature's couch — the grassy lawn;

‘Neath waving pine-trees found an ample shade,
And, free from harm, the robeless nymph surveyed.
Back to the Idaean shepherd’s empty shed
The well-grazed flock the ram spontaneous led,
And all the rural gods and goddesses
Cheered smiling hearths with happy words like these:
“Whoe’er thou art, come, hunt the hare, O swain!
And shouldst thou seek for bird in my domain,
Call Pan to join thee from the rocks around,
Whether the sport be with the rod or hound.”
Now groves and shrines are visited by none,
All worship gold since Piety is gone:
Honour, right, law, are bartered now for gold,
And soon will decency itself be sold.

See Pythian Phoebus’ threshold lightning-brent
When Brennus sought his shrine on pillage bent!
Shook Mount Parnassus with its laurel crown,
And direful hailstones on the Gauls showered down.
The guilty Thracian Polymnestor nursed
And slew young Polydore for gold accursed;
Thy golden bracelets, Eriphyla, too,
Amphiaraus with his horses slew.

I’ll prophesy: O be my boding vain!
By pride and wealth my country — Rome is slain.
I speak the truth: none heed— ’twas so of old
With her who Ilium’s woes too well foretold;
Alone she said that Paris would destroy
The realm of Phrygia, and the fir-horse, Troy.
Her frenzy might have saved her home and sire;
In vain did Heaven her prescient tongue inspire.

XIV.

FEMALE SPORTS AT SPARTA.

Multa tuae, Sparte, miramur jura palaestrae.

SPARTA, we thy Palaestra's laws admire,
But more thy female training-schools we prize,
Where maidens, thinly clad, in games aspire
To cope with youths in blameless exercise.

There the fleet ball eludes the deftest hands;
Rings on the wire the hoop fast whirling round;
At the far goal the dust-grimed maiden stands,
And bears hard hits within the boxing-ground.

The cestus to her eager arms she straps,
Now twirls the quoit, now treads the equestrian's realm,
Girds on her snow-white side her sword, and caps
Her virgin head with hollow brazen helm.

Bathes as the Amazons with bosom bare —
A warrior band — bathe in Thermodon's flood;
Now climbs Taygetus with rime-sprent hair,
Scouring the hills with hounds of native blood.

Bears, as on fair Eurotas' sands of yore
With the young boxer-twin and twin-born knight
Helen with naked breast the combat bore,
Nor blushed in her immortal brothers' sight.

Hence Spartan law forbids clandestine love;
Each in the streets may seek his darling's side.
No fears — no warder stem to disapprove,
No churlish husband's dreaded wrath to bide.

No need of aid: thy suit in person ply;
No scorn repays thy weary waiting there;
No Tyrian vestments cheat the roving eye;
No perfumed tresses trimmed with toilsome care.

While here with crowds so great our maidens walk,
One cannot turn a finger for the throng;
He knows not how to look or how to talk:
A darksome way the lover walks along.

But if, O Rome! thou too shouldst imitate
The Spartan contests and the Spartan laws,
How I would bless thee, and with heart elate
Esteem thee dearer for that very cause!

XV.

TO CYNTHIA, CONCERNING LYCINNA.

Sic ego non ullos jam norim in amore tumultus.

So from love's crosses let me now be free,
Nor spend the sleepless night away from thee:
When with my boyish dress went boyish shame,
And liberty to tread love's pathway came,
Lycinna, true, versed in the tender art,
Unbribed, first schooled my all-untutored heart.
But now, in nigh three years, my winsome Venus,
I scarce remember of ten words between us —
Thy love has buried all; nor, in thy reign,
Hath e'er my heart felt charmer's silken chain.
Think, too, of Dirce's bitter jealousy
Of Lycus' former love Antiope —
How oft the queen her beauteous tresses tore,
And ploughed her tender cheeks with scratches o'er
Opprest the girl with grievous tasks, ah me!
And bade the rugged ground her pillow be;
Left her to pine in loathsome gloom, nor gave
A cup of water to her famished slave!

"Jove, wilt thou ne'er relieve my woes?" she cried
"My hands with galling manacles are tied;
If thou'rt a god, 'tis base to leave thy love
A slave! Whom can a slave invoke but Jove?"
Alone with all her strength that yet remains,
With both her hands she snaps the regal chains,
Then scours with timid foot Cyllene's height,
Her wretched bed the frozen sward by night.
Oft frightened by Asopus' wandering sound,
She thinks her mistress' footsteps beat the ground.

Rough Zethus, and Amphion gentle-soul'd,
Their mother finds, an outcast from their fold;
And as, when billows lay their fury past,
And Eurys wars no more with Notus' blast,
The sands fret fainter on the silent shore,
So sinks the maiden faint and travel-sore.
Though late, affection comes; their error's known
Old man, well worthy thou to guard Jove's own,

Thou to his sons restor'st their mother dear;
They to the shoulder of a furious steer
Have strapt fell Dirce with a cruel thong,
A wretched victim to be dragged along.
Antiope, acknowledge Jove, and see
Proud Dirce die a thousand deaths for thee.
Zethus, thy meads are stained; Amphion, thou
Thy paeon pour'st from Aracynthus' brow.

Then, Cynthia, spare thine unoffending maid;
Thy passion's fury never can be stayed;
May ne'er thine ears be pained by tale of me:
Burnt on the pile, may I adore but thee!

XVI.

CYNTHIA'S LETTER.

Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistula nostrae.

AT midnight came a letter from my love
That bade me speed away to Tibur soon,
Where rise twin towers the gleaming heights above,
And Anio leaps into the wide lagoon.

What shall I do? Trust to the gloom of night,
And in the teeth of armed ruffians go?
But, if through fear my love's behest I slight,
Her wrath will prove more dire than midnight foe.

Once I transgressed and was exiled a year,
On me no gentle hand my love doth lay:
But then the lover's charmed, he's nought to fear,
Although through Sciron's path he wend his way.

Roam he o'er Scythia's deserts wild and wide,
No boor would work him woe, for love's sweet sake;
The moon is still his ministering guide,
The stars reveal to him the rugged brake.

Blithe Cupid shakes a blazing torch before;
The furious dog, with mouth agape to bite,
Cowers as the lover nears the loved one's door;
Secure he walks by day — secure by night.

What wretch would soil his hands with blood so pure?
Lo! Venus keeps her liege sweet company;
What though my path to sure destruction lure?
Thrice welcome death for her I love shall be!

She'll perfumes bring, my tomb with wreaths array,
And sit and watch beside my clay-cold bed;
Heaven grant I'm laid not near the busy way,
Where onward-hurrying feet for ever tread!

Hence comes dishonour to the lover's tomb:
Lone let me lie beneath the greenwood tree,
Or mound of sand in solitary gloom:
But rear no wayside monument to me.

XVII.

TO BACCHUS.

Nunc, o Bacche, tuis humiles advolvimur aris.

HUMBLY to thine altars now I hasten,
Fill my sails, and waft me o'er the brine:
Bacchus, thou canst haughty Venus chasten,
And dispel the cares of love with wine!

By thy power are lovers joined and parted;
Soothe my troubled soul, for thou as I —
Witness Ariadne — must have smarted,
Ere thy lynxes bore her to the sky.

In my bones the old flames, ever-burning,
Death or wine shall doom to disappear;
Sober nights keep lonely lovers turning
On their couch, distraught by hope and fear.

But if thou this fever fierce dispellest,
Wooing o'er my weary soul to sleep,
I thy vines will plant, train trimly-trellised,
And secure from prowling wild beasts keep.

Foam my vats with purple must, and tender
Grapes ne'er fail my treading feet to stain!
And to thee, O horned god! I'll render
Homage all my days that yet remain.

I — thy poet styled — shall sing thy valour, —
Sing thy birth when bolts Aetnean flew;
Tell how Indian armed hosts in pallor
Fled before thy dread Nysaeon crew;

Sing Lycurgus' fury, unavailing,
At the planting of thy gladsome tree;
Sing of impious Pentheus — theme ne'er failing
To delight thee — slain by Maenads three;

Tyrrhene pirates, changed to dolphins, leaping
From the ship where sprang the sprouting vine;
And thy sweet-breath'd streams through Naxos sweeping,
Whence the men of Naxos quaff thy wine;

Neck with clustered ivy-berries glowing —
Streaming locks with Tyrian turban bound
Ivory shoulders with sweet unguents flowing —
Trailing robe thy snow-white feet around;

Here, Dircaean nymphs soft tabours dashing,
Horn-hoof d Fauns with gaping reeds in hand —
There, hoarse cymbals great Cybebe dashing,
Turret-crowned, 'mid Ida's roving band;

Golden bowl to pay the meet oblation —
Ministering priest before thy shrine,
Crowning all the rites with due libation,
From the cup a-brim with purple wine:

In no humble strain these themes I'll thunder,
Like a peal from deep-mouthed Pindar's breast —
Only burst this cruel bond asunder,
Lull, O lull my aching head to rest!

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF MARCELLUS.

Clausus ab umbroso qua ludit pontus Averno.

WHERE barred from dark Avernus sports the wave,
And Baiae's steaming waters warm the soil —
Where lies Misenus in his sandy grave,
And sounds the road paved with Herculean toil;

Here — when earth's cities felt his strong right arm,
Loud clashed the cymbals to the Theban god —
Fell Baiae now, and fraught with grievous harm!
What baleful power has in thy waters trod?

Here sank to Stygian streams the flower of men,
And in thy lake a spirit now he roams.
Say what availed him rank or virtue then,
A mother's care and Caesar's home of homes?

What — crowded theatres with awnings gay?
His work his mother did with labour due?
He died ere twenty summers passed away;
So many virtues his! his years so few!

Go cheer thee, and of glorious triumphs dream;
List the thronged theatres' applauding call;
Outshine proud Attalus; let jewels gleam
In splendid games — the fire will claim them all.

Here all — or rich or poor — alike must fare;
This path, though loathed, all must tread in time,
The triple-headed hound implore in prayer,
And the dark raft of Hell's grim boatman climb.

Though brass and steel encase the wary wight,
Death drags his head from forth his mask of mail;
Nor doth fair Nireus' face, Achilles' might,
Or Croesus' gold, Pactolus-poured, avail.

Such woe swept off the unconscious Greeks of yore,
When second love cost great Atrides dear;
But O may he who to the fatal shore
Bears the blest shades across the dismal mere,

Bear to its goal Marcellus' lifeless clay,
By that same course the lord of Sicily,
Brave Claudius, took, and Caesar sailed away
From human paths to gem the starry sky!

XIX.

ON FEMALE INCONTINENCE.

Obicitur totiens a te mihi nostra libido.

You often taunt me with my hot desire;
Believe me, you're consumed with fiercer fire.
When once you've burst the reins and spurned control,
You know not how to curb your smitten soul:
Sooner shall fire be quenched in burning grain,
And rivers seek their fountain-heads again,
Syrt a calm port and wild Malea yield
A tranquil shore, and the poor sailor shield,
Than mortal e'er your mad career arrest,
And check the fury of your vicious breast.
Lo! she who bore the Cretan bull's disdain
Put false fir cow-horns on, her end to gain;
Salmonis burning for Enipeus' arms,
Gave to the river-god her maiden charms;
Foul Myrrha left her aged father's bed
To screen 'neath new-born leaves her hateful head:
Why name Medea's love, which, turned to hate,
Butchered her babes the mother's ire to sate?
Or Clytemnestra, whose unholy flame
Made Pelops' royal house Mycenae's shame?
Scylla, for Minos' beauty all a-fire,
Shore the bright lock whose loss discrowned her sire.
O fatal dower for doting maid to bring,
Love's treason oped thy gates, O luckless king!
Be happier torches yours, expectant brides!
Lashed to the Cretan ship the maiden rides.
Yet meetly Minos sits as judge below,
Just — though victorious — to his vanquished foe.

XXa.

THE INVITATION.

Credis eum jam posse tuae meminisse figurae,

Vidisti a lecto quem dare vela tuo?

THINK'ST thou that he who lately left thy bed
Remembers still thy form of matchless mould?
O hard of heart! to leave his love for gold!
Was all wide Afric worth the tears thou'st shed?

And thou art trusting to the gods above!
'Tis but an airy idle dream, I trow;
Poor simple maiden, 'tis as likely now
His heart is pining for another love.

Beauty and chaste Minerva's arts are thine,
And thee thy grandsire's bays bright lustre lend;
Happy thy lot if thou hast one true friend:
I shall be true — speed hither and be mine.

XXb.

TO CYNTHIA.

Nox mihi prima venit; primae date tempora noctis.

PROLONG— 'twill soon be here — our first glad night;
O lady Moon! extend thy wonted stay;
Thou, too, who lengthenest thy summer ray,
Phoebus, abridge the hours of lingering light

First we must make a league, our rights lay down,
And laws to which we may ourselves appeal.
Great Love himself our covenant shall seal;
Our witness thou, Night's many-jewelled crown!

How many hours must I this talk prolong,
Ere Venus calls to Love's delightful fray!
Still, when no bonds a union firmly stay,
The gods no vengeance take for nightly wrong.

And soon caprice doth every tie undo
Imposed in lust's ungovernable hour;
May our first nuptial omens give us power
To keep our love still leal, our hearts still true.

Then let whoe'er a holy shrine shall scorn,
Invoked to ratify the faith he plights,
Or violate the sacred marriage-rites,
Feel all the woes of ill-timed union born.

Nor of his sin be loose-tongued scandal mute,
Nor maid to him at night her lattice ope,
Or give him, though he weep, one ray of hope:
Still may he love and never taste love's fruit!

XXI.

TO CYNTHIA.

Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas.

AFAR to learnéd Athens I must fare,
To lose on that long way my load of care,
That grows from constant sight of Cynthia here,
Where Love still fattens on most ample cheer.
To scare him from me every means I've tried,
But still he presses me on every side.
I call — don't see her; if I do, 'twill be
To find her coldly shrink away from me.
One hope is left: love shall 'neath other skies
Be far from me as Cynthia from mine eyes.

Now, comrades, push our vessel off from shore,
Draw for your turn in couples at the oar;
Now haul mast-high the lint-white canvas there,
And cleave the billow while the breeze is fair.
Adieu, Rome's towers and friends I cherished here!
And thou, be what thou wilt, maid once so dear!
For now rude Adria's billows' guest I'll ride,
And sue the gods that thunder in the tide,
Till on Lechaëum's placid waters' breast,
The Ionian crost, my weary bark shall rest.
My feet! speed through the toils that yet remain,
Where Corinth's isthmus severs oceans twain;
Then, reached the shores that line Piræus' bay,
I'll climb the slopes of Theseus' weary way.

There with Platonic lore I'll purge my soul;
Sage Epicurus, in thy gardens stroll;
O'er grand Demosthenes enraptured sit;
And, smart Menander, sip thy sparkling wit:
Some picture find that may enchant mine eye,
Or chiselled work in bronze or ivory;
Or lapse of years, or else the severing brine,
In some calm nook will heal these wounds of mine;
Or I shall die, by no base love laid low,
And, biding Nature's time, with honour go.

XXII.

TO TULLUS.

Frigida tam multos placuit tibi Cyzicus annos.

So long hath frozen Cyzicus, my Tullus, pleased thee well,
Where 'neath the narrow Isthmus wild Propontis' billows swell!
Have Dindymus, and Cybele carved from the sacred vine,
The path the steeds of Pluto took with lovely Proserpine,
And Athamantic Helle's cities, then, such charms for thee?
And, Tullus, dost thou never feel one fond regret for me?

Though now Heaven-bearing Atlas were by thee with pleasure scanned,
And the all-dread Medusa's head cut off by Perseus' hand,
And Geryon's stalls, and, in the dust, the marks of Hercules
With huge Antaeus wrestling; and the whole Hesperides;
And though thou wert to cleave the Colchian Phasis with thy crew,
And track the course of that fair ship that once on Pelion grew,
When hewn into a boat-like shape the erst-untravell'd pine,
Led on by Argonautic dove, sailed up the cliff-locked brine;
Though thou shouldst to Ortygia sail, and seek Cayster's shore,
And where Nile's waters to the sea in seven vast channels pour,
Not all the wonders of the world can mate the Roman land,
Where Nature all her choicest charms has strown with lavish hand.

Land fitter far for deeds of war than prone, to acts of bale,
The cheek of Fame will never blush, O Rome! to tell thy tale;
For ever strong in clemency, as brave in arms, we stand,
Nor in the hour of victory doth fury guide our hand.

Here doth Tiburtine Anio flow; here sweet Clitumnus' river
From Umbrian hill; here Marcius' rill — a work will last for ever;
The Alban lake and Nemorensian fed by kindred wave;
And the salubrious stream that drink to Pollux' charger gave.
Here crawl no hornéd serpents, underneath with scales agleam
Nor with unheard-of monsters do Italia's waters teem;
Here for a mother's sin no clanking chains our maidens dread,
Nor from Ausonian feasts doth Phoebus, shuddering, hide his head;
Here never fateful fires have blazed to slay the absent one,
As once a mother compassed fell destruction for her son;
Here savage Bacchants never hunt a Pentheus on a tree,
Nor stag for maiden slaughtered speeds our navies o'er the sea;
Here Juno ne'er with crooked horns hath marred a rival's brow,

Or, torn by fearful jealousy, transformed her to a cow;
No torture-trees of Sinis here, nor Sciron's rocks of gloom,
Nor yielding branches earthward bent to work the bender's doom.
Here, Tullus, is thy Hill of Home — thy passing fair abode;
Here, suited to thy rank, thou still mayst walk in honour's road;
Here will thy speeches charm, and Rome will give a wife to thee,
And ample hope that thou mayst yet thy children's children see.

XXIII.

THE LOST TABLETS.

Ergo tam doctae nobis periire tabellae.

MY clever little tablets then are gone,
And with them all the good things writ thereon;
My hands with constant use had worn them so,
Good was their credit whether sealed or no.
Without my presence they could soothe the fair;
And whisper tender tales, were I not there.
No costly golden hinge adorned their backs —
Common the boxwood was, and poor the wax.
Such as they were, they ever leal remained,
And aye for me auspicious issues gained.
Perhaps they bore this message: “Laggard, hey!
I’m wroth with you for yesterday’s delay.
Has some more beauteous girl enchanted thee?
Hast thou been busy spreading lies of me?”
Or this: “To-day together we shall dine,
The night we’ll spend, and Love shall crown the wine;”
And every joke a lively girl can find,
When for an hour’s sweet talk she feels inclined.
Woe’s me! they hold some miser’s bills at last,
And doubtless lie ‘neath heartless ledgers cast;
Who brings them back to me, my gold shall gain:
Who would for gold poor boxwood slips retain?
Boy, on some pillar fix this bill of mine,
With the address, “Propertius, — Esquiline.”

XXIV.

CYNTHIA'S PRIDE.

Falsa est ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae.

TRUST to thy beauty! woman, 'tis a dream;
My once-fond eyes have puffed thy pride, 'twould seem;
Blinded by love I gave thee wondrous praise —
I'm now ashamed I shrined thee in my lays.
In thee I lauded every varied grace,
Though thine was ne'er, Love knows, a pretty face;
Compared thy colour to the rosy mom,
While pigments did thy hueless cheek adorn, —
Lured on by spell no friends of mine could stay,
Or Thessal witch with ocean wash away.
This tale from me nor fire nor torture drew;
Wrecked in the Aegean, I confessed 'twas true.
Of Love's fell furnace then I felt the pains,
And had my hands behind me bound with chains;
But my wreathed ship has reached the port at last —
I've cleared the Syrtes now and anchor cast.
Tired of the raging sea, I'm getting sane,
And my old scars are quite skin-whole again.
O Reason! if thou art a Power divine,
I dedicate myself before thy shrine;
For all the prayers I breathed to Heaven above
Unheeded fell on the deaf ear of Jove.

XXV.

FAREWELL.

Risus eram positus inter convivia mensis.

CYNTHIA, at banquets people laughed at me;
I was the butt of all their gibes and jeers.
For five whole years I have been true to thee:
Now thou shalt bite thy nails and shed sad tears.

Hence with thy tears! they've tricked me oft before;
I guess some heartless fraud whene'er they flow.
I'll weep to say farewell for evermore,
But my deep wrong shall stem the stream of woe.

Our yoke was light, but thou wouldst not be true.
Adieu, O threshold! where I used to stand
And plead till thou wouldst weep; O door! adieu,
By me ne'er shivered with an angry hand.

Hide as thou wilt thy years, be thine dark cares!
Deep wrinkles all thy loveliness efface!
Then wish to pluck each silver tress, while stares
The chiding mirror in thy furrowed face!

In turn, an outcast, suffer proud disdain,
And mourn in age the errors of the past.
I've sung these fateful curses in my strain;
Dread then thy beauty's doom — thy lot at last.

BOOK V.

I.

EARLY ROME.

Hoc, quodcumque vides, hospes, qua maxima Roma est.

STRANGER, that place — whate'er you see — where stands Imperial Rome,
Was hill and grass before Aeneas left his Phrygian home;
And where to Phoebus, god of fleets, towers sacred Palatine,
Along the mountain-pastures lay Evander's exiled kine.

To the gods of clay they formed, these golden temples grew apace';
Then shrines — the work of artless hands — were reckoned no disgrace.
From the bare rock was wont to thunder forth Tarpeian Jove,
And Tiber greeted on his way our oxen in the grove.
Up yonder steps, where Remus' humble cottage stands on high,
One hearth was all the empire of the Twins in days gone by.
Yon lofty senate-house, a-gleam with peers in purple braid,
Once held our rustic fathers all in shaggy skins arrayed.
Gathered then the old Quirites, warned by neatherd's bugle harsh;
Ofttimes there the chosen "Hundred" held their council in the marsh.
Above the vaulted theatre no bellying canvas hung:
No saffron perfume o'er the stage its pleasant odour flung.
None cared to seek for foreign gods, what time, with souls intent,
The people o'er their native rites in fear and trembling bent;
But yearly they with kindled hay showed Pales honour due,
Even as with horse's blood we now her lustral rites renew.
Poor Vesta then rejoiced in asses crowned with wheaten bread,
And meagre offerings to her shrine by starveling steers were led.
With fatted pigs the small cross-roads they cleansed, and simple swains
Offered the entrails of a lamb to the Pan-pipe's rustic strains.
The skin-clad yeoman swung his bristly thongs, and thus began
The rights of lewd Lupercus of the ancient Fabian clan.
The soldier rude ne'er went to war in gleaming armour drest:
A charréd stake was all he had to shield his naked breast
First of his camps the hooded Lycmo planted on the wold:
The greater part of Tatius' reign was spent amid the fold.
Hence the Titii sprung, the Ramnes bold, and Luceres, sons of toil;
Hence our founder drave his four white steeds in triumph o'er the soil.

Bovillae, now a suburb, then was far from Rome, I trow,
And the journey to Fidenae was a weary way to go;
Powerful then was Alba, sprung from portent of the milk-white sow,
Gabii then a mighty city, though a roofless ruin now.

Naught ancestral has the Roman nursling left him save the name,
Yet feels he not ashamed to boast the wolf his foster-dame.
'Twas better, Troy, your banished gods ye sent to Latium's shore;
Lo! with what omens hitherward the Dardan vessel bore!
Even then the augury was fair, that many a wily foe
Bursting from forth the wooden horse could never work her woe,
When to the son's neck clung the sire all trembling, and the flame
Those filial shoulders feared to scorch, though, mantling round, it came.

Then followed valiant Decius, followed Brutus stem and true,
And Venus' self her Caesar's arms bore o'er the ocean blue —
The arms that soon with victory should wreath renascent Troy:
A happy land received thy gods, lulus, favoured boy!
If the trembling Sibyl's tripod on Avernus did divine
The fields should be for Remus cleansed on holy Aventine:
Or if the Trojan maiden's strain, late ratified in sooth,
Thundered forth to aged Priam, bore the sacred stamp of truth:

"List thee, thou shalt fall, O Troy! — in Rome, O Troy! thou'lt rearise;
How many a weary woe by sea and land before thee lies!
Turn the horse, O fell your conquest! Greeks, the Ilian land shall live;
Arms to these crumbling ashes yet great Jupiter shall give."

O she-wolf sent of Mars, best nurse of all our fortunes thou,
How vast the walls that from thy milk have grown around us now!
Those walls I fain in this my strain would sing with words of love:
O woe is me the melody should all so lowly prove!
Yet ne'er the less each rill of song from humble breast of mine
That e'er shall flow, my loved land, my country, shall be thine!

Let Ennius wreath around his rhymes a chaplet rudely wrought,
O Bacchus! give to me the leaves from thine own ivy sought,
That Umbria glory in my strains — proud Umbria, the home
Of him who'll bear the name of the Callimachus of Rome.

Let all who view those lofty towers, high-climbing o'er the valleys,
Measure them by the bard and say: "There genius filled his chalice."

Give ear, O Rome! for thee I sing — for thee my strains arise;
Ye citizens, give omens fair! Heaven crown mine enterprise!
I sing of sacred rites and days and ancient names of places;
On to the goal, my gallant steed, though difficult the race is!

"Rash, wayward youth! ah, whither art thou led?
Thy distaff ne'er will spin the tangled thread.

Thy song will cost thee tears: Apollo frets;
The lute disdains; thou'lt earn but sad regrets.
Sure proofs I bring from sources sure — no seer
Unskilled to move the stars on brazen sphere.
My sire's sire was Archytas, Horops mine,
Horos I'm called; from Conon comes our line.
I never shamed my kin — gods witness be! —
And truth has aye been all in all to me.
Now seers make gain of Heaven; even Jove is sold,
And all the planets on the sphere, for gold;
The lucky beams of Jove and greedy Mars;
And Saturn's orb, most baleful of the stars;
The fateful Fishes and the Lion brave;
And Capricorn, that wades the Western wave.
When Arria led her sons in days ago —
Against Heaven's will she girt their armour on —
I said they'd ne'er again their hearth behold,
And now their graves attest the truth I told.
Lupercus, while he screened his steed's gashed head,
Forgot himself, and 'neath the steed fell dead;
While, in the camp his standard guarding well,
Gallus before his gore-stained eagle fell.
Doomed youths! proud mother sent you to the tomb;
I read, though 'gainst my will, your certain doom.
When, too, Lucina Cinara's pangs delayed,
Who raised in vain her weary cries for aid,
I said, 'Go vow, and Juno will be calm.'
A babe she bore, and I bore off the palm.

“Such truths thou'lt gain not from Jove's sandy shrine,
Nor yet from entrails, big with fate, divine;
Thou'lt never read them in the raven's wing,
Nor out of ghost from magic waters wring.
First scan Heaven's path and thread the starry sky,
Search the five zones — in these the truth doth lie.
A mournful proof is Calchas, who of yore
Loosed from safe rocks the ships on Aulis' shore,
Plunged in the maiden's neck Atrides' glave,
And bade his gory canvas tempt the wave.
The Greeks returned not; ruined Troy, allay
Thy griefs, and look towards Euboea's bay:
At nightfall Nauplius waves the avenging flame;
Greece, whelmed with all her spoils, the billows claim.
Proud Ajax! ravish — love the priestess rare

Whom Pallas dared thee from her robe to tear.

“So much for story: to thy stars I’ll go;
Now list with patient ear thy tale of woe.
Old Umbria gave thee birth — a spot renowned —
Say, am I right? is that thy native ground? —
Where, dewy-moist, low lie Mevania’s plains,
Where steams the Umbrian lake with summer rains,
Where towers the wall o’er steep Asisium’s hill,
A wall thy genius shall make nobler still?
Too soon thou laid’st thy father’s bones at rest,
Compelled to live by straitened means oppress;
For all thy fields, that many a steer once trod,
Were swept before the ruthless measuring-rod.
The golden toy resigned thou’dst worn from birth,
Thou donn’dst the toga at thy mother’s hearth;
Then Phoebus charmed thy poet-soul afar
From the fierce thunderings of the noisy bar.
Be elegy — a tricksome task — thy field,
And to all others an example yield.
‘Neath bloodless arms through Venus’ wars thou’lt go,
And to the Cupids prove a ready foe.
For all the fruits of all thy weary toil —
Thy glory-wreaths a single maid will spoil;
Though from thy chin the firm-fixed hook thou shake,
’Tis vain — the claw a firmer hold will take.
Thy light and darkness will obey her call,
No tear thou’lt weep unless she bids it fall.
No guards nor bolted doors will keep her in;
A chink’s enough if she’s resolved to sin.
Although thy bark should ride the raging wave,
Though all unarmed thou face the foeman’s glave,
Yea, though earth shake, and to its centre crack,
Thou’rt safe — beware of Cancer’s baleful back.”

II.

VERTUMNUS.

Quid mirare meas tot in uno corpore formas?

WHY do my countless shapes your wonder raise?
List to the god Vertumnus' native traits.
I'm Tuscan, Tuscan-born, yet I'm not sorry
I left Volsinii's hearths 'mid warfare's worry.
I like this crowd; no ivory shrine for me:
Enough if I the Roman Forum see.
Here once ran Tiber, and they say the plashing
Of oars was heard across the shallows dashing.
He changed his course to gratify his sons:
Hence I'm Vertumnus called, one story runs;
While others show my name and title clear
In the fruit-offerings of the changing year.
For me grape-clusters wear the purple stain,
And spiky ears swell out with milky grain,
Here cherries sweet and autumn plums they lay,
And berries reddened by the summer ray.
With apple-crowns the grafter pays his vows,
When pears bear fruit upon unwilling boughs.

To tell such stories is a downright sin;
My name has quite another origin.
I ought to know about myself, and I
Can surely best relate my history.

By nature every form I fitly wear;
Change me as oft's you will, I'll still be fair.
In Coan robe a winsome maid you scan;
In toga dressed, who'll say I'm not a man?
Give me a scythe and bind my brow with hay,
You'll swear I have been cutting grass to-day.
Once arms I bore and gained no small renown,
A reaper then with basket on my crown.
Not given to brawls: with chaplet wreath my brow,
You'll shout I am intoxicated now.
Turban my head, as Bacchus I'll appear;
Give me a lyre, and you have Phoebus here;
Nets — I'm a hunter; fowling-rod, and lo!
As Faunus catching feathered game I go.

As charioteer I figure on the course,
Or vaulter leaping quick from horse to horse;
Catch fishes with a rod; with tunic loose,
I post along the road a pedlar spruce;
As shepherd, lean upon a crook; or bear
Roses in baskets through the thoroughfare.
Why add — my greatest glory, I may say —
The splendid garden-gifts my hands display?
The pale-green cucumber, round-bellied gourd,
And broccoli with pliant rush secured?

Yea, every meadow-flower, my brow bright-wreathing,
Here languishes, its fragrant life out-breathing.

Thus I, though one, still ever-changing, came
To bear in Roman speech my present name;
And, Rome, thou show’dst my Tuscans honour meet —
A tale attested by the “Tuscan” street.
When Lycomedius came with aid and slew
The Sabine hordes fierce Tatius hither drew,
I saw their lines give way, their javelins fail,
The foeman wheel, and shameful flight prevail.
Grant, Sire of gods, Rome’s peaceful crowds may go
Before my feet for ever to and fro!

Six lines remain: if speeding on to bail,
I’ll stay thee not; this heat completes my tale:
I was a maple stump rough-hewn and plain,
A god revered, though poor, ere Numa’s reign.
Here, cast in bronze, thy work, Mamurius, stands;
May Oscan earth press light thy cunning hands,
That made one shape so many forms express!
The work is one, its honours numberless.

III.

ARETHUSA TO LYCOTAS.

Haec Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotae.

To my Lycotas now I send this line,
If one so oft away can still be mine.
If, as thou read'st, some blot or blur appears,
Thou'lt know it is occasioned by my tears;
Or if, past reading, some wry letters stand,
'Tis but the token of my dying hand.

Thou's gone again — from Bactra hardly freed,
And Neuric foeman with his mail-clad steed,
And wintry Getes, and Celt with painted car,
And dusk-hued sons of Eastern shores afar.
Is this the bridal joy thou vow'dst to me,
When first I gave this young warm heart to thee?
Surely my nuptial torch its baleful fire
Drew from the embers of some smouldering pyre!
My lustral wave was from the Stygian mere,
My wreath awry, no god of blessing near!
On all the gates the gods my vows have spumed;
Four cloaks I've woven, and thou'st not returned.

Curse him who rove from blameless trees the pale,
And joined hoarse bones to pour the horn's wild wail!
Worthier than Ocnus he to twist the grass,
And feed for evermore the famished ass.

Does corselet e'er thy tender shoulders mar,
Or spear-shaft chafe thy hands unused to war?
'Twere better so than maiden's tooth should leave
On thy dear neck a scar to make me grieve.
They say thou'rt thin and pale: O may thy hue
To tender thoughts of me alone be due! When eve leads on the dreary night
for me,
I kiss the arms thou'st left, and think of thee;
Fret if the coverlet uneven go,
Or wakeful bird of morn forget to crow.
On winter nights for thee the task I ply,
Cut for their shuttles threads of Tyrian dye;
Now try to learn the untamed Araxes' course,

How far unwatered runs the Parthian horse;
Pore o'er the painted map each spot to find,
And learn the plan of God's omniscient mind;
Each frost-numbered region and each sun-brayed land,
And gale that blows to dear Italia's strand.
One sister cheers me: nurse, with care grown pale,
Swears the bad weather keeps thee — idle, tale!

Hippolyte bore arms — ah, fate how blest!
Breast-bare, her tender head by helmet prest.
O that to Roman maids the camp were free,
Leal at thy side I'd share its toil with thee!
Nor would cold Scythia's steppes my feet detain,
With rivers bound by winter's icy chain.
All love, though great, the loves of wedlock shame;
Great Venus fans *this* torch to nurse its flame.
What serve thy purple quilts from Punic lands?
Those liquid crystal gems that deck my hands?

All here is still; scarce once a-month, I trow,
The Lares' closed door is opened now.
My only joy my lap-dog Glaucis' whine:
She claims to share the bed that once was thine.
Flowers wreath the shrines and vervains strew the ways;
The savine crackles in the hearth's bright blaze.
If e'er on neighbouring perch the screech-owl scream,
Or wine-drops bless the sputtering candle's beam,
That day dooms yearling lambs to sacrifice,
And robe-girt priests gloat o'er the unlooked-for prize.

O deem not Bactra's spoils so vast a gain,
Or linen flags from perfumed chieftain ta'en,
When pours the leaden hail from twisted sling
And treacherous bows on flying chargers ring.
But — so o'er Parthia's conquered foemen rear
Behind the victor's car the bloodless spear —
O keep thy bridal troth without a stain!
Thus, only thus, I wish thee home again;
Then to Capena's gate thine arms I'll bring,
And write below, "A wife's glad offering."

IV.

THE LEGEND OF TARPEIA.

Tarpeium nemus et Tarpeiae turpe sepulcrum.

I'LL sing Tarpeia's grove and tomb of shame,
And how the capture of Jove's fortress came.

'Mid ivied rocks lay hid a woodland nook,
Whose boughs made music to the babbling brook —
Silvanus' leafy home, where Pan-pipe sweet
Called sheep to water from the noon-day heat.
Tatius this fount with maple fence enwound,
And made his camp secure with ramparts round.
What then was Rome when Sabine foeman there
Shook Jove's proud rocks with trumpet's echoing blare,
And Sabine shafts in Rome's own Forum lay,
Whose laws the conquered nations rule to-day?
The hills her ramparts were, and now that spring
Whence drank the war-horse Curia's walls enring.
For Vesta's service did Tarpeia bear
Her fictile urn on head and fill it there;
And could one death atone for guilt so dire
As hers, who, Vesta, could betray thy fire?
Lo! Tatius on the sandy plain she spies,
Whose painted arms o'er flashing helmets rise.
Stunned by his regal mien and armour's glare,
She drops the urn her heedless fingers bare.
Oft then she blamed the harmless moon's pale beam,
And feigned to lave her tresses in the stream;
With silver lilies wooed the Nymphs' sweet grace,
Lest Roman spear should wound her Tatius' face;
Clomb cloud-capt Capitol at early morn;
Returned, her arms with prickly brambles torn;
Sat on Tarpeia's frowning height and wove
This love-sick tale of woe — abhorred of Jove:

“Ye camp-fires, tents where Tatius' army lies,
And Sabine armour lovely in mine eyes,
O that with you a captive I might be,
Might but thy captive, Tatius, gaze on thee!

“Ye Roman hills and hill-walled Rome, farewell!

And, Vesta, thou with whom my shame shall dwell!
That steed alone shall bear me to his home,
Whose flowing mane my Tatiüs' fingers comb.
What wonder Scylla, whose fair limbs of yore
Turned to fell hounds, her father's tresses shore?
Or one the horned Minotaur betrayed,
And with a thread the winding path displayed?

"Rome's maids will loathe me! O the fearful stain!
Mischosen priestess of a virgin fane!
Is't strange the fire is dead? — in mercy turn;
My tear-drops drowned it, and it would not burn.

"To-morrow war will fill the town, they say —
Beware the thorn-clad mountain's dewy way,
A slippery path where hidden streamlets glide
In treacherous silence down the steep hillside.

O could I breathe the magic Muse's spell,
I'd aid thee, prince: the trabea suits thee well,
Not the base bastard, fruit of womb accurst,
And by hard teat of wolf inhuman nursed.

"If sons I bear thee, concubine or queen,
I bring thee Rome betrayed, no dowry mean.
At least the wrongs of Sabine maids repair;
Yes, ravish me — reprisal were but fair.
I too, like them, can part the bloody fray;
Come, brides, and peace shall crown my bridal-day.
Shout, Hymen, shout! the blare of trumpets drown!
My bridal-couch will calm war's billows down.

"Now the fourth horn proclaims the dawn of day,
The weary stars in ocean sink away;
Come slumber soft! come rosy dreams to-night!
Come Tatiüs, gentle spirit, glad my sight!"

She spake, and stretched her arms in fitful rest,
Nor dreamed she clasped new furies to her breast;
For Vesta, Ilium's fires' blest guardian, came,
Her frenzy nursed, and added flame to flame.
As Bacchant near Thermodon's rapid billow
Flies bosom-bare, she fled her restless pillow.

'Twas Rome's high festival, Parilia hight,

The birthday of her walls. Each shepherd-wight
Holds annual feast and revel in the streets,
While rustic dishes reek with dainty meats,
And tipsy crowds with grimy feet o'erleap
Straw fires a-blaze in many a scattered heap.

The watch was off on furlough for the day;
The camp was still; the trumpet silent lay.
It is Tarpeia's time: she meets the foe;
The compact binds; herself as guide will go.

Though steep the hill, the feast had left it clear:
The noisy dogs soon fall 'neath Tatius' spear.
All slumbered: Jove alone remained awake
To see just vengeance all her guilt o'ertake.
The gate betrayed, and friends that sleeping lay,
She asks him now to name the wedding-day.
But Tatius loathed the deed of guilt, and said,
"Wed now, my queen; here climb my royal bed."
O'er her crushed form his comrades' arms he threw —
Fit dower, O maiden! to thy treason due.

Thus came the hill to bear Tarpeia's name,
That never should have stained the scroll of fame.

V.

ACANTHIS.

Terra tuum spinis obducat, lena, sepulcrum.

EARTH clothe thy tomb, foul hag, with thorns around,
And may thy shade the thirst thou loathest bear,
Thy Manes rest not, and the avenging hound
Thy mouldering bones with hungry growlings scare!

The chaste Hippolytus she could have bent,
And, bird of bale to every bridal bed,
Made e'en the leal Penelope relent,
Forget her lord, and lewd Antinous wed.

At will she makes the steel the magnet fly,
The bird turn cruel and her nestlings kill;
At magic trench if Colline herbs she ply,
O'er solid ground will sweep the running rill.

She dared with song the moon by laws to bind,
To change her form and prow in wolfish guise,
And gouged, the jealous husband's eyes to blind,
With ruthless nail the raven's guiltless eyes.

She leagued with owls to hunt me to my grave,
Gathered Hippomanes to crown my cares,
And thus she smoothed her work as gentle wave
The rocky road with ceaseless ripple wears:

"Maiden, if bank of Orient charm your heart with golden treasure,
And shells that gleam in splendour 'neath the waves of Tyrian sea;
If robe of Cos where reigned Eurypylus afford thee pleasure,
And shreds, from couch of Attalus, of ancient tapestry;

"Or costly vases sent by Thebes from Egypt's palmy river,
Or myrrhine vessels baked in Parthian fires, — then honour spurn,
Down trample all the gods of heaven, be falsehood upmost ever,
And break the laws of chastity, that yield you no return.

"Say you're a wife — it pays; invent all manner of excuses —
The longer you put off, more fierce will burn your lover's flame;
Or if your hair he chance to tear, his anger has its uses;
For when he'll try a truce to buy, more firmly press your claim.

“At last, when you have promised fair, and pocketed the plunder,
Pretend ’tis Isis’ festival, and pure must be the day.
Let Iole for April plead, and pert Amycle thunder
Loud in your ears your birthday falls upon the Ides of May.

“Suppose he’s sitting at your feet, sit down and write a letter,
Or anything — you’ve caught him if the trick should him dismay;
Have love-bites all around your neck — and, mind, the more the better —
And let him think you’ve got them in a recent love-affray.

“Don’t follow in Medea’s steps, or to his wishes pander;
She earned disdain when fond and fain she threw her heart away.
But rather be like costly Thais, sung by smart Menander,
The pretty girl who tricked the cunning Getae in the play.

“Study the humour of your man: if he is fond of singing,
Indulge him; drain your cup, and forth your mingled voices pour;
For donors let the warder watch, to those no presents bringing
Let him be deaf and slumber on against the bolted door.

“With soldier, though not made for love, pray never feel offended,
Or sailor with his horny palm, if he’s the golden key;
Or him from whose barbarian neck a label once depended,
When, chalked, he through the Forum stalked condemned to slavery.

“Look to the gold, and not the hand that brings to you the payment;
What boots a starving poet’s strain? — vain words are all your hire.
Avaunt the bard who cannot clothe his girl in Coan raiment!
Without your fee, be deaf to all the music of his lyre.

“While warm your blood, and wrinkles tell not yet of years of sorrow,
Live while you may; what’s yours to-day to-morrow may not last:
I’ve seen sweet Paestum’s rose-bowers blooming fair, and on the morrow
The petals, strown and withered, blown before the south wind’s blast.”

As thus Acanthis strove to wile away
My darling’s heart, I shrank to skin and bone.
A ring-dove on thine altar now I lay;
O Venus! take the gift for favours shown.

I saw her cough convulse the wrinkled hag,
Through her old stumps the blood-streak’d mucus flow
Her rotten soul breathed on a wretched rag,
In a dank, fireless, frozen den of woe.

A stolen band to tie her straggling hairs,

A dirty faded turban, and a hound
I ne'er could cheat or take at unawares —
Such pomp her miserable ending crowned.

Place an old crumbling jar above her bones;
Press it, wild figs, with all the force ye can;
Ye lovers, pelt her tomb with jagged stones,
And as ye pelt it, curse the harridan.

VI.

THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM.

Sacra facit vates: sint ora faventia sacris.

THE bard makes sacrifice: be silent all;
Before my shrine let the struck heifer fall;
Let Roman wreaths with Coan ivy vie,
And Roman urns Cyrene's streams supply.
Sweet nard, sweet incense-honours now be mine,
Thrice round the hearth the woollen fillet twine,
Shower lustral dews the new-built altar o'er,
My ivory lute Mygdonian strains would pour.
Hence, fraud! 'neath other skies let guilt be known
With laurel chaste the bard's fresh path is strown.
Now Palatine Apollo's fane shall be
My theme: Calliope, 'tis worthy thee.
Great Caesar's name and fame I sing to-day:
Jove, prithee list my tributary lay.

In a quiet bay on Athamania's shore,
Where wild Ionian billows chafe no more,
A harbour consecrate to Phoebus lies,
In from the land where Actium's headlands rise —
A dear memorial of the Julian fleet,
To pious mariners a safe retreat.
Here met the world in arms; athwart the bay
Two mighty fleets with varying fortunes lay:
The one to Troy-born Caesar's prowess due,
With all the shafts a woman basely threw;
While Jove our canvas filled with breezes bland,
And banners taught to conquer for their land.

Scarce yet had Nereus curved each crescent line,
'Mid waves bright trembling 'neath the armour's shine,
When Phoebus, leaving Delos fixed the while —
For angry waves once bore that wandering isle —
O'er Caesar's vessel stood 'mid wondrous gleam
Of flame like slanting torch's wavy beam.
Adown his neck no flowing tresses fell
To the mild music of the tuneful shell:
The look that quailed Atrides' soul he wore,
When Dorian hosts to greedy pyres he bore;

Or when, dread Python's writhing coils o'ercome,
He slew him when the peaceful lyre was dumb.

"O Alban saviour of the world!" he cried,
"Augustus, than thy Trojan sires more tried!
Prevail by sea: now earth is thine; for thee
Fight my good bow and shoulder's armoury.
Release the land from fear; thy country now
On thee relies, and wreathes with prayers thy prow.
Halt, and Rome's founder better far, I ween,
On Palatine had ne'er the vultures seen.
Too bold they ply the oars; O shame that e'er
Those waves, great prince, a regal sail should bear!
Fear not their hundred oars that smite the tide:
O'er adverse billows mark their galleys ride.
Yon Centaurs hurling rocks their prows display,
Are hollow boards, mere painted terrors they.

The cause unnerves or nerves the soldier's might,
And shame disarms who strikes not for the right.
Now is the hour — join battle; I to-day
Will lead and crown the Julian prows with bay."
He spoke, and spends his quiver's freight, when lo!
Our Caesar's lance nigh rivals Phoebus' bow.
By Phoebus Rome prevails: the strumpet wheels,
And o'er the Ionian float her shattered keels.

Proud Caesar shouts from his Idalian star,
"The god is proved by god-like deeds in war."
Old Triton cheers, and all the Nereids raise
Around the flag of freedom songs of praise.
Borne in swift bark, the harlot seeks the Nile:
Her all that's left — to linger on awhile.
'Tis well: poor triumph that one woman tread
The streets through which Jugurtha once was led.
Hence rose this shrine to Actian Phoebus' name,
Whose every shaft ten hostile ships o'ercame.

Enough: victorious Phoebus claims his lyre,
And doffs his arms to join the peaceful choir.
To the soft grove, ye white-robed priests, now go;
Adown my neck let dainty rose-wreaths flow.
Unstinted pour Falernian rich and rare,
Thrice with Cilician saffron drench my hair.
Let wine inspire each genial poet's dream:

To Phoebus Bacchus lends his gladdest beam.
Let one the damp Sicambrian's conquest trace,
One Cephean Meroe's with its swarthy race,
Another sing of Parthia late o'erthrown:
"Restore our standards: soon thou'lt yield thine own.
If Caesar aught to quivered Orient spare;
'Tis but a trophy for his sons to share.

Joy, Crassus, if thou canst, 'mid sandy gloom:
Now o'er Euphrates we may seek thy tomb."

Thus wine and song will cheer the night, till day
Upon my revel sheds it rosy ray.

VII.

CYNTHIA'S GHOST.

Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit.

YES; there *are* ghosts: death ends not all, I ween.
The lurid shade escapes the pile's rent thrall;
For o'er my couch I saw my Cynthia lean,
Late laid where Anio's wayside murmurs fall.

Dreams of the dead disturbed my sleep; my lone
Cold couch I mourned when I beheld her glide —
Same hair, same eyes as in the days ago,
Her half-scorched vesture clinging to her side.

Her finger bore her ring and beryl still,
Half-burnt; her lips were wet from Lethe's lake:
She breathed as when in life, but rattled shrill
Her frail and bony fingers as she spake.

"Faithless," she said, "and faithless still to be,
Canst thou already sink in slumber sweet?
Hast thou forgot thy stolen trysts with me,
Held nightly in Suburra's wakeful street?"

"Hast thou forgot my window worn more wide
By cunning nightly wiles, and how I'd go
And swing me through it by a rope, and slide
Hand under hand on to your neck below?"

"Oft on the stones we lay in loving guise,
And sought the lonely nooks to lovers dear;
Alas our secret bond! whose honeyed lies
Were borne on wandering winds that would not hear!"

"When closed my eyes, no piercing voice 'gan plead;
I'd gained one day hadst thou but called the while:
For me no watch blew shrill the cloven reed;
My head lay gashed upon a broken tile.

"Who saw thee at my burial bow thee low?
Or scald thy sable vestments with a tear?
If thou didst grudge beyond the gates to go,
Thou mightst have bid them slower bear my bier.

“By thee no winds to fan my pyre were prayed;
No spikenard fed my flame; ingrate! o’er me
Cheap hyacinths thou mightst have strewn, and laid
My ghost with cask new-broached — this grudged by thee!

“For Lygdamus let now the iron glow;
I felt the cup was drugged — heat red the brand;
Let Nomas, hag, her spittle-spells forego —
The burning tile will show her guilty hand.

“The trull, who lately prowled the streets o’ nights,
Now sails along in gold-embroidered gown,
And with a double task of wool requites
The maid who lauds my charms or old renown.

“Poor Petalé must bear the clog and chain,
Because with garlands to my tomb she came,
And by the hair my Lalagé is ta’en,
Swung up and slapped for suing in my name.

“Thou lett’st her melt my golden image down,
And from my burning pyre a dowry gain;
But yet for all, my own, I do not frown:
Long in thy verse, and glorious, was my reign.

“O, by the irrevoluble song of doom! —
So moan the triple hound in gentle tones —
I still was true: if not, athwart my tomb
Let vipers hiss, and nestle on my bones.

“(Ter the dark wave two homes of old were made,
And all must seek at last the fatal shore;.
To one is borne foul Clytemnestra’s shade,
And the mad mother of the Minotaur.

“Yon flower-crowned bark for happier realms is bound,
Elysian rose-bowers by soft breezes fanned,
Where the stringed lyre and the round cymbals sound,
And Lydian lutes delight the mitred band.

“Andromeda and Hypermnestra there —
Wives leal in love — their famous story tell;
One wails her tender arms all bruised and bare,
Doomed by a mother’s pride to shackles fell —

“And blameless hands that might have well been spared

The terrors of the frozen rocks they prest;
The other tells the crime her sisters dared,
And the strong weakness of her wifely breast.

“Thus o’er life’s loves death drops the healing tear:
Thy faults were many, but I hide them all;
Yet list my latest wish if still thou’lt hear,
Nor Chloris’ magic holds thee all in thrall.

“Let not my nurse Parthenia want when old —
Her house was open and her fee was light —
Nor darling Latris, named from service, hold
The mirror up to some new favourite.

“Burn every lay thou’st written in my praise;
Why keep them now I am no longer thine?
My tomb of ivy strip, whose struggling sprays
And wattled locks my tender bones entwine.

“Where Anio foams ‘mid groves of apple-trees,
And the white sheen of ivory’s ever clear
By favour of Tiburtine Hercules,
A pillar with a meet inscription rear,

“But brief, and such as may arrest the eyes
Of traveller as he hurries from the town;
‘In Tibur’s land here golden Cynthia lies:
Hence hath thy bank, O Anio! reaped renown.’

“Spurn not the dreams that leave the gates of horn;
For, coming thence, affection’s dreams are true:
Night frees the imprisoned shades, and, earthward borne,
By night we reappear to mortal view.

“Then roams the hound beyond the awful bourn,
Loosed from the chain that bars the infernal gate;
Till morn to Lethe’s mere bids all return,
When the weird boatman counts his shadowy freight.

“Let others clasp thee now, soon mine once more
With me thou’lt dwell, and bone will chafe with bone.”
Such was the tone her plaintive chidings wore:
I strove to grasp the phantom — it was gone.

VIII.

THE SURPRISE.

Disce, quid Esquilias hac nocte fugarit aquosas.

Now learn how marshy Esquiline was scared so yesternight,
When all the new-park neighbours hurried forth in wildered plight.

Long 'neath an aged dragon's care Lanuvium's walls have been,
And many a one goes there to see a sight so seldom seen.
A hallowed path abruptly leads down to his den abysmal,
Through which is sent — O maiden fair! beware all paths so dismal —
The tribute of this hungry snake, claimed as the year comes round,
What time he writhes and hisses in the deep dark underground.
Such are the rites to which the girls go down with pallid face,
When rashly in the serpent's mouth their helpless hands they place.
If maid she be who proffers it, the food he quickly takes,
While in the tender virgin's hands the very basket shakes.
If chaste, they soon return, and clasp the necks of parents dear,
And rustics shout with joyful heart, "Twill be a fruitful year."

With ponies twain, clipped tail and mane, my Cynthia thither drove;
She laid the blame on Juno's name, but Venus' web she wove.
O Appian Way! declare how gay in triumph then she shone,
As o'er thy pavement rough with flying wheels she thundered on;
While from a tavern out of view the sound of bickerings came,
If not on my account, at least with damage to my fame:
For, forward leaning o'er the pole, a scandal to behold,
She plied along the rugged road the reins with daring bold.

Yon shaven fop's silk-cushioned car I leave now out of sight,
And dogs of the Molossian breed with collars gleaming bright;
Ere long he'll stuff his venal skin with prize-ring's filthy fare,
And odious whiskers will o'ergrow those cheeks now smooth and bare.

Since she so often left me thus, and still abroad would range,
I thought I'd shift my camp, and try another for a change.

On Aventine, near Dian's shrine, dwells Phyllis, who no doubt
Is dull when sober; in her cups she's charming out and out.
There's Teia in Tarpeia's grove, and prettier girl there's none;
But then, when she is warmed with wine, she's game for more than one.
Well, I resolved to ask them in, and spend with them the night,

In pleasure's bowers to cull the flowers and raptures of delight.
We sought the greenhouse; for the three was set a sofa there.
Dost wonder how the trio sat? I sat between the pair.
We'd Lygdamus for waiter — crystal summer-service; wine
The produce of Methymna, with the smack of turpentine;
A gipsy flutist; Phyllis played the bones in charming style,
So trim and neat, with smile so sweet as roses rained the while;
A dwarf besides, shrunk up into his limbs, a dumpy thing,
Who tossed his stumpy hands, and made the hollow boxwood ring.
But though the lamps were often trimmed, the flame would bum not well,
And off its legs, face uppermost, at last the table fell.
And while I tried the dice for luck with oft-repeated throws,
By some untoward chance the curséd aces always rose.
They sung, 'twas vain; exposed their charms — I had as well been blind:
Woe's me! Lanuvium's gates alone were ever in my mind, —
When suddenly the door-posts shook, the hinges creaked, a din
Of whispered murmurs at the door, like some one coming in —
'Twas Cynthia! bang the leaves went wide — it was no vain presage —
Not with elaborated hair, but beautiful in rage.
Down from my thewless fingers fell the goblet on the floor,
My lips, though steeped in rosy wine, a deathlike pallor wore.
Her eyes flash fire, she raves as only woman can: I ween,
In captured city ne'er before was witnessed such a scene.
She thrusts her wrathful nails in Phyllis' face; while, wan with fear,
Loud Teia shouts, "From yonder pools bring water quickly here."
The sleeping Romans ope their eyes in fright, and one and all,
With hurrying feet, dash through the street to see the midnight brawl.
The quaking pair, with ruffled hair, and tunics flying free,
Rush up the dismal alley to the nearest shop they see.
Now Cynthia revels in the rout; returns, the combat o'er,
And with her vixen hands my face with slaps belabours sore!
She bites my neck — here is the mark — till blood profusely flows;
But still my eyes, that were to blame, receive the heaviest blows.
And when she'd tired her arms, and wreaked her vengeance to the dregs,
Poor Lygdamus, who'd hid beneath the soft's hinder legs,
Is trundled out, and humbly sues for aid on bended knee.
"Poor soul," I cried, "'tis vain; I'm but a captive here with thee."
With suppliant hands I begged for peace, and; moved by slow degrees,
She let me touch her feet at last, and said in words like these:

"If thou wouldst have forgiveness for the wrong that thou hast done,
Then list to my conditions as I name them one by one:
Ne'er more in fine attire thou'lt stroll in Pompey's pillar'd shade,
Nor seek the lustful Forum with the combat's sand o'erlaid;

Nor stare around the theatre, neck bent from side to side,
To where the women sit, nor lounge by litter open wide.
And first of all, let Lygdamus, the cause of all my pain,
Be sold, and drag on both his legs the slave's ignoble chain."

Such were the terms imposed: I answered, "Lady, I agree."
She proudly smiled to see me bend beneath her stem decree.
She smoked each luckless spot whereon my stranger-nymphs had been,
And then with water from the spring washed all the threshold clean.
The dress and hood I had put on she bade me change once more,
And thrice with burning sulphur all my head besprinkled o'er.
The fumigation done, she changed the bedclothes sheet by sheet:
Our quarrel o'er, in bed once more we lay in concord sweet.

IX.

HERCULES AND CACUS.

Amphitryoniades qua tempestate juvencos.

WHEN, Erythea, from thy stalls Alcides drave the kine,
He wandered to the lofty hills of steer-browsed Palatine,
And, weary, stayed his weary herd Velabrum's lake beside,
Where o'er the unborn city's breast the boatman's pinnace plied.
Nor there with Cacus, faithless host, his flock unscathed remained;
For soon with theft the shrine of Jove the godless robber stained.
Within an awful den this Cacus dwelt — a tenant dire,
Who belched from forth three gaping mouths three flames of living fire.
And lest the place should show a trace of such an act of bale,
He turned the oxen round, and dragged them caveward by the tail.
Heaven saw the theft: the oxen lowed: with fury boiling o'er,
He sped amain, and dashed in twain the robber's ruthless door.
With sturdy bough his triple brow he smote, and laid him low,
And said, "Go, steers of Hercules, my club's last labour, go:
Go, steers, twice sought and twice my spoil, with lowings bless your home;
A noble Forum yet shall crown the pasture-lands ye roam."

He spoke: his tongue is parched; no streams gush from the teeming earth;
Afar he hears in bowery glade the ring of maiden-mirth.
'Tis Bona Dea's secret grove, where lustral fountains flow,
And maidens ply the awful rites that man may never know.
The gates were purple-wreathed, the shrine with fragrant flames a-blaze,
The cell o'erarched with poplar-boughs, where song-birds piped their lays.

With shaggy beard all dust-besmeared, the hero hither sped,
And thus in words beneath a god before the threshold pled:
"I pray you, ye who sport within this hallowed grotto, deign
To open to a weary wight your hospitable fane.
Athirst I roam, and round your home are fountains murmuring;
Enough whate'er my hollow palm can lift from yonder spring.
Have ye e'er heard of one whose back the mighty world once bore,
By earth reclaimed Alcides named? He pleads before your door.
Who knows not the brave deeds the club of Hercules hath wrought,
And shafts at savage monsters dealt, and never dealt for nought?
Who knows not him — the only man who pierced the Stygian gloom?
Receive him: earth will hardly give the weary hero room.
Though here the sacred rites of crabbed Juno now ye plied,
Hard step-dame though she is, she ne'er her waters had denied.

But if my looks, this lion-hide all bristly, and my hair
Embrowned by sweltering Libyan sun, should any maiden scare,
I did a slave-girl's duties once in Tyrian palla drest,
And spun my daily task with Lydian distaff like the rest.
This shaggy breast of mine was then in cincture soft arrayed;
And though my hands were rough and hard, I was a clever maid."
So spake Alcides, and the saintly priestess thus replied,
Her hoary hair with fillet rare of richest purple tied:

"O spare thine eyes! go, stranger, leave this awful grove, — away!
In safety fly this threshold while thou canst nor longer stay.
This altar 'mid the greenwood hid, and barred from foot of man,
Aye vindicates its sanctity, and fearful is the ban.
How dear the seer Tiresias paid as Pallas' form he spied,
What time she laved her stalwart limbs — her aegis laid aside!
Heaven give thee other founts than these: this streamlet trickles on
Along a lonely secret course for maidens' use alone."

She finished: with his shoulder then the gloomy posts he shook, —
Nor could the bolted door his grievous thirst's wild fury brook.
And after he had slaked his thirst and drained the river dry,
With lips still moist he banned the sex to all eternity:

"Now on the path of destiny this corner of earth's soil
I reach, and scarce a shelter find when wearied out with toil.
This altar, which I dedicate for finding of my steers —
This mighty altar, raised by hands of mine — in after-years
Let woman never enter, nor its worship ever see,
For fear the thirst of great Alcides should unpunished be."

Hail, holy Father! hostile Juno smiles on thee to-day;
O holy Father! deign to smile auspicious on my lay,
Thou who hast purged the world of ill by that strong arm of thine,
Whom Sabines hailed "The Holy One" and worshipped as divine.

X.

JUPITER FERETRIUS.

Nunc Fovis incipiam causas aperire Feretri.

Now of Feretrian Jove shall be my strain,
And trophies three from three brave chieftains ta'en.
Hard is the hill, but glory nerves my soul:
I'd cull my chaplet from no easy knoll.

The first wast thou, Quirinus, sire of Rome,
To slay the foe and bear his armour home.
When Caenine Acron through our gates would go,
Thy conquering spear laid horse and rider low.
Acron, of great Alcides' line, who sped
Forth from his keep and horror broadcast spread,
Dared hope to wrest the arms our hero wore,
But left his own deep-stained with crimson gore.
Before the hollow towers a javelin now
He poised; but Jove had sealed Quirinus' vow:
"Thy victim, Jove, shall Acron fall this day."
Such was the vow: Jove's victim prostrate lay.

Thus aye to conquest did Quirinus fare —
His camp the field, his tent the open air.
Well could he rein the steed or guide the plough,
A shaggy wolf-skin helmet decked his brow,
No gleaming shield was his with pinchbeck pied,
While slaughtered steers his baldrick tough supplied.

Then Cossus comes, with slain Tolumnius' spoil,
When Veii's conquest was a work of toil,
Ere war crossed Tiber's tide; our farthest raids
Nomentum's vales and Cora's parted glades.
O ancient Veii! once a kingdom great,
Her forum graced with golden chair of state;
Now there the lazy shepherds' horns are blown,
And harvests o'er her slaughtered warriors mown.
Upon the gate-tower Veii's chieftain stood,
And parleyed with the foe in haughty mood.
While brass-homed ram now shook the battered wall —
The workmen 'neath the mantlet sheltered all —
Cries Cossus: "Hero better courts the plain."

Then quickly chose their ground those warriors twain.
The gods were with us: lo! Tolumnius bleeds,
And laves with gory neck the Roman steeds.

Next Claudius crushed the Rhine-men, and a-field
Bore from huge Britomart his Belgic shield,
Who claimed the Rhine as sire; renowned afar
For hurling javelins from his flying car.
While dealt the tartan'd chief his darts amain,
Dropt from his severed neck his golden chain.

Feretrius' shrine now holds these trophies three,
So called since chief *strikes* chief by Jove's decree;
Or, since on shoulder home their spoils they *bare*,
To "*Jove the Bearer*" rose you altar fair.

XI.

CORNELIA.

Desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum.

O PAULUS! vex my grave with tears no more;
No prayers unlock the portals of the tomb;
When once the dead have trod the infernal floor,
Barred stand the adamantine doors of doom.

Though the dark hall's dread king would hear thy prayer,
'Twere vain: deaf shores will drink thy tears the while.
Prayers move high heaven: but, pay the boatman's fare,
The drear gate closes on the shadowy pile.

So sang the mournful trumpets when my head
Sank on the bier before the ruthless fires.
What then availed me Paulus' bridal bed,
And cars triumphal of my valiant sires?

What all the pledges of my fair renown?
Though flowed Rome's noblest blood in all my veins,
Say, did it mitigate the Parcae's frown?
Lo! now five fingers lift my poor remains.

O darkness of the damned! O sullen mere!
And every wave that clogs my tangled feet!
Though all too young, yet blameless came I here:
My tender shade may Pluto mildly treat.

Or, if as judge an Aeacus preside,
With urn before him, in the realms below,
His jury let him draw, and then decide
My destiny for endless weal or woe.

The seat of judgment let his brothers share,
And the Eumenides with hearts of steel
Stand in the listening court by Minos' chair.
Rest, Sisyphus; be still, Ixion's wheel.

Drink, wave-mocked Tantalus; nor snap to-day
At shade, fell hound! hush bars and chains of gloom
I'll plead; if falsely, on my shoulders lay
The urn's eternal toil — the Sisters' doom.

If e'er ancestral trophies earned renown,
Numantia's realms my fathers' deeds proclaim;
Like bays my mother's line, the Libos, crown:
Each house on well-won titles rests its fame.

I doffed the maiden's dress: I was a bride;
The matron's coif confined my braided hair;
Too soon, O Paulus! doomed to leave thy side:
I was but thine my tombstone shall declare.

Witness, our sires, whose ashes Rome reveres,
Beneath whose names shorn Afric wails her fall,
Who with the splendour of your conquering spears
Smote Spain, Antiochus, proud Hannibal,

And Perses, boasting the vast soul that gushed
In his great sire Achilles and the might
Of that still greater ancestor who crushed
Thy pride, Avernus, and thy realms of Night!

Ne'er censor bent the law to screen my shame;
Your hearth was aye the shrine of honour fair;
No slur I brought upon your stainless name;
Your house was noble — I the pattern there.

Years changed me not; a blameless life I spent —
From wedlock to its close our fame secure:
Nature my blood with inborn virtue blent —
No fears could make my guileless heart more pure.

Though harsh the verdict of the urn, yet ne'er
My presence shall the purest virgin shame:
Not Claudia, crowned Cybebe's priestess rare,
Who with her girdle led the laggard Dame,

Or her, whose linen robe — when Vesta sought
The intrusted fires — bade living flames arise.
I ne'er to thee, sweet mother, sorrow brought:
What, save my fate, wouldst thou have otherwise?

My meed — a mother's tears; the city's woe;
Even Caesar's sorrow consecrates my bier;
Rome saw the mighty god a-weeping go,
And mourn his daughter's worthy sister-peer.

Though young, the matron's honoured robe I wore;

Death from no barren dwelling bore his prize:
My boys! my solace when I live no more,
Ye held me in your hands and closed my eyes.

Twice had my brother filled the curule chair,
A consul ere his sister's days were run.
Thy censor-sire in mind, sweet daughter, bear;
Uphold his honour: wed, like me, but one.

With offspring prop our line: the bark's afloat;
I gladly go, so many mourn my doom:
A wife's last triumph, and of fairest note,
Is fame's sweet incense rising o'er her tomb.

Paulus, our pledges I commend to thee;
Burnt in my bones still breathes a mother's care.
Discharge a mother's duties, then, for me;
For now thy shoulders all their load must bear.

Kiss them, and kiss them for their mother; dry
Their childish tears: thine all the burden now.
Ne'er let them see thee weep or hear thee sigh,
But with a smile thy sorrow disavow.

Enough that thou the weary nights shouldst moan,
And woo my semblance back in visions vain;
Yet whisper to my portrait when alone,
As if the lips could answer thee again.

If e'er these halls should own another queen,
And a new mother fill your mother's bed,
My children, ne'er let frowning look be seen,
But honour her your father chose to wed.

So shall your manners win her tender grace,
And surely she will love for love return;
Nor praise too much your mother to her face,
For fear her breast with jealous feelings burn.

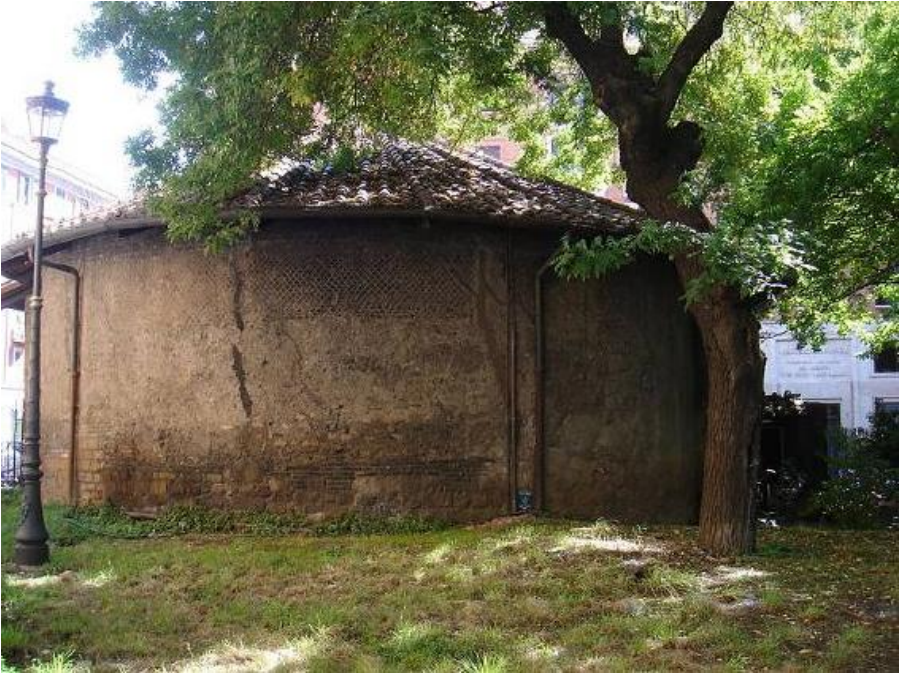
But should my image still his thoughts engage,
And Paulus dower my dust with love so rare,
O learn to watch your father's failing age,
And shield his weary widowed heart from care!

Heaven add to yours the years I hoped in store,
And may your lives my aged Paulus cheer!

'Tis well: I ne'er the robes of mourning wore,
And all my children gathered round my bier.

My cause is pled. Each weeping witness, rise,
Since death's rewards life's losses well repay.
Heaven waits the pure in heart: be mine the prize
To soar triumphant to the realms of day.

The Latin Text



Auditorium of Maecenas, on the Esquiline Hill — Maecenas sited his famous gardens, the first gardens in the Hellenistic-Persian garden style on the Esquiline, atop the Servian Wall and its adjoining necropolis, near the gardens of Lamia. Propertius was likely a frequenter of the gardens.

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In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin text of Propertius' Elegies. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

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LIBER QVARTVS

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LIBER PRIMVS

I

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
donec me docuit castas odisse puellas 5
improbis, et nullo vivere consilio.
ei mihi, iam toto furor hic non deficit anno,
cum tamen adversos cogor habere deos.
Milanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores
saevitiam durae contudit Iasidos. 10
nam modo Partheniis amens errabat in antris,
rursus in hirsutas ibat et ille feras;
ille etiam Hylaei percussus vulnere rami
saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.
ergo velocem potuit domuisse puellam: 15
tantum in amore fides et benefacta valent.
in me tardus Amor non ullas cogitat artes,
nec meminit notas, ut prius, ire vias.
at vos, deductae quibus est pellacia lunae
et labor in magicis sacra piare focis, 20
en agedum dominae mentem convertite nostrae,
et facite illa meo palleat ore magis!
tunc ego crediderim Manes et sidera vobis
posse Cytinaeis ducere carminibus.
aut vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici, 25
quaerite non sani pectoris auxilia.
fortiter et ferrum saevos patiemur et ignes,
sit modo libertas quae velit ira loqui.
ferre per extremas gentes et ferre per undas,
qua non ulla meum femina norit iter. 30
vos remanete, quibus facili deus annuit aure,
sitis et in tuto semper amore pares.
nam me nostra Venus noctes exercet amaras,
et nullo vacuus tempore defit Amor.
hoc, moneo, vitare malum: sua quemque moretur 35
cura, neque assueto mutet amore torum.
quod si quis monitis tardas adverterit aures,
heu referet quanto verba dolore mea!

II

Quid iuvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo
et tenuis Coa veste movere sinus,
aut quid Orontea crines perfundere murra,
teque peregrinis vendere muneribus,
naturaeque decus mercato perdere cultu, 5
nec sinere in propriis membra nitere bonis?
crede mihi, non ulla tua est medicina figurae:
nudus Amor formam non amat artificem.
aspice quos summittat humus non fossa colores,
ut veniant hederæ sponte sua melius, 10
surgat et in solis formosior arbutus antris,
et sciat indocilis currere lympa vias.
litora nativis praeferunt picta lapillis,
et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.
non sic Leucippis succendit Castora Phoebe, 15
Pollucem cultu non Helaira soror;
non, Idae et cupido quondam discordia Phoebus,
Eueni patriis filia litoribus;
nec Phrygium falso traxit candore maritum
avecta externis Hippodamia rotis: 20
sed facies aderat nullis obnoxia gemmis,
qualis Apelleis est color in tabulis.
non illis studium fūco conquirere amantes:
illis ampla satis forma pudicitia.
non ego nunc vereor ne sis tibi vilior istis: 25
uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est;
cum tibi praesertim Phoebus sua carmina donet
Aoniamque libens Calliopea lyram,
unica nec desit iucundis gratia verbis,
omnia quaeque Venus, quaeque Minerva probat. 30
his tu semper eris nostrae gratissima vitae,
taedia dum miserae sint tibi luxuriae.

III

Qualis Thesea iacuit cedente carina
languida desertis Cnosia litoribus;
qualis et accubuit primo Cepheia somno
libera iam duris cotibus Andromede;
nec minus assiduis Edonis fessa choreis 5
qualis in herboso concidit Apidano:
talis visa mihi mollem spirare quietem
Cynthia consertis nixa caput manibus,
ebria cum multo traherem vestigia Baccho,
et quaterent sera nocte facem pueri. 10
hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnis,
molliter impresso conor adire toro;
et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto 15
osculaque admota sumere tarda manu,
non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,
expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae;
sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,
Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos. 20
et modo solvebam nostra de fronte corollas
ponebamque tuis, Cynthia, temporibus;
et modo gaudebam lapsos formare capillos;
nunc furtiva cavis poma dabam manibus:
omnia quae ingrato largibar munera somno, 25
munera de prono saepe voluta sinu;
et quotiens raro duxti suspiria motu,
obstupui vano credulus auspicio,
ne qua tibi insolitos portarent visa timores,
neve quis invitam cogeret esse suam: 30
donec diversas praecurrens luna fenestras,
luna moraturis sedula luminibus,
compositos levibus radiis patefecit ocellos.
sic ait in molli fixa toro cubitum:
'tandem te nostro referens iniuria lecto 35
alterius clausis expulit e foribus?
namque ubi longa meae consumpsti tempora noctis,
languidus exactis, ei mihi, sideribus?
o utinam talis perducas, improbe, noctes,
me miseram qualis semper habere iubes! 40
nam modo purpureo fallebam stamine somnum,

rursus et Orpheae carmine, fessa, lyrae;
interdum leviter mecum deserta querebar
externo longas saepe in amore moras:
dum me iucundis lassam Sopor impulit alis. 45
illa fuit lacrimis ultima cura meis.'

IV

Quid mihi tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas
mutatum domina cogis abire mea?
quid me non pateris vitae quodcumque sequetur
hoc magis assueto ducere servitio?
tu licet Antiopae formam Nycteidis, et tu 5
Spartanae referas laudibus Hermionae,
et quascumque tulit formosi temporis aetas;
Cynthia non illas nomen habere sinat:
nedum, si levibus fuerit collata figuris,
inferior duro iudice turpis eat. 10
haec sed forma mei pars est extrema furoris;
sunt maiora, quibus, Basse, perire iuvat:
ingenuus color et motis decor artubus et quae
gaudia sub tacita discere veste libet.
quo magis et nostros contendis solvere amores, 15
hoc magis accepta fallit uterque fide.
non impune feres: sciet haec insana puella
et tibi non tacitis vocibus hostis erit;
nec tibi me post haec committet Cynthia nec te
quaeret; erit tanti criminis illa memor, 20
et te circum omnis alias irata puellas
differet: heu nullo limine carus eris.
nullas illa suis contemnet fletibus aras,
et quicumque sacer, qualis ubique, lapis.
non ullo gravius temptatur Cynthia damno 25
quam sibi cum raptō cessat amore decus,
praecipue nostro. maneat sic semper, adoro,
nec quicquam ex illa quod querar inveniam!
invide, tu tandem voces compesce molestas 29(1.5.1)
et sine nos cursu, quo sumus, ire pares! 30(1.5.2)

V

Quid tibi vis, insane? meae sentire furores?

infelix, properas ultima nosse mala,
et miser ignotos vestigia ferre per ignes,
et bibere e tota toxica Thessalia.

non est illa vagis similis collata puellis:
molliter irasci non sciet illa tibi.

quod si forte tuis non est contraria votis,
at tibi curarum milia quanta dabit! 10

non tibi iam somnos, non illa relinquet ocellos:
illa ferox animis alligat una viros.

a, mea contemptus quotiens ad limina cures,
cum tibi singultu fortia verba cadent,

et tremulus maestis orietur fletibus horror, 15
et timor informem ducet in ore notam,

et quaecumque voles fugient tibi verba querenti,
nec poteris, qui sis aut ubi, nosse miser!

tum grave servitium nostrae cogere puellae
discere et exclusum quid sit abire domum; 20

nec iam pallorem totiens mirabere nostrum,
aut cur sim toto corpore nullus ego.

nec tibi nobilitas poterit succurrere amanti:
nescit Amor priscis cedere imaginibus.

quod si parva tuae dederis vestigia culpae, 25
quam cito de tanto nomine rumor eris!

non ego tum potero solacia ferre roganti,
cum mihi nulla mei sit medicina mali;

sed pariter miseri socio cogemur amore
alter in alterius mutua flere sinu. 30

quare, quid possit mea Cynthia, desine, Galle,
quaerere: non impune illa rogata venit.

VI

Non ego nunc Hadriae vereor mare noscere tecum,
Tulle, neque Aegaeo ducere vela salo,
cum quo Rhipaeos possim conscendere montes
ulteriusque domos vadere Memnonias;
sed me complexae remorantur verba puellae, 5
mutatoque graves saepe colore preces.
illa mihi totis argutat noctibus ignes,
et queritur nullos esse relictos deos;
illa meam mihi iam se denegat, illa minatur
quae solet ingrato tristis amica viro. 10
his ego non horam possum durare querelis:
ah pereat, si quis lentus amare potest!
an mihi sit tanti doctas cognoscere Athenas
atque Asiae veteres cernere divitias,
ut mihi deducta faciat convicia puppi 15
Cynthia et insanis ora notet manibus,
osculaue opposito dicat sibi debita vento,
et nihil infido durius esse viro?
tu patrum meritis conare anteire secures,
et vetera oblitus iura refer sociis. 20
nam tua non aetas umquam cessavit amori,
semper at armatae cura fuit patriae;
et tibi non umquam nostros puer iste labores
afferat et lacrimis omnia nota meis!
me sine, quem semper voluit fortuna iacere, 25
huic animam extremam reddere nequitiae.
multi longinquo periire in amore libenter,
in quorum numero me quoque terra tegat.
non ego sum laudi, non natus idoneus armis:
hanc me militiam fata subire volunt. 30
at tu, seu mollis qua tendit Ionia, seu qua
Lydia Pactoli tingit arata liquor,
seu pedibus terras seu pontum remige carpes,
ibis et accepti pars eris imperii:
tum tibi si qua mei veniet non immemor hora, 35
vivere me duro sidere certus eris.

VII

Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae
armaque fraternae tristia militiae,
atque, ita sim felix, primo contendis Homero
(sint modo fata tuis mollia carminibus),
nos, ut consuemus, nostros agitamus amores, 5
atque aliquid duram quaerimus in dominam;
nec tantum ingenio quantum servire dolori
cogor et aetatis tempora dura queri.
hic mihi conteritur vitae modus, haec mea famast,
hinc cupio nomen carminis ire mei. 10
me laudent doctae solum placuisse puellae,
Pontice, et iniustas saepe tulisse minas;
me legat assidue post haec neglectus amator,
et prosint illi cognita nostra mala.
te quoque si certo puer hic concusserit arcu — 15
quo nollem nostros me violasse deos! —
longe castra tibi, longe miser agmina septem
flebis in aeterno surda iacere situ;
et frustra cupies mollem componere versum,
nec tibi subiciet carmina serus Amor. 20
tum me non humilem mirabere saepe poetam,
tunc ego Romanis praeferar ingeniis.
[nec poterunt iuvenes nostro reticere sepulcro
'ardoris nostri magne poeta iaces.']
tu cave nostra tuo contemnas carmina fastu: 25
saepe venit magno faenore tardus Amor.

VIIIA

Tune igitur demens, nec te mea cura moratur?
an tibi sum gelida vilior Illyria?
et tibi iam tanti, quicumquest, iste videtur,
ut sine me vento quolibet ire velis?
tune audire potes vesani murmura ponti 5
fortis, et in dura nave iacere potes?
tu pedibus teneris positas fulcire pruinas,
tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?
o utinam hibernae duplicentur tempora brumae,
et sit iners tardis navita Vergiliis, 10
nec tibi Tyrrhena solvatur funis harena,
neve inimica meas eleveit aura preces
et me defixum vacua patiat in ora 15
crudelem infesta saepe vocare manu!
sed quocumque modo de me, periura, mereris,
sit Galatea tuae non aliena viae;
atque ego non videam talis subsidere ventos, 13
cum tibi provectas auferet unda rates,
ut te felici post victa Ceraunia remo 19
accipiat placidis Oricos aequoribus.
nam me non ullae poterunt corrumpere, de te
quin ego, vita, tuo limine verba querar;
nec me deficiet nautas rogitare citatos
‘dicite, quo portu clausa puella meast?’,
et dicam ‘licet Artaciis consadat in oris, 25
et licet Hylaeis, illa futura meast.’

VIIIB

Hic erit! hic iurata manet! rumpantur iniqui!
vicinus: assiduas non tulit illa preces.
falsa licet cupidus deponat gaudia livor:
destitit ire novas Cynthia nostra vias. 30
illi carus ego et per me carissima Roma
dicitur, et sine me dulcia regna negat.
illa vel angusto mecum requiescere lecto
et quocumque modo maluit esse mea,
quam sibi dotatae regnum vetus Hippodamiae, 35
et quas Elis opes apta pararat equis.
quamvis magna daret, quamvis maiora daturus,
non tamen illa meos fugit avara sinus.
hanc ego non auro, non Indis flectere conchis,
sed potui blandi carminis obsequio. 40
sunt igitur Musae, neque amanti tardus Apollo,
quis ego fretus amo: Cynthia rara meast!
nunc mihi summa licet contingere sidera plantis:
sive dies seu nox venerit, illa meast!
nec mihi rivalis certos subducet amores: 45
ista meam norit gloria canitiem.

IX

Dicebam tibi venturos, irrisor, amores,
nec tibi perpetuo libera verba fore:
ecce iaces supplexque venis ad iura puellae,
et tibi nunc quaevis imperat empta modo.
non me Chaoniae vincant in amore columbae 5
dicere, quos iuvenes quaeque puella domet.
me dolor et lacrimae merito fecere peritum:
atque utinam posito dicar amore rudis!
quid tibi nunc misero prodest grave dicere carmen
aut Amphioniae moenia flere lyrae? 10
plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero:
carmina mansuetus lenia quaerit Amor.
i quaeso et tristis istos sepone libellos,
et cane quod quaevis nosse puella velit!
quid si non esset facilis tibi copia! nunc tu 15
insanus medio flumine quaeris aquam.
necdum etiam palles, vero nec tangeris igni:
haec est venturi prima favilla mali.
tum magis Armenias cupies accedere tigres
et magis infernae vincula nosse rotae, 20
quam pueri totiens arcum sentire medullis
et nihil iratae posse negare tuae.
nullus Amor cuiquam facilis ita praebuit alas,
ut non alterna presserit ille manu.
nec te decipiat, quod sit satis illa parata: 25
acrius illa subit, Pontice, si qua tuast,
quippe ubi non liceat vacuos seducere ocellos,
nec vigilare alio limine cedat Amor.
qui non ante patet, donec manus attigit ossa:
quisquis es, assiduas tu fuge blanditias! 30
illis et silices et possint cedere quercus,
nedum tu possis, spiritus iste levis.
quare, si pudor est, quam primum errata fatere:
dicere quo pereas saepe in amore levat.

X

O iucunda quies, primo cum testis amori
affueram vestris conscius in lacrimis!
o noctem meminisse mihi iucunda voluptas,
o quotiens votis illa vocanda meis,
cum te complexa morientem, Galle, puella 5
vidimus et longa ducere verba mora!
quamvis labentis premeret mihi somnus ocellos
et mediis caelo Luna ruberet equis,
non tamen a vestro potui secedere lusu:
tantus in alternis vocibus ardor erat. 10
sed quoniam non es veritus concedere nobis,
accipe commissae munera laetitiae:
non solum vestros didici reticere dolores,
est quiddam in nobis maius, amice, fide.
possum ego diversos iterum coniungere amantes, 15
et dominae tardas possum aperire fores;
et possum alterius curas sanare recentis,
nec levis in verbis est medicina meis.
Cynthia me docuit, semper quae cuique petenda
quaeque cavenda forent: non nihil egit Amor. 20
tu cave ne tristi cupias pugnare puellae,
neve superba loqui, neve tacere diu;
neu, si quid petiit, ingrata fronte negaris,
neu tibi pro vano verba benigna cadant.
irritata venit, quando contemnitur illa, 25
nec meminit iustas ponere laesa minas:
at quo sis humilis magis et subiectus amori,
hoc magis effectu saepe fruire bono.
is poterit felix una remanere puella,
qui numquam vacuo pectore liber erit.

XI

Ecquid te mediis cessantem, Cynthia, Baiis,
qua iacet Herculeis semita litoribus,
et modo Thesproti mirantem subdita regno
proxima Misenis aequora nobilibus,
nostri cura subito memores adducere noctes? 5
ecquis in extremo restat amore locus?
an te nescio quis simulatis ignibus hostis
sustulit e nostris, Cynthia, carminibus,
ut solet amoto labi custode puella, 15
perfida communis nec meminisse deos?
atque utinam mage te remis confisa minutis 9
parvula Lucrina cumba moretur aqua,
aut teneat clausam tenui Teuthrantis in unda
alternae facilis cedere lympha manu,
quam vacet alterius blandos audire susurros
molliter in tacito litore compositam!
non quia perspecta non es mihi cognita fama, 17
sed quod in hac omnis parte timetur amor.
ignosces igitur, si quid tibi triste libelli
attulerint nostri: culpa timoris erit. 20
ah mihi non maior carae custodia matris
aut sine te vitae cura sit ulla meae!
tu mihi sola domus, tu, Cynthia, sola parentes,
omnia tu nostrae tempora laetitiae.
seu tristis veniam seu contra laetus amicis, 25
quicquid ero, dicam 'Cynthia causa fuit.'
tu modo quam primum corruptas desere Baias:
multis ista dabunt litora discidium,
litora quae fuerunt castis inimica puellis:
ah pereant Baiae, crimen amoris, aquae!

XII

Quid mihi desidia non cessas fingere crimen,
quod faciat nobis Cynthia, Roma, moram?
tam multa illa meo divisast milia lecto,
quantum Hypanis Veneto dissidet Eridano;
nec mihi consuetos amplexu nutrit amores 5
Cynthia, nec nostra dulcis in aure sonat.
olim gratus eram: non ullo tempore cuiquam
contigit ut simili posset amare fide.
invidiae fuimus: num me deus obruit? an quae
lecta Prometheis dividit herba iugis? 10
non sum ego qui fueram: mutat via longa puellas.
quantus in exiguo tempore fugit amor!
nunc primum longas solus cognoscere noctes
cogor et ipse meis auribus esse gravis.
felix, qui potuit praesenti flere puellae 15
(non nihil aspersus gaudet Amor lacrimis),
aut, si despectus, potuit mutare calores
(sunt quoque translato gaudia servitio).
mi neque amare aliam neque ab hac desistere fas est:
Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit.

XIII

Tu, quod saepe soles, nostro laetabere casu,
Galle, quod abrepto solus amore vacem.
at non ipse tuas imitabor, perfide, voces:
fallere te numquam, Galle, puella velit.
dum tibi deceptis augetur fama puellis, 5
certus et in nullo quaeris amore moram,
perditus in quadam tardis pallescere curis
incipis, et primo lapsus abire gradu.
haec erit illarum contempti poena doloris:
multarum miseras exiget una vices. 10
haec tibi vulgaris istos compescet amores,
nec nova quaerendo semper amicus eris.
haec non sum rumore malo, non augure doctus;
vidi ego: me quaeso teste negare potes?
vidi ego te toto vinctum languescere collo 15
et flere iniectis, Galle, diu manibus,
et cupere optatis animam deponere labris,
et quae deinde meus celat, amice, pudor.
non ego complexus potui diducere vestros:
tantus erat demens inter utrosque furor. 20
non sic Haemonio Salmonida mixtus Enipeo
Taenarius facili pressit amore deus,
nec sic caelestem flagrans amor Herculis Heben
sensit ab Oetaeis gaudia prima rogis.
una dies omnis potuit praecurrere amantes: 25
nam tibi non tepidas subdidit illa faces,
nec tibi praeteritos passast succedere fastus,
nec sinet: addictum te tuus ardor aget.
nec mirum, cum sit Iove dignae proxima Ladae
et Ladae partu gratior, una tribus; 30
illa sit Inachiis et blandior heroinis,
illa suis verbis cogat amare Iovem.
tu vero quoniam semel es periturus amore,
utere: non alio limine dignus eras.
qui tibi sit felix, quoniam novus incidit, error; 35
et quotcumque voles, una sit ista tibi.

XIV

Tu licet abiectus Tiberina molliter unda
Lesbia Mentoreo vina bibas opere,
et modo tam celeris mireris currere lintres
et modo tam tardas funibus ire rates;
et nemus omne satas intendat vertice silvas, 5
urgetur quantis Caucasus arboribus;
non tamen ista meo valeant contendere amor:
nescit Amor magnis cedere divitiis.
nam sive optatam mecum trahit illa quietem,
seu facili totum ducit amore diem, 10
tum mihi Pactoli veniunt sub tecta liquores,
et legitur Rubris gemma sub aequoribus;
tum mihi cessuros spondent mea gaudia reges:
quae maneant, dum me fata perire volent!
nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet Amore? 15
nulla mihi tristi praemia sint Venere!
illa potest magnas heroum infringere vires,
illa etiam duris mentibus esse dolor:
illa neque Arabium metuit transcendere limen
nec timet ostrino, Tulle, subire toro, 20
et miserum toto iuvenem versare cubili:
quid relevant variis serica textilibus?
quae mihi dum placata aderit, non ulla verebor
regna vel Alcinoi munera despicere.

Saepe ego multa tuae levitatis dura timebam,
 hac tamen excepta, Cynthia, perfidia.
 aspice me quanto rapiat fortuna periclo!
 tu tamen in nostro lenta timore venis;
 et potes hesternos manibus componere crines 5
 et longa faciem quaerere desidia,
 nec minus Eois pectus variare lapillis,
 ut formosa novo quae parat ire viro.
 at non sic Ithaci digressu mota Calypso
 desertis olim fleverat aequoribus: 10
 multos illa dies incomptis maesta capillis
 sederat, iniusto multa locuta salo,
 et quamvis numquam post haec visura, dolebat
 illa tamen, longae conscia laetitiae.
 nec sic Aesoniden rapientibus anxia ventis 17
 Hypsipyle vacuo constitit in thalamo:
 Hypsipyle nullos post illos sensit amores,
 ut semel Haemonio tabuit hospitio. 20
 coniugis Euadne miseros elata per ignes
 occidit, Argivae fama pudicitiae.
 Alphisiboea suos ultast pro coniuge fratres, 15
 sanguinis et cari vincula rupit amor.
 quarum nulla tuos potuit convertere mores, 23
 tu quoque uti fieres nobilis historia.
 desine iam revocare tuis periuria verbis,
 Cynthia, et oblitos parce movere deos;
 audax ah nimium, nostro dolitura periclo,
 si quid forte tibi durius inciderit!
 alta prius retro labentur flumina ponto,
 annus et inversas duxerit ante vices, 30
 quam tua sub nostro mutetur pectore cura:
 sis quodcumque voles, non aliena tamen.
 tam tibi ne viles isti videantur ocelli,
 per quos saepe mihi credita perfidiast!
 hos tu iurabas, si quid mentita fuisses, 35
 ut tibi suppositis exciderent manibus:
 et contra magnum potes hos attollere Solem,
 nec tremis admissae conscia nequitiae?
 quis te cogeat multos pallere colores
 et fletum invitis ducere luminibus? 40
 quis ego nunc pereo, similis moniturus amantes

non ullis tutum credere blanditiis.

XVI

Quae fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis,
ianua Patriciae vota Pudicitiae,
cuius inaurati celebrarunt limina currus,
captorum lacrimis umida supplicibus,
nunc ego, nocturnis potorum saucia rixis, 5
pulsata indignis saepe queror manibus,
et mihi non desunt turpes pendere corollae
semper et exclusi signa iacere faces.
nec possum infamis dominae defendere voces,
nobilis obscenis tradita carminibus; 10
nec tamen illa suae revocatur parcere famae,
turpior et saeculi vivere luxuria.
has inter gravius cogor deflere querelas,
supplicis a longis tristior excubiis.
ille meos numquam patitur requiescere postes, 15
arguta referens carmina blanditia:
'ianua vel domina penitus crudelior ipsa,
quid mihi tam duris clausa taces foribus?
cur numquam reserata meos admittis amores,
nescia furtivas reddere mota preces? 20
nullane finis erit nostro concessa dolori,
turpis et in tepido limine somnus erit?
me mediae noctes, me sidera prona iacentem,
frigidaque Eoo me dolet aura gelu.
o utinam traiecta cava mea vocula rima 27
percussas dominae vertat in auriculas!
sit licet et saxo patientior illa Sicano,
sit licet et ferro durior et chalybe, 30
non tamen illa suos poterit compescere ocellos,
surget et invitis spiritus in lacrimis.
nunc iacet alterius felici nixa lacerto,
at mea nocturno verba cadunt Zephyro.
sed tu sola mei, tu maxima causa doloris, 35
victa meis numquam, ianua, muneribus,
tu sola humanos numquam miserata dolores 25
respondes tacitis mutua cardinibus.
te non ulla meae laesit petulantia linguae; 37
quae solet irato dicere tanta ioco,
ut me tam longa raucum patiari querela
sollicitas trivio pervigilare moras? 40
at tibi saepe novo deduxi carmina versu,

osculaue innixus pressa dedi gradibus.
ante tuos quotiens verti me, perfida, postes,
debitaque occultis vota tuli manibus!’
haec ille et si quae miseri novistis amantes, 45
et matutinis obstrepat alitibus.
sic ego nunc dominae vitiis et semper amantis
fletibus alterna differor invidia.

XVII

Et merito, quoniam potui fugisse puellam,
nunc ego desertas alloquor alcyonas.
nec mihi Cassiope salvo visura carinam,
omniaque ingrato litore vota cadunt.
quin etiam absenti prosunt tibi, Cynthia, venti: 5
aspice, quam saevas increpat aura minas.
nullane placatae veniet fortuna procellae?
haecine parva meum funus harena teget?
tu tamen in melius saevas converte querelas:
sat tibi sit poenae nox et iniqua vada. 10
an poteris siccis mea fata reposcere ocellis,
ossaque nulla tuo nostra tenere sinu?
ah pereat, quicumque rates et vela paravit
primus et invito gurgite fecit iter!
nonne fuit levius dominae pervincere mores 15
(quamvis dura, tamen rara puella fuit),
quam sic ignotis circumdata litora silvis
cernere et optatos quaerere Tyndaridas?
illic si qua meum sepelissent fata dolorem,
ultimus et posito staret amore lapis, 20
illa meo caros donasset funere crines,
molliter et tenera poneret ossa rosa;
illa meum extremo clamasset pulvere nomen,
ut mihi non ullo pondere terra foret.
at vos, aequoreae formosa Doride natae, 25
candida felici solvite vela choro:
si quando vestras labens Amor attigit undas,
mansuetis socio parcite litoribus.

XVIII

Haec certe deserta loca et taciturna querenti,
et vacuum Zephyri possidet aura nemus.
hic licet occultos proferre impune dolores,
si modo sola queant saxa tenere fidem.
unde tuos primum repetam, mea Cynthia, fastus? 5
quod mihi das flendi, Cynthia, principium?
qui modo felicitis inter numerabar amantes,
nunc in amore tuo cogor habere notam.
quid tantum merui? quae te mihi crimina mutant?
an nova tristitiae causa puella tuae? 10
sic mihi te referas, levis, ut non altera nostro
limine formosos intulit ulla pedes.
quamvis multa tibi dolor hic meus aspera debet,
non ita saeva tamen venerit ira mea,
ut tibi sim merito semper furor, et tua flendo 15
lumina deiectis turpia sint lacrimis.
an quia parva damus mutato signa colore,
et non ulla meo clamat in ore fides?
vos eritis testes, si quos habet arbor amores,
fagus et Arcadio pinus amica deo. 20
ah quotiens vestras resonant mea verba sub umbras,
scribitur et teneris Cynthia corticibus!
ah tua quot peperit nobis iniuria curas,
quae solum tacitis cognita sunt foribus!
omnia consuevi timidus perferre superbae 25
iussa neque arguto facta dolore queri.
pro quo continui montes et frigida rupes
et datur inculto tramite dura quies;
et quodcumque meae possunt narrare querelae,
cogor ad argutas dicere solus aves. 30
sed qualiscumque's, resonent mihi 'Cynthia' silvae,
nec deserta tuo nomine saxa vacent.

XIX

Non ego nunc tristis vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes,
nec moror extremo debita fata rogo;
sed ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,
hic timor est ipsis durior exsequiis.
non adeo leviter nostris puer haesit ocellis, 5
ut meus oblito pulvis amore vacet.
illic Phylacides iucundae coniugis heros
non potuit caecis immemor esse locis,
sed cupidus falsis attingere gaudia palmis
Thessalis antiquam venerat umbra domum. 10
illic quidquid ero, semper tua dicar imago:
traicit et fati litora magnus amor.
illic formosae veniant chorus heroinae,
quas dedit Argivis Dardana praeda viris:
quarum nulla tua fuerit mihi, Cynthia, forma 15
gratior et (Tellus hoc ita iusta sinat)
quamvis te longae remorentur fata senectae,
cara tamen lacrimis ossa futura meis.
quae tu viva mea possis sentire favilla!
tum mihi non ullo mors sit amara loco. 20
quam vereor, ne te contempto, Cynthia, busto
abstrahat a nostro pulvere iniquus Amor,
cogat et invitam lacrimas siccare cadentis!
flectitur assiduis certa puella minis.
quare, dum licet, inter nos laetemur amantes: 25
non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

Hoc pro continuo te, Galle, monemus amore,
 quod tibi ne vacuo defluat ex animo:
 saepe imprudenti fortuna occurrit amanti:
 crudelis Minyis sic erat Ascanius.
 est tibi non infra specie, non nomine dispar, 5
 Theiodamanteo proximus ardor Hylae:
 huic tu, sive leges Umbrae rate flumina silvae,
 sive Aniena tuos tinxerit unda pedes,
 sive Gigantei spatiabere litoris ora,
 sive ubicumque vago fluminis hospitio, 10
 Nympharum semper cupidus defende rapinas
 (non minor Ausoniis est amor Adryasin);
 ne tibi sit duros montes et frigida saxa,
 Galle, neque expertos semper adire lacus.
 quae miser ignotis error perpessus in oris 15
 Herculis indomito fleverat Ascanio.
 namque ferunt olim Pagasae navalibus Argo
 egressam longe Phasidos isse viam,
 et iam praeteritis labentem Athamantidos undis
 Mysorum scopulis applicuisse ratem. 20
 hic manus heroum, placidis ut constitit oris,
 mollia composita litora fronde tegit.
 at comes invicti iuvenis processerat ultra
 raram sepositi quaerere fontis aquam.
 hunc duo sectati fratres, Aquilonia proles 25
 (nunc superat Zetes, nunc superat Calais),
 oscula suspensis instabant carpere plantis,
 oscula et alterna ferre supina fuga.
 ille sed extrema pendentes ludit in ala
 et volucris ramo summovet insidias. 30
 iam Pandioniae cessit genus Orithyiae:
 ah dolor! ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin.
 hic erat Arganthi Pege sub vertice montis,
 grata domus Nymphis umida Thyniasin,
 quam supra nulli pendebant debita curae 35
 roscida desertis poma sub arboribus,
 et circum irriguo surgebant lilia prato
 candida purpureis mixta papaveribus.
 quae modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui
 proposito florem praetulit officio, 40
 et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis

errorem blandis tardat imaginibus.
tandem haurire parat demissis flumina palmis
innixus dextro plena trahens umero.
cuius ut accensae Dryades candore puellae 45
miratae solitos destituere choros
prolapsum et leviter facili traxere liquore,
tum sonitum rapto corpore fecit Hylas.
cui procul Alcides ter 'Hyla!' respondet: at illi
nomen ab extremis montibus aura refert. 50
his, o Galle, tuos monitus servabis amores,
formosum ni vis perdere rursus Hylan.

XXI

Tu, qui consortem properas evadere casum,
miles ab Etruscis saucius aggeribus,
quid nostro gemitu turgentia lumina torques?
pars ego sum vestrae proxima militiae.
sic te servato possint gaudere parentes, 5
haec soror acta tuis sentiat e lacrimis:
Gallum per medios ereptum Caesaris enses
effugere ignotas non potuisse manus;
et quaecumque super dispersa invenerit ossa
montibus Etruscis, haec sciat esse mea.

XXII

Qualis et unde genus, qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates,
quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.
si Perusina tibi patriae sunt nota sepulcra,
Italiae duris funera temporibus,
cum Romana suos egit discordia cives — s
sic mihi praecipue, pulvis Etrusca, dolor,
tu proiecta mei perpressa's membra propinqui,
tu nullo miseri contegis ossa solo —
proxima suppositos contingens Umbria campos
me genuit terris fertilis uberibus.

LIBER SECVNDVS

I

QVAERITIS, unde mihi totiens scribantur amores,
unde meus veniat mollis in ore liber.
non haec Calliope, non haec mihi cantat Apollo.
ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.
sive illam Cois fulgentem incedere cogis,
hac totum e Coa veste volumen erit;
seu vidi ad frontem sparsos errare capillos,
gaudet laudatis ire superba comis;
sive lyrae carmen digitis percussit eburnis,
miramur, facilis ut premat arte manus;
seu cum poscentis somnum declinat ocellos,
invenio causas mille poeta novas;
seu nuda erepto mecum luctatur amictu,
tum vero longas condimus Iliadas;
seu quidquid fecit sive est quodcumque locuta,
maxima de nihilo nascitur historia.
quod mihi si tantum, Maecenas, fata dedissent,
ut possem heroas ducere in arma manus,
non ego Titanas canerem, non Ossan Olympo
impositam, ut caeli Pelion esset iter,
nec veteres Thebas, nec Pergama nomen Homeri,
Xerxis et imperio bina coisse vada,
regnave prima Remi aut animos Carthaginis altae,
Cimbrorumque minas et bene facta Mari:
bellaque resque tui memorarem Caesaris, et tu
Caesare sub magno cura secunda fores.
nam quotiens Mutinam aut civilia busta Philippos
aut canerem Siculae classica bella fugae,
eversosque focos antiquae gentis Etruscae,
et Ptolomaei litora capta Phari,
aut canerem Aegyptum et Nilum, cum attractus in urbem
septem captivis debilis ibat aquis,
aut regum auratis circumdata colla catenis,
Actiaque in Sacra currere rostra Via;
te mea Musa illis semper contexeret armis,
et sumpta et posita pace fidele caput:
Theseus infernis, superis testatur Achilles,
hic Ixioniden, ille Menoetiaden.

* * * * *

sed neque Phlegraeos Iovis Enceladique tumultus

intonet angusto pectore Callimachus,
nec mea conveniunt duro praecordia versu
Caesaris in Phrygios condere nomen avos.
navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
enumerat miles vulnera, pastor ovis;
nos contra angusto versantes proelia lecto:
qua pote quisque, in ea conterat arte diem.
laus in amore mori: laus altera, si datur uno
posse frui: fruar o solus amore meo!
si memini, solet illa levis culpare puellas,
et totam ex Helena non probat Iliada.
seu mihi sunt tangenda novercae pocula Phaedrae,
pocula privigno non nocitura suo,
seu mihi Circaeο pereundum est gramine, sive
Colchis Iolciacis urat aena focus,
una meos quoniam praedata est femina sensus,
ex hac ducentur funera nostra domo.
omnis humanos sanat medicina dolores:
solus amor morbi non amat artificem.
tarda Philoctetae sanavit crura Machaon,
Phoenicis Chiron lumina Philyrides,
et deus exstinctum Cressis Epidaurius herbis
restituit patriis Androgeona focus,
Mysus et Haemonia iuvenis qua cuspide vulnus
senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.
hoc si quis vitium poterit mihi demere, solus
Tantalea poterit tradere poma manu;
dolia virgineis idem ille repleverit urnis,
ne tenera assidua colla graventur aqua;
idem Caucasia solvet de rupe Promethei
braccia et a medio pectore pellet avem.
quandocumque igitur vitam mea fata reposcent,
et breve in exiguo marmore nomen ero,
Maecenas, nostrae spes invidiosa iuventae,
et vitae et morti gloria iusta meae,
si te forte meo ducet via proxima busto,
esseda caelatis siste Britanna iugis,
talique illacrimans mutae iace verba favillae:
‘Huic misero fatum dura puella fuit.’

II

LIBER eram et vacuo meditabar vivere lecto;
at me composita pace fefellit Amor.
cur haec in terris facies humana moratur?
Iuppiter, ignosco pristina furta tua.
fulva coma est longaeque manus, et maxima toto
corpore, et incedit vel Iove digna soror,
aut cum Dulichias Pallas spatiatur ad aras,
Gorgonis anguiferae pectus operta comis;
qualis et Ischomache Lapithae genus heroine,
Centauris medio grata rapina mero;
Mercurio satis fertur Boebeidos undis
virgineum Brimo composuisse latus.
cedite iam, divae, quas pastor viderat olim
Idaeis tunicas ponere verticibus!
hanc utinam faciem nolit mutare senectus,
etsi Cumaeae saecula vatis aget!

III

‘Qvi nullum tibi dicebas iam posse nocere,
haesisti, cecidit spiritus ille tuus!
vix unum potes, infelix, requiescere mensem,
et turpis de te iam liber alter erit.’
quaerebam, sicca si posset piscis harena
nec solitus ponto vivere torvus aper;
aut ego si possem studiis vigilare severis:
differtur, numquam tollitur ullus amor.
nec me tam facies, quamvis sit candida, cepit
(lilia non domina sint magis alba mea;
ut Maeotica nix minio si certet Hiberno,
utque rosae puro lacte natant folia),
nec de more comae per levia colla fluentes,
non oculi, geminae, sidera nostra, faces,
nec si qua Arabio lucet bombyce puella
(non sum de nihilo blandus amator ego):
quantum quod posito formose saltat Iaccho,
egit ut euhantis dux Ariadna choros,
et quantum, Aeolio cum temptat carmina plectro,
par Aganippeae ludere docta lyrae;
et sua cum antiquae committit scripta Corinnae,
carmina quae quivis non putat aequa suis.
num tibi nascenti primis, mea vita, diebus
candidus argutum sternuit omen Amor?
haec tibi contulerunt caelestia munera divi,
haec tibi ne matrem forte dedisse putes.
non non humani partus sunt talia dona:
ista decem menses non peperere bona.
gloria Romanis una es tu nata puellis:
Romana accumbes prima puella Iovi,
nec semper nobiscum humana cubilia vises;
post Helenam haec terris forma secunda redit.
hac ego nunc mirer si flagret nostra iuventus?
pulchrius hac fuerat, Troia, perire tibi.
olim mirabar, quod tanti ad Pergama belli
Europae atque Asiae causa puella fuit:
nunc, Pari, tu sapiens et tu, Menelae, fuisti,
tu quia poscebas, tu quia lentus eras.
digna quidem facies, pro qua vel obiret Achilles;
vel Priamo belli causa probanda fuit.
si quis vult fama tabulas anteire vetustas,

hic dominam exemplo ponat in arte meam:
sive illam Hesperiiis, sive illam ostendet Eois,
uret et Eoos, uret et Hesperios.
his saltem ut teneat iam finibus! aut mihi, si quis,
acrior, ut moriar, venerit alter amor!
ac veluti primo taurus detractat aratra,
post venit assueto mollis ad arva iugo,
sic primo iuvenes trepidant in amore feroces,
dehinc domiti post haec aequa et iniqua ferunt.
turpia perpessus vates est vincla Melampus,
cognitus Iphicli surripuisse boves;
quem non lucra, magis Pero formosa coegit,
mox Amythaonia nupta futura domo.

IV

MVLTA prius dominae delicta queraris oportet,
saepe roges aliquid, saepe repulsus eas,
et saepe immeritos corrumpas dentibus unguis,
et crepitum dubio suscitet ira pede!
nequiquam perfusa meis unguenta capillis,
ibat et expenso planta morata gradu.
non hic herba valet, non hic nocturna Cytæis,
non Perimedæae gramina cocta manus;
nam cui non ego sum fallaci præmia vati?
quæ mea non decies somnia versat anus?
quippe ubi nec causas nec apertos cernimus ictus,
unde tamen veniant tot mala caeca via est;
non eget hic medicis, non lectis mollibus aeger,
huic nullum caeli tempus et aura nocet;
ambulat et subito mirantur funus amici!
sic est incautum, quidquid habetur amor.
hostis si quis erit nobis, amet ille puellas:
gaudeat in puero, si quis amicus erit.
tranquillo tuta descendis flumine cumba:
quid tibi tam parvi litoris unda nocet?
alter saepe uno mutat præcordia Verbo,
altera vix ipso sanguine mollis erit.

V

Hoc verum est, tota te ferri, Cynthia, Roma,
et non ignota vivere nequitia?
haec merui sperare? dabis mihi, perfida, poenas;
et nobis aliquo, Cynthia, ventus erit.
inveniam tamen e multis fallacibus unam,
quae fieri nostro carmine nota velit,
nec mihi tam duris insultet moribus et te
vellicet: heu sero flebis amata diu.
nunc est ira recens, nunc est discedere tempus:
si dolor afuerit, crede, redibit amor.
non ita Carpathiae variant Aquilonibus undae,
nec dubio nubes vertitur atra Noto,
quam facile irati verbo mutantur amantes:
dum licet, iniusto subtrahe colla iugo.
nec tu non aliquid, sed prima nocte, dolebis;
omne in amore malum, si patiare, leve est.
at tu per dominae Iunonis dulcia iura
parce tuis animis, vita, nocere tibi.
non solum taurus ferit uncis cornibus hostem,
verum etiam instanti laesa repugnat ovis.
nec tibi periuro scindam de corpore vestis,
nec mea praeclusas fregerit ira fores,
nec tibi conexos iratus carpere crinis,
nec duris ausim laedere pollicibus:
rusticus haec aliquis tam turpia proelia quaerat,
cuius non hederæ circuire caput.
scribam igitur, quod non umquam tua deleat aetas,
‘Cynthia, forma potens; Cynthia, verba levis.’
crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famae,
hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit.

VI

NON ita complebant Ephyraeae Laidos aedis,
ad cuius iacuit Graecia toea fores;
turba Menandreae fuerat nec Thaidos olim
tanta, in qua populus lusit Erichthonius;
nec quae deletas potuit cormponere Thebas,
Phryne tam multis facta beata viris.
quin etiam falsos fingis tibi saepe propinquos,
oscula nec desunt qui tibi iure ferant.
me iuvenum pictae facies, me nomina laedunt,
me tener in cunis et sine voce puer;
me laedet, si multa tibi dabit oscula mater,
me soror et cum quae dormit amica simul:
omnia me laedent: timidus sum (ignosce timori)
et miser in tunica suspicor esse virum.
his olim, ut fama est, vitiis ad proelia ventum est,
his Troiana vides funera principii;
aspera Centauros eadem dementia iussit
frangere in adversum pocula Pirithoum.
cur exempla petam Graium? tu criminis auctor
nutritus duro, Romule, lacte lupae:
tu rapere intactas docuisti impune Sabinas:
per te nunc Romae quidlibet audet Amor.
felix Admeti coniunx et lectus Vlixis,
et quaecumque viri femina limen amat!
templa Pudicitiae quid opus statuisset puellis,
si cuivis nuptae quidlibet esse licet?
quae manus obscenas depinxit prima tabellas
et posuit casta turpia visa domo,
illa puellarum ingenuos corripit ocellos
nequitiaeque suae noluit esse rudis.
a gemat, in terris, ista qui protulit arte
turpia sub tacita condita laetitia!
non istis olim variabant tecta figuris:
tum paries nullo crimine pictus erat.
sed non immerito! velavit aranea fanum
et mala desertos occupat herba deos.
quos igitur tibi custodes, quae limina ponam,
quae numquam supra pes inimicus eat?
nam nihil invitae tristis custodia prodest:
quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta sat est.
nos uxor numquam, numquam seducet amica:

semper amica mihi, semper et uxor eris.

VII

GAVISA est certe sublatam Cynthia legem,
qua quondam edicta flemus uterque diu,
ni nos divideret: quamvis diducere amantis
non queat invitos Iuppiter ipse duos.
'At magnus Caesar.' sed magnus Caesar in armis:
devictae gentes nil in amore valent.
nam citius paterer caput hoc discedere collo
quam possem nuptae perdere more faces,
aut ego transirem tua limina clausa maritus,
respiciens udis prodita luminibus.
a mea tum qualis caneret tibi tibia somnos,
tibia, funesta tristior illa tuba!
unde mihi Parthis natos praebere triumphis?
nullus de nostro sanguine miles erit.
quod si vera meae comitarent castra puellae,
non mihi sat magnus Castoris iret equus.
hinc etenim tantum meruit mea gloria nomen,
gloria ad hibernos lata Borysthenidas.
tu mihi sola places: placeam tibi, Cynthia, solus:
hic erit et patrio nomine pluris amor.

VIII

ERIPITVR nobis iam pridem cara puella:

et tu me lacrimas fundere, amice, vetas?

nullae sunt inimicitiae nisi amoris acerbae:

ipsum me iugula, lenior hostis ero.

possum ego in alterius positam spectare lacerto?

nec mea dicetur, quae modo dicta mea est?

omnia vertuntur: certe vertuntur amores:

vinceris aut vincis, haec in amore rota est.

magni saepe duces, magni cecidere tyranni,

et Thebae steterant altaque Troia fuit.

munera quanta dedi vel qualia carmina feci!

illa tamen numquam ferrea dixit 'Amo.'

ergo iam multos nimium temerarius annos,

improba, qui tulerim teque tuamque domum?

ecquandone tibi liber sum visus? an usque

in nostrum iacies verba superba caput?

sic igitur prima moriere aetate, Properti?

sed morere; interitu gaudeat illa tuo!

exagitet nostros Manis, sectetur et umbras,

insultetque rogis, calcet et ossa mea!

quid? non Antigonae tumulo Boeotius Haemon

corrui ipse suo saucius ense latus,

et sua cum miserae permiscuit ossa puellae,

qua sine Thebanam noluit ire domum?

sed non effugies: mecum moriaris oportet;

hoc eodem ferro stillet uterque cruor.

quamvis ista mihi mors est inhonesta futura:

mors inhonesta quidem, tu moriere tamen.

ille etiam abrepta desertus coniuge Achilles

cessare in tectis pertulit arma sua.

viderat ille fuga, stratos in litore Achivos,

fervere et Hectorea Dorica castra face;

viderat informem multa Patroclon harena

porrectum et sparsas caede iacere comas,

omnia formosam propter Briseida passus:

tantus in erepto saevit amore dolor.

at postquam sera captiva est reddita poena,

fortem illum Haemoniis Hectora traxit equis.

inferior multo cum sim vel matre vel armis,

mirum, si de me iure triumphat Amor?

IX

ISTE quod est, ego saepe fui: sed fors et in hora
hoc ipso eiecto carior alter erit.
Penelope poterat bis denos salva per annos
vivere, tam multis femina digna procis;
coniugium falsa poterat differre Minerva,
nocturno solvens texta diurna dolo;
visura et quamvis numquam speraret Vlixem,
illum exspectando facta remansit anus.
nec non exanimem amplexens Briseis Achillem
candida vesana verberat ora manu;
et dominum lavit maerens captiva cruentum,
propositum flavis in Simoenta vadis,
foedavitque comas, et tanti corpus Achilli
maximaque in parva sustulit ossa manu;
cum tibi nec Peleus aderat nec caerula mater,
Scyria nec viduo Deidamia toro.
tunc igitur veris gaudebat Graecia nuptis,
tunc etiam felix inter et arma pudor.
at tu non una potuisti nocte vacare,
impia, non unum sola manere diem!
quin etiam multo duxistis pocula risu:
forsitan et de me verba fuere mala.
hic etiam petitur, qui te prius ante reliquit:
di faciant, isto capta fruaré viro!
haec mihi vota tuam propter suscepta salutem,
cum capite hoc Stygiae iam poterentur aquae,
et lectum flentes circum staremus amici?
hic ubi tum, pro di, perfida, quisve fuit?
quid si longinquos retinerer miles ad Indos,
aut mea si staret navis in Oceano?
sed vobis facile est verba et componere fraudes:
hoc unum didicit femina semper opus.
non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtes,
nec folia hiberno tam tremefacta Noto,
quam cito feminea non constat foedus in ira,
sive ea causa gravis sive ea causa levis.
nunc, quoniam ista tibi placuit sententia, cedam:
tela, precor, pueri, promite acuta magis,
figite certantes atque hanc mihi solvite vitam!
sanguis erit vobis maxima palma meus.
sidera sunt testes et matutina pruina

et furtim misero ianua aperta mihi,
te nihil in vita nobis acceptius umquam:
nunc quoque erit, quamvis sis inimica, nihil.
nec domina ulla meo ponet vestigia lecto:
solus ero, quoniam non licet esse tuum.
atque utinam, si forte pios eduximus annos,
ille vir in medio fiat amore lapis!

* * * * *

non ob regna magis diris cecidere sub armis
Thebani media non sine matre duces,
quam, mihi si media liceat pugnare puella,
mortem ego non fugiam morte subire tua.

X

SED tempus lustrare aliis Heliconae choreis,
et campum Haemonio iam dare tempus equo.
iam libet et fortis memorare ad proelia turmas
et Romana mei dicere castra ducis.
quod si deficient vires, audacia certe
laus erit: in magnis et voluisse sat est.
aetas prima canat Veneres, extrema tumultus:
bella canam, quando scripta puella mea est.
nunc volo subducto gravior procedere vultu,
nunc aliam citharam me mea Musa docet.
surge, anima, ex humili; iam, carmine, sumite vires;
Pierides, magni nunc erit oris opus.
iam negat Euphrates equitem post terga tueri
Parthorum et Crassos se tenuisse dolet:
India quin, Auguste, tuo dat colla triumpho,
et domus intactae te tremit Arabiae;
et si qua extremis tellus se subtrahit oris,
sentiat illa tuas postmodo capta manus!
haec ego castra sequar; vates tua castra canendo
magnus ero: servent hunc mihi fata diem!
at caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis,
ponitur hac imos ante corona pedes;
sic nos nunc, inopes laudis conscendere carmen,
pauperibus sacris vilia tura damus.
nondum etiam Ascræos norunt mea carmina fontis,
sed modo Permessi flumine lavit Amor.

XI

SCRIBANT de te alii vel sis ignota licebit:
 laudet, qui sterili semina ponit humo.
omnia, crede mihi, tecum uno munera lecto
 auferet extremi funeris atra dies;
et tua transibit contemnens ossa viator,
 nec dicet ‘Cinis hic docta puella fuit.’

XII

QVICVMQVE ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
is primum vidit sine sensu vivere amantis,
et levibus curis magna perire bona.
idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
fecit et humano corde volare deum:
scilicet alterna quoniam iactamur in unda,
nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis.
et merito hamatis manus est armata sagittis,
et pharetra ex umero Cnosia utroque iacet:
ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hostem,
nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.
in me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago:
sed certe pennas perdidit ille suas;
evolat heu nostro quoniam de pectore nusquam,
assiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.
quid tibi iucundum est siccis habitare medullis?
si pudor est, alio traice tela una!
intactos isto satius temptare veneno:
non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.
quam si perdideris, quis erit qui talia cantet,
(haec mea Musa levis gloria magna tua est),
qui caput et digitos et lumina nigra puellae,
et canat ut soleant molliter ire pedes?

XIII

NON tot Achaemeniis armantur etrusca sagittis
 spicula quot nostro pectore fixit Amor.
hic me tam gracilis vetuit contemnere Musas,
 iussit et Ascræum sic habitare nemus,
non ut Pieriae quercus mea verba sequantur,
 aut possim Ismaria ducere valle feras,
sed magis ut nostro stupefiat Cynthia versu:
 tunc ego sim Inachio notior arte Lino.
non ego sum formae tantum mirator honestae,
 nec si qua illustris femina iactat avos:
me iuvet in gremio doctae legisse puellae,
 auribus et puris scripta probasse mea.
haec ubi contigerint, populi confusa valeto
 fabula: nam domina iudice tutus ero.
quae si forte bonas ad pacem verterit auris,
 possum inimicitias tunc ego ferre Iovis.

XIIIb

QVANDOCVMQVE igitur nostros mors claudet ocellos,
accipe quae serves funeris acta mei.
nec mea tunc longa spatietur imagine pompa
nec tuba sit fati vana querela mei;
nec mihi tunc fulcro sternatur lectus eburno,
nec sit in Attalico mors mea nixa toro.
desit odoriferis ordo mihi lancibus, adsint
plebei parvae funeris exsequiae.
sat mea sat magna est, si tres sint pompa libelli,
quos ego Persephonae maxima dona feram.
tu vero nudum pectus lacerata sequeris,
nec fueris nomen lassa vocare meum,
osculaue in gelidis pones suprema labellis,
cum dabitur Syrio munere plenus onyx.
deinde, ubi suppositus cinerem me fecerit ardor
accipiat Manis parvula testa meos,
et sit in exiguo laurus super addita busto,
quae tegat exstincti funeris umbra locum,
et duo sint versus: QVI NVNC IACET HORRIDA PVLVIS,
VNIVS HIC QVONDAM SERVVS AMORIS ERAT.
nec minus haec nostri notescet fama sepulcri,
quam fuerant Pthii busta cruenta viri.
tu quoque si quando venies ad fata, memento,
hoc iter ad lapides cana veni memores.
interea cave sis nos aspernata sepultos:
non nihil ad verum conscia terra sapit.
atque utinam primis animam me ponere cunis
iussisset quaevis de Tribus una Soror!
nam quo tam dubiae servetur spiritus horae?
Nestoris est visus post tria saecula cinis:
cui si longaevae minuisset fata senectae
Gallicus Iliacis miles in aggeribus,
non ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humari,
diceret aut 'O mors, cur mihi sera venis?'
tu tamen amisso non numquam flebis amico:
fas est praeteritos semper amare viros.
testis, qui niveum quondam percussit Adonem
venantem Idalio vertice durus aper,
illis formosum iacuisse paludibus; illuc
diceris effusa tu, Venus, isse coma.
sed frustra mutos revocabis, Cynthia, Manis:

nam mea qui poterunt ossa minuta loqui?

XIV

NON ita Dardanio gavisus Atrida triumpho est,
cum caderent magnae Laomedontis opes;
nec sic errore exacto laetatus Vlixes,
cum tetigit carae litora Dulichiae;
nec sic Electra, salvum cum aspexit Oresten,
cuius falsa tenens fleverat ossa soror;
nec sic incolumem Minois Thesea vidit,
Daedalinm lino cum duce rexit iter;
quanta ego praeterita collegi gaudia nocte:
immortalis ero, si altera talis erit.
at dum demissis supplex cervicibus ibam,
dicebar sicco vilior esse lacu.
nec mihi iam fastus opponere quaerit iniquos,
nec mihi ploranti lenta sedere potest.
atque utinam non tam sero mihi nota fuisset
condicio! cineri nunc medicina datur.
alltc pedes caecis lucebat semita nobis:
scilicet insano nemo in amore videt.
hoc sensi prodesse magis: contemnite, amantes!
sic hodie veniet, si qua negavit heri.
pulsabant alii frustra dominamque vocabant:
mecum habuit positum lenta puella caput.
haec mihi devictis potior victoria Parthis,
haec spolia, haec reges, haec mihi currus erunt.
magna ego dona tua figam, Cytherea, columna,
taleque sub nostro nomine carmen erit:
HAS PONO ANTE TVAS TIBI, DIVA, PROPERTIVS AEDIS
EXVVIAS, TOTA NOCTE RECEPTVS AMANS.
nunc a te, mea lux, veniet mea litore navis
servato, an mediis sidat onusta vadis.
quod si forte aliqua nobis mutabere culpa,
vestibulum iaceam mortuus ante tuum!

O me felicem! o nox mihi candida! et o tu
lectule deliciis facte beate meis!
quam multa apposita narramus verba lucerna,
quantaque sublato lumine rixa fuit!
nam modo nudatis mecum est luctata papillis,
interdum tunica duxit operta moram.
illa meos somno lapsos patefecit ocellos
ore suo et dixit 'Sicine, lente, iaces?'
quam vario amplexu mutamus braccia! quantum
oscula sunt labris nostra morata tuis!
non iuvat in caeco Venerem corrumpere motu:
si nescis, oculi sunt in amore duces.
ipse Paris nuda fertur periisse Lacaena,
cum Menelaeourgeret e thalamo;
nudus et Endymion Phoebi cepisse sororem
dicitur et nudae concubuisse deae.
quod si pertendens animo vestita cubaris,
scissa veste meas experiere manus:
quin etiam, si me ulterius provexerit ira,
ostendes matri braccia laesa tuae.
necdum inclinatae prohibent te ludere mammae:
viderit haec, si quam iam peperisse pudet.
dum nos fata sinunt, oculos satiemus amore:
nox tibi longa venit, nec reditura dies.
atque utinam haerentis sic nos vincire catena
velles, ut numquam solveret ulla dies!
exemplo iunctae tibi sint in amore columbae,
masculus et totum femina coniugium.
errat, qui finem vesani quaerit amoris:
verus amor nullum novit habere modum.
terra prius falso partu deludet arantis,
et citius nigros Sol agitabit equos,
fluminaque ad caput incipient revocare liquores,
aridus et sicco gurgite piscis erit,
quam possim nostros alio transferre dolores:
huius ero vivus, mortuus huius ero.
quod mihi secum talis concedere noctes
illa velit, vitae longus et annus erit.
si dabit haec multas, fiam immortalis in illis:
nocte una quivis vel deus esse potest.
qualem si cuncti cuperent decurrere vitam

et pressi multo membra iacere mero,
non ferrum crudele neque esset bellica navis,
nec nostra Actiacum verteret ossa mare,
nec totiens propriis circum oppugnata triumphis
lassa foret crinis solere Roma suos.
haec certe merito poterunt laudare minores:
laeserunt nullos pocula nostra deos.
tu modo, dum lucet, fructum ne desere vitae!
omnia si dederis oscula, pauca dabis.
ac veluti folia arentis liquere corollas,
quae passim calathis strata natare vides,
sic nobis, qui nunc magnum spiramus amantes,
forsitan includet crastina fata dies.

XVI

PRAETOR ab Illyricis venit modo, Cynthia, terris,
 maxima praeda tibi, maxima cura mihi.
non potuit saxo vitam posuisse Cerauno?
 a, Neptune, tibi qualia dona darem!
nunc sine me plena fiunt convivia mensa,
 nunc sine me tota ianua nocte patet.
quare, si sapis, oblatas ne desere messis
 et stolidum pleno vellere carpe pecus;
deinde, ubi consumpto restabit munere pauper,
 dic alias iterum naviget Illyrias!
Cynthia non sequitur fascis nec curat honores,
 semper amatorum ponderat una sinus.
at tu nunc nostro, Venus, o succurre dolori,
 rumpat ut assiduis membra libidinibus!
ergo muneribus quivis mercatur amorem?
 Iuppiter, indigna mercede puella perit.
semper in Oceanum mittit me quaerere gemmas,
 et iubet ex ipsa tollere dona Tyro.
atque utinam Romae nemo esset dives, et ipse
 straminea posset dux habitare casa!
numquam Venales essent ad munus amicae,
 atque una fieret cana puella domo;
numquam septenas noctes seiuncta cubares,
 candida tam foedo bracchia fusa viro,
non quia peccarim (testor te), sed quia vulgo
 formosis levitas semper amica fuit.
barbarus exclusis agitat vestigia lumbis
 et subito felix nunc mea regna tenet!
aspice quid donis Eriphyla invenit amaris,
 arserit et quantis nupta Creusa malis.
nullane sedabit nostros iniuria fletus?
 an dolor hic vitiis nescit abesse tuis?
tot iam abiire dies, cum me nec cura theatri
 nec tetigit Campi, nec mea mensa iuvat.
at pudeat certe, pudeat! nisi forte, quod aiunt,
 turpis amor surdis auribus esse solet.
cerne ducem, modo qui fremitu complevit inani
 Actia damnatis aequora militibus:
hunc infamis arnor versis dare terga carinis
 iussit et extremo quaerere in orbe fugam.
Caesaris haec virtus et gloria Caesaris haec est:

illa, qua vicit, condidit arma manu.
sed quascumque tibi vestis, quoscumque smaragdos,
quosve dedit flavo lumine chrysolithos,
haec videam rapidas in vanum ferre procellas:
quae tibi terra, velim, quae tibi fiat aqua.
non semper placidus periuros ridet amantis
Iuppiter et surda neglegit aure preces.
vidistis toto sonitus percurrere caelo,
fulminaque aetheria desiluisse domo:
non haec Pleiades faciunt neque aquosus Orion,
nec sic de nihilo fulminis ira cadit;
periuras tunc ille solet punire puellas,
deceptus quoniam flevit et ipse deus.
quare ne tibi sit tanti Sidonia vestis,
ut timeas, quotiens nubilus Auster erit.

XVII

MENTIRI noctem, promissis ducere amantem,
hoc erit infectas sanguine habere manus!
horum ego sum vates, quotiens desertus amaras
explevi noctes, fractus utroque toro.
vel tu Tantalea moveare ad flumina sorte,
ut liquor arenti fallat ab ore sitim;
vel tu Sisyphios licet admirere labores,
difficile ut toto monte volutet onus;
durius in terris nihil est quod vivat amante,
nec, modo si sapias, quod minus esse velis.
quem modo felicem invidia admirante ferebant,
nunc decimo admittor vix ego quoque die.
nunc iacere e duro corpus iuvat, impia, saxo,
sumere et in nostras trita venena manus;
nec licet in triviis sicca requiescere luna,
aut per rimosas mittere verba fores.
quod quamvis ita sit, dominam mutare cavebo:
tum flebit, cum in me senserit esse fidem.

XVIIIa

ASSIDVAE multis odium peperere querelae:

frangitur in tacito femina saepe viro.

si quid vidisti, semper vidisse negato!

aut si quid doluit forte, dolere nega!

XVIIIb

quid mea si canis aetas candesceret annis,
et faceret scissas languida ruga genas?
at non Tithoni spernens Aurora senectam
desertum Eoa passa iacere domo est:
illum saepe suis decedens fovit in ulnis
quam prius adiunctos sedula lavit equos;
illum ad vicinos cum amplexa quiesceret Indos,
maturos iterum est questa redire dies;
illa deos currum conscendens dixit iniquos,
invitum et terris praestitit officium.
cui maiora senis Tithoni gaudia vivi,
quam gravis amisso Memnone luctus erat.
cum sene non puduit talem dormire puellam
et canae totiens oscula ferre comae.
at tu etiam iuvenem odisti me, perfida, cum sis
ipsa anus haud longa curva futura die.
quin ego deminuo curam, quod saepe Cupido
huic malus esse solet, cui bonus ante fuit.

XVIIIc

NUNC etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos,
ludis et externo tincta nitore caput?
ut natura dedit, sic omnis recta figura est:
turpis Romano Belgicus ore color.
illi sub terris fiant mala multa puellae,
quae mentita suas vertit inepta comas!
deme: mihi certe poteris formosa videri,
mi formosa sat es, si modo saepe venis.
an si caeruleo quaedam sua tempora fuco
tinxerit, idcirco caerulea forma bona est?
cum tibi nec frater nec sit tibi filius ullus,
frater ego et tibi sim filius unus ego.
ipse tuus semper tibi sit custodia lectus,
nec nimis ornata fronte sedere velis.
credam ego narranti, noli committere, famae:
et terram mmor transilit et maria.

XIX

ETSI me invito discedis, Cynthia, Roma,
laetor quod sine me devia rura coles.
nullus erit castis iuvenis corruptor in agris,
qui te blanditiis non sinat esse probam;
nulla neque ante tuas orietur rixa fenestras,
nec tibi clamatae somnus amarus erit.
sola eris et solos spectabis, Cynthia, montis
et pecus et finis pauperis agricolae.
illic te nulli poterunt corrumpere ludi,
fanaque peccatis plurima causa tuis.
illic assidue tauros spectabis arantis,
et vitem docta ponere falce comas;
atque ibi rara feres inculto tura sacello,
haedus ubi agrestis corruet ante focos;
protinus et nuda choreas imitabere sura;
omnia ab externo sint modo tuta viro.
ipse ego venabor: iam nunc me sacra Dianae
suscipere et Veneris ponere vota iuvat.
incipiam captare feras et reddere pinu
cornua et audaces ipse monere canis;
non tamen ut vastos ausim temptare leones
aut celer agrestis comminus ire sues.
haec igitur mihi sit lepores audacia mollis
excipere et structo figere avem calamo,
qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.
tu quotiens aliquid conabere, vita, memento
venturum paucis me tibi Luciferis.
hic me nec solae poterunt avertere silvae,
nec vaga muscosis flumina fusa iugis,
quin ego in assidua mutem tua nomina lingua:
absenti nemo non nocuisse velit.

QUID fles abducta gravius Briseide? quid fles
 anxia captiva tristius Andromacha?
 quidve mea de fraude deos, insana, fatigas?
 quid quereris nostram sic cecidisse fidem?
 non tam nocturna volucris funesta querela
 Attica Cecropiis obstrepit in foliis,
 nec tantum Niobe, bis sex ad busta superba,
 sollicito lacrimans defluit a Sipylo.
 me licet aeratis astringant bracchia nodis,
 sint tua vel Danaes condita membra domo,
 in te ego et aeratas rumpam, mea vita, catenas,
 ferratam Danaes transiliamque domum.
 de te quodcumque, ad surdas mihi dicitur auris:
 tu modo ne dubita de gravitate mea.
 ossa tibi iuro per matris et ossa parentis
 (si fallo, cinis heu sit mihi uterque gravis!)
 me tibi ad extremas mansurum, vita, tenebras:
 ambos una fides auferet, una dies.
 quod si nec nomen nec me tua forma teneret,
 posset servitium mite tenere tuum.
 septima iam plenae deducitur orbita lunae,
 cum de me et de te compita nulla tacent:
 interea nobis non numquam ianua mollis,
 non numquam lecti copia facta tui.
 nec mihi muneribus nox ulla est emptā beatīs:
 quidquid eram, hoc animi gratia magna tui.
 cum te tam multi peterent, tu me una petisti:
 possum ego naturae non meminisse tuae?
 tum me vel tragicae vexetis Erinyes, et me
 inferno damnes, Aeace, iudicio,
 atque inter Tityi volucris mea poena vagetur,
 tumque ego Sisyphio saxa labore geram!
 nec tu supplicibus me sis venerata tabellis:
 ultima talis erit quae mea prima fides.
 hoc mihi perpetuo ius est, quod solus amator
 nec cito desisto nec temere incipio.

XXI

A QVANTVM de me Panthi tibi pagina finxit,
tantum illi Pantho ne sit amica Venus!
sed tibi iam videor Dodona verior augur.
uxorem ille tuus pulcher amator habet!
tot noctes periere: nihil pudet? aspice, cantat
liber: tu nimium credula, sola iaces.
et nunc inter eos tu sermo es, te ille superbus
dicit se invito saepe fuisse domi.
dispeream, si quicquam aliud quam gloria de te
quaeritur: has laudes ille maritus habet.
Colchida sic hospes quondam decepit Iason:
iecta est (tenuit namque Creusa) domo.
sic a Dulichio iuvene est elusa Calypso:
vidit amatorem pandere vela suum.
a nimium faciles aurem praebere puellae,
discite desertae non temere esse bonae!
huic quoque, qui restat, iam pridem quaeritur alter
experta in primo, stulta, cavere potes.
nos quocumque loco, nos omni tempore tecum
sive aegra pariter sive valet sumus.

XXIIa

Scis here mi multas pariter placuisse puellas;
scis mihi, Demophoon, multa venire mala.
nulla meis frustra lustrantur compita plantis;
o nimis exitio nata theatra meo,
sive aliquis molli diducit candida gestu
bracchia, seu varios incinit ore modos!
interea nostri quaerunt sibi vulnus ocelli,
candida non tecto pectore si qua sedet,
sive vagi crines puris in frontibus errant,
Indica quos medio vertice gemma tenet.
quae si forte aliquid vultu mihi dura negarat,
frigida de tota fronte cadebat aqua.
quaeris, Demophoon, cur sim tam mollis in omnis?
quod quaeris, ‘quare’ non habet ullus amor.
cur aliquis sacris laniat sua bracchia cultris
et Phrygis insanos caeditur ad numeros?
uni cuique dedit vitium natura creato:
mi fortuna aliquid semper amare dedit.
me licet et Thamyrae cantoris fata sequantur,
numquam ad formosas, invide, caecus ero.
sed tibi si exilis videor tenuatus in artus,
falleris: haud umquam est culta labore Venus.
percontere licet: saepe est experta puella
officium tota nocte valere meum.
Iuppiter Alcmenae geminas requieverat Arctos,
et caelum noctu bis sine rege fuit;
nec tamen idcirco languens ad fulmina venit:
nullus amor vires eripit ipse suas.
quid? cum e complexu Briseidos iret Achilles,
num fugere minus Thessala tela Phryges?
quid? ferus Andromachae lecto cum surgeret Hector?
bella Mycenaee non timuere rates?
ille vel hic classis poterant vel perdere muros:
hic ego Pelides, hic ferus Hector ego.
aspice uti caelo modo sol modo luna ministret:
sic etiam nobis una puella parum est.
altera me cupidis teneat foveatque lacertis,
altera si quando non sinit esse locum;
aut si forte irata meo sit facta ministro,
ut sciat esse aliam, quae velit esse mea!
nam melius duo defendunt retinacula navim,

tutius et geminos anxia mater alit.

XXIIb

AVT si es dura, nega: sin es non dura, venito!
quid iuvat haec nullo ponere verba loco?
hic unus dolor est ex omnibus acer amanti,
speranti subito si qua venire negat.
quanta illum toto versant suspiria lecto,
cum recipi, quae non venerit, ipsa vetat?
et rursus puerum quaerendo audita fatigat,
quem, quae scire timet, quaerere fata iubet.

XXIII

CVI fugienda fuit indocti semita vulgi,
ipsa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua est.
ingenuus quisquam alterius dat munera servo,
ut promissa suae verba ferat dominae?
et quaerit totiens ‘Quaenam nunc porticus illam
integit?’ et ‘Campo quomovet illa pedes?’
deinde, ubi pertuleris, quos dicit fama labores
Herculis, ut scribat ‘Muneris ecquid habes?’
cernere uti possis vultum custodis amari,
captus et immunda saepe latere casa?
quam care semel in toto nox vertitur anno!
a pereant, si quos ianua clausa iuvat!
contra, reiecto quae libera vadit amictu,
custodum et nullo saepta timore, placet?
cui saepe immundo Sacra conteritur Via socco,
nec sinit esse moram, si quis adire velit;
differet haec numquam, nec poscet garrula, quod
astrictus ploret saepe dedisse pater,
nec dicet ‘Timeo, propera iam surgere, quaeso:
infelix, hodie vir mihi rure venit.’
et quas Euphrates et quas mihi misit Orontes,
me iuerint: nolim furta pudica tori;
libertas quoniam nulli iam restat amanti:
nullus liber erit, si quis amare volet.

XXIVa

‘TV loqueris, cum sis iam noto fabula libro
et tua sit toto Cynthia lecta foro?’

cui non his verbis aspergat tempora sudor?

aut pudor ingenuus, aut reticendus amor

quod si tam facilis spiraret Cynthia nobis,

non ego nequitiae dicerer esse caput,

nec sic per totam infamis traducerer urbem,

urerer et quamvis, nomine verba darem.

quare ne tibi sit mirum me quaerere vilis:

parcius infamant: num tibi causa levis?

* * * * *

et modo pavonis caudae flabella superbae

et manibus dura frigus habere pila,

et cupit iratum talos me poscere eburnos,

quaeque nitent Sacra vilia dona Via.

a peream, si me ista movent dispendia, sed me

fallaci dominae iam pudet esse iocum!

XXIVb

HOC erat in primis quod me gaudere iubebas?
tam te formosam non pudet esse levem?
una aut altera nox nondum est in amore peracta,
et dicor lecto iam gravis esse tuo.
me modo laudabas et carmina nostra legebas:
ille tuus pennas tam cito vertit amor?
contendat mecum ingenio, contendat et arte,
in primis una discat amare domo:
si libitum tibi erit, Lernaean pugnet ad hydras
et tibi ab Hesperio mala dracone ferat,
taetra venena libens et naufragus ebibat undas,
et numquam pro te deneget esse miser:
(quos utinam in nobis, vita, experiare labores!)
iam tibi de timidis iste protervus erit,
qui nunc se in tumidum iactando venit honorem:
discidium vobis proximus annus erit.
at me non aetas mutabit tota Sibyllae,
non labor Alcidae, non niger ille dies.
tu mea compones et dices ‘Ossa, Properti,
haec tua sunt? eheu tu mihi certus eras,
certus eras eheu, quamvis nec sanguine avito
nobilis et quamvis non ita dives eras.’
nil ego non patiar, numquam me iniuria mutat:
ferre ego formosam nullum onus esse puto.
credo ego non paucos ista periisse figura,
credo ego sed multos non habuisse fidem.
parvo dilexit spatio Minoida Theseus,
Phyllida Demophoon, hospes uterque malus.
iam tibi Iasonia nota est Medea carina
et modo servato sola relictā viro.
dura est quae multis simulatum fingit amorem,
et se plus uni si qua parare potest.
noli nobilibus, noli conferre beatis:
vix venit, extremo qui legat ossa die.
hi tibi nos erimus: sed tu potius precor ut me
demissis plangas pectora nuda comis.

VNICA nata meo pulcherrima cura dolori,
 excludit quoniam sors mea 'saepe veni,'
 ista meis fiet notissima forma libellis,
 Calve, tua venia, pace, Catulle, tua.
 miles depositis annosus secubat armis,
 grandaevique negant ducere aratra boves,
 putris et in vacua requiescit navis harena,
 et vetus in templo bellica parma vacat:
 at me ab amore tuo deducet nulla senectus,
 sive ego Tithonus sive ego Nestor ero.
 nonne fuit satius duro servire tyranno
 et gemere in tauro, saeve Perille, tuo?
 Gorgonis et satius fuit obdurescere vultu,
 Caucasias etiam si pateremur avis.
 sed tamen obsistam. teritur robigine mucro
 ferreus et parvo saepe liquore silex:
 at nullo dominae teritur sub crimine amor, qui
 restat et immerita sustinet aure minas.
 ultro contemptus rogat, et peccasse fatetur
 laesus, et invitis ipse redit pedibus.
 tu quoque, qui pleno fastus assumis amore,
 credule, nulla diu femina pondus habet.
 an quisquam in mediis persolvit vota procellis.
 cum saepe in portu fracta carina natet?
 aut prius infecto deposcit praemia cursu,
 septima quam metam triverit arte rota?
 mendaces ludunt flatu in amore secundi:
 si qua venit sero, magna ruina venit.
 tu tamen interea, quamvis te diligat illa,
 in tacito cohibe gaudia clausa sinu.
 namque in armore suo semper sua maxima cuique
 nescio quo pacto verba nocere solent.
 quamvis te persaepe vocet, semel ire memento:
 invidiam quod habet, non solet esse diu.
 at si saecula forent antiquis grata puellis,
 essem ego quod nunc tu: tempore vincor ego.
 non tamen ista meos mutabunt saecula mores:
 unus quisque sua noverit ire via.
 at, vos qui officia in multos revocatis amores,
 quantus sic cruciat lumina vestra dolor!
 vidistis pleno teneram candore puellam,

vidistis fuscam, ducit uterque color;
vidistis quandam Argiva prodire figura,
vidistis nostras, utraque forma rapit;
illaque plebeio vel sit sandycis amictu:
haec atque illa mali vulneris una via est.
cum satis una tuis insomnia portet ocellis,
una sat est cuivis femina multa mala.

XXVIa

VIDI te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina
 Ionio lassas ducere rore manus,
et quaecumque in me fueras mentita fateri,
 nec iam umore gravis tollere posse comas,
qualem purpureis agitatam fluctibus Hellen,
 aurea quam molli tergore vexit ovis.
quam timui, ne forte tuum mare nomen haberet,
 atque tua labens navita fleret aqua!
quae tum ego Neptuno, quae tum cum Castore fratri,
 quaeque tibi excepi, iam dea, Leucothoe!
at tu vix primas extollens gurgite palmas
 saepe meum nomen iam peritura vocas.
quod si forte tuos vidisset Glaucus ocellos,
 esses Ionii facta puella maris,
et tibi ob invidiam Nereides increpitarent,
 candida Nesaeae, caerula Cymothoe.
sed tibi subsidio delphinum currere vidi,
 qui, puto, Arioniam vexerat ante lyram.
iamque ego conabar summo me mittere saxo,
 cum mihi discussit talia visa metus.

XXVIb

NUNC admirentur quod tam mihi pulchra puella
serviat et tota dicar in urbe potens!
non, si Cambysae redeant et flumina Croesi,
dicat ‘ De nostro surge, poeta, toro.’
nam mea cum recitat, dicit se odisse beatos:
carmina tam sancte nulla puella colit.
multum in amore fides, multum constantia prodest:
qui dare multa potest, multa et amare potest

* * * * *

seu mare per longum mea cogitet ire puella,
hanc sequar et fidos una aget aura duos.
unum litus erit sopitis unaque tecto
arbor, et ex una saepe bibemus aqua;
et tabula una duos poterit componere amantis,
prora cubile mihi seu mihi puppis erit.
omnia perpetiar: saevus licet urgeat Eurus ;
velaque in incertum frigidus Auster agat;
quicumque et venti miserum vexastis Vlixem
et Danaum Euboico litore mille ratis;
et qui movistis duo litora, cum ratis Argo
dux erat ignoto missa columba mari.
illa meis tantum non umquam desit ocellis,
incendat navem Iuppiter ipse licet.
certe isdem nudi pariter iactabimur oris.
me licet unda ferat, te modo terra tegat.
sed non Neptunus tanto crudelis amori,
Neptunus fratri par in amore Iovi:
testis Amymone, latices dum ferret, in arvis
compressa, et Lernae pulsa tridente palus.
iam deus amplexu votum persolvit, at illi
aurea divinas urna profudit aquas.
crudelem et Borean rapta Orithyia negavit:
hic deus et terras et maria alta domat
crede mihi, nobis mitescet Scylla, nec umquam
alternante vacans vasta Charybdis aqua;
ipsaque sidera erunt nullis obscura tenebris,
purus et Orion, purus et Haedus erit.
quod mihi si ponenda tuo sit corpore vita,
exitus hic nobis non inhonestus erit.

XXVII

AT VOS incertam, mortales, funeris horam
quaeritis, et qua sit mors aditura via;
quaeritis et caelo Phoenicum inventa sereno,
quae sit stella homini commoda quaeque mala!
seu pedibus Parthos sequimur seu classe Britannos,
et maris et terrae caeca pericla viae;
rursus et obiectum flemus caput esse tumultu
cum Mavors dubias miscet utrimque manus;

* * * * *

praeterea domibus flammam domibusque ruinas,
neu subeant labris pocula nigra tuis.
solus amans novit, quando periturus et a qua
morte, neque hic Boreae flabra neque arma timet.
iam licet et Stygia sedeat sub harundine remex,
cernat et infernae tristia vela ratis:
si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellae,
concessum nulla lege redibit iter.

XXVIIIa

IVPPITER, affectae tandem miserere puellae:
tam formosa tuum mortua crimen erit.
hoc tibi vel poterit coniunx ignoscere Iuno:
frangitur et Iuno, si qua puella perit.
venit enim tempus, quo torridus aestuat aer,
incipit et sicco fervere terra Cane.
sed non tam ardoris culpa est neque crimina caeli
quam totiens sanctos non habuisse deos.
hoc perdit miseras, hoc perdidit ante puellas:
quidquid iurarunt, ventus et unda rapit.
num sibi collatam doluit Venus? illa peraeque
prae se formosis invidiosa dea est.
an contempta tibi Iunonis templa Pelasgae?
Palladis aut oculos ausa negare bonos?
semper, formosae, non nostis parcere verbis.
hoc tibi lingua nocens, hoc tibi forma dedit.
sed tibi vexatae per multa pericula vitae
extremo venit mollior hora die.
Io versa caput primos mugiverat annos:
nunc dea, quae Nili flumina vacca bibit.
Ino etiam prima terris aetate vagata est:
hanc miser implorat navita Leucothoen.
Andromede monstris fuerat devota marinis:
haec eadem Persei nobilis uxor erat.
Callisto Arcadios erraverat ursa per agros:
haec nocturna suo sidere vela regit.
quod si forte tibi properarint fata quietem,
illa sepulturae fata beata tuae,
narrabis Semelae, quo sit formosa periclo,
credet et illa, suo docta puella malo;
et tibi Maeonias omnis heroidas inter
primus erit nulla non tribuente locus.
nunc, utcumque potes, fato gere saucia morem:
et deus et durus vertitur ipse dies.

XXVIIIb

DEFICIVNT magico torti sub carmine rhombi,
et iacet exstincto laurus adusta foco;
et iam Luna negat totiens descendere caelo,
nigraque funestum concinit omen avis.
una ratis fati nostros portabit amores
caerula ad infernos velificata lacus.
sed non unius, quaeso, miserere duorum!
vivam, si vivet; si cadet illa, cadam.
pro quibus optatis sacro me carmine damno:
scribam ego 'Per magnum est salva puella Iovem';
ante tuosque pedes illa ipsa operata sedebit,
narrabitque sedens longa pericla sua.

XXVIIIc

HAEC tua, Persephone, maneat clementia, nec tu,
Persephoneae coniunx, saevior esse velis.
sunt apud infernos tot milia formosarum:
pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis!
vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
vobiscum Europe nec proba Pasiphae,
et quot Troia tulit vetus et quot Achaia formas,
et Thebae et Priami diruta regna senis:
et quaecumque erat in numero Romana puella,
occidit: has omnis ignis avarus habet.
nec forma aeternum aut cuiquam est fortuna perennis:
longius aut propius mors sua quemque manet.
tu quoniam es, mea lux, magno dimissa periclo,
munera Dianae debita redde choros,
redde etiam excubias divae nunc, ante iuvencae;
votivas noctes, ei mihi solve decem!

XXIXa

HESTERNA, mea lux, cum potus nocte vagarer,
nec me servorum duceret ulla manus,
obvia nescio quot pueri mihi turba minuta
venerat (hos vetuit me numerare timor);
quorum alii faculas, alii retinere sagittas,
pars etiam visa est vincla parare mihi.
sed nudi fuerant. quorum lascivior unus,
‘Arripite hunc,’ inquit, ‘iam bene nostis eum
hic erat, hunc mulier nobis irata locavit.’
dixit, et in collo iam mihi nodus erat.

...

hic alter iubet in medium propellere, at alter,
‘Intereat, qui nos non putat esse deos!
haec te non meritum totas exspectat in horas:
at tu nescio quas quaeris, inepte, fores.
quae cum Sidoniae nocturna ligamina mitrae
solverit atque oculos moverit illa gravis,
afflabunt tibi non Arabum de gramine odores,
sed quos ipse suis fecit Amor manibus.
parcite iam, fratres, iam certos spondet amores;
et iam ad mandatam venimus ecce domum.’
atque ita me iniecto dixerunt rursus amictu:
‘I nunc et noctes disce manere domi.’

XXIXb

MANE erat, et volui, si sola quiesceret illa,
visere: at in lecto Cynthia sola fuit.
obstupui: non illa mihi formosior umquam
visa, neque ostrina cum fuit in tunica,
ibat et hinc castae narratum somnia Vestae,
neu sibi neve mihi quae nocitura forent:
talis visa mihi somno dimissa recenti.
heu quantum per se candida forma valet!
‘Quid tu matutinus,’ ait ‘speculator amicae,
me similem vestris moribus esse putas?
non ego tam facilis: sat erit mihi cognitus unus,
vel tu vel si quis verior esse potest.
apparent non ulla toro vestigia presso,
signa volutantis nec iacuisse duos.
aspice ut in toto nullus mihi corpore surgat
spiritus admisso notus adulterio.’
dixit, et opposita propellens savia dextra
prosilit in laxa nixa pedem solea.
sic ego tarn sancti custos deludor amoris:
ex illo felix nox mihi nulla fuit.

XXXa

QVO fugis a demens? nulla est fuga: tu licet usque
ad Tanain fugias, usque sequetur Amor.
non si Pegaseo vecteris in aere dorso,
nec tibi si Persei moverit ala pedes;
vel si te sectae rapiant talaribus aerae,
nil tibi Mercurii proderit alta via
instat semper Amor supra caput, instat amanti,
et gravis ipse super libera colla sedet.
excubat ille acer custos et tollere numquam
te patietur humo lumina capta semel.
et iam si pecces, deus exorabilis ille est
si modo praesentis viderit esse preces.

ISTA senes licet accusent convivium duri:
nos modo propositum, vita, teramus iter
illorum antiquis onerantur legibus aures:
hic locus est in quo, tibia docta, sones,
quae non iure vado Maeandri iacta natasti,
turpia cum faceret Palladis ora tumor.
non tamen immerito! Phrygias nunc ire per undas
et petere Hyrcani litora nota maris,
spargere et alterna communis caede Penatis
et ferre ad patrios praemia dira Lares!
una contentum pudeat me vivere amica?
hoc si crimen erit, crimen Amoris erit:
mi nemo obiciat. libeat tibi, Cynthia, mecum
rorida muscosis antra tenere iugis.
illic aspicias scopulis haerere Sorores
et canere antiqui dulcia furta Iovis,
ut Semela est combustus, ut est deperditus Io,
denique ut ad Troiae tecta volarit avis.
quod si nemo exstat qui vicerit Alitis arma,
communis culpae cur reus unus agor?
nec tu Virginibus reverentia moveris ora:
hic quoque non nescit quid sit amare chorus;
si tamen Oeagri quaedam compressa figura
Bistoniis olim rupibus accubuit.
hic ubi me prima statuent in parte choreae,
et medius docta cuspide Bacchus erit,
tum capiti sacros patiar pendere corymbos:
nam sine te nostrum non valet ingenium.

XXXI

QVAERIS, cur veniam tibi tardior? aurea Phoebi
porticus a magno Caesare aperta fuit.
tantam erat in speciem Poenis digesta columnis,
inter quas Danai femina turba senis.
hic equidem Phoebo visus mihi pulchrior ipso
marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra;
atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
quattuor artificis, vivida signa, boves.
tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
et patria Phoebo carius Ortygia:
in quo Solis erat supra fastigia currus;
et valvae, Libyci nobile dentis opus,
altera deiectos Parnasi vertice Gallos,
altera maerebat funera Tantalidos.
deinde inter matrem deus ipse interque sororem
Pythius in longa carmina veste sonat.

XXXII

QUI videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo,
non cupiet: facti lumina crimen habent.
nam quid Praenesti dubias, o Cynthia, sortis,
quid petis Aeaei moenia Telegoni?
cur ita te Herculeum deportant esseda Tibur?
Appia cur totiens te via Lanuvium?
hoc utinam spatiere loco, quodcumque vacabis,
Cynthia' sed tibi me credere turba vetat,
cum videt accensis devotam currere taedis
in nemus et Triviae lumina ferre deae.
scilicet umbrosis sordet Pompeia columnis
porticus, aulaeis nobilis Attalidis,
et platanis creber pariter surgentibus ordo,
flumina sopito quaeque Marone cadunt,
et leviter nymphis tota crepitantibus urbe
cum subito Triton ore recondit aquam.
falleris, ista tui furtum via monstrat amoris:
non urbem, demens, lumina nostra fugis!
nil agis, insidias in me componis inanis,
tendis iners docto retia nota mihi.
sed de me minus est: famae iactura pudicae
tanta tibi miserae, quanta meretur, erit.
nuper enim de te nostras me laedit ad auris
rumor, et in tota non bonus urbe fuit.
sed tu non debes inimicae credere linguae:
semper formosis fabula poena fuit.
non tua deprenso damnata est fama veneno:
testis eris puras, Phoebe, videre manus.
sin autem longo nox una aut altera lusu
consumpta est, non me crimina parva movent.
Tyndaris externo patriam mutavit amore,
et sine decreto viva reducta domum est.
ipsa Venus fertur corrupta libidine Martis,
nec minus in caelo semper honesta fuit.
quamvis Ida Parim pastorem dicat amasse
atque inter pecudes accubuisse deam,
hoc et Hamadryadum spectavit turba sororum
Silenique senes et pater ipse chori;
cum quibus Idaeo legisti poma sub antro,
supposita excipiens, Nai, caduca manu.
an quisquam in tanto stuprorum examine quaerit

‘Cur haec tam dives? quis dedit? unde dedit?’
o nimium nostro felicem tempore Romam,
si contra mores una puella facit!
haec eadem ante illam iam impune et Lesbia fecit:
 quae sequitur, certe est invidiosa minus.
qui quaerit Tatios veteres duosque Sabinos,
 hic posuit nostra nuper in urbe pedem.
tu prius et fluctus poteris siccare marinos,
 altaque mortali deligere astra manu,
quam facere, ut nostrae nolint peccare puellae:
 hic mos Saturno regna tenente fuit,
et cum Deucalionis aquae fluxere per orbem,
 et post antiquas Deucalionis aquas.
dic mihi, quis potuit lectum servare pudicum,
 quae dea cum solo vivere sola deo?
uxorem quondam magni Minois, ut aiunt,
 corruptit torui candida forma bovis;
nec minus aerato Danae circumdata muro
 non potuit magno casta negare Iovi.
quod si tu Graias es tuque imitata Latinas,
 semper vive meo libera iudicio!

XXXIIIa

TRISTIA iam redeunt iterum sollemnia nobis:

Cynthia iam noctes est operata decem.
atque utinam pereant, Nilo quae sacra tepente
misit matronis Inachis Ausoniis!
quae dea tam cupidos totiens divisit amantis,
quaecumque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.
tu certe Iovis occultis in amoribus, Io,
sensisti multas quid sit inire vias,
cum te iussit habere puellam cornua Iuno
et pecoris duro perdere verba sono.
a quotiens quernis laesisti frondibus ora,
mandisti et stabulis arbuta pasta tuis!
an, quoniam agrestem detraxit ab ore figuram
Iuppiter, idcirco facta superba dea es?
an tibi non satis est fuscis Aegyptus alumnis?
cur tibi tam longa Roma petita via?
quidve tibi prodest viduas dormire puellas?
sed tibi, crede mihi, cornua rursus erunt,
aut nos e nostra te, saeva, fugabimus urbe:
cum Tiberi Nilo gratia nulla fuit.
at tu, quae nostro nimium placata dolore es,
noctibus his vacui ter faciamus iter.

XXXIIIb

NON audis et verba sinis mea ludere, cum iam
flectant Icarii sidera tarda boves.
lenta bibis: mediae nequeunt te frangere noctes.
an nondum est talos mittere lassa manus?
a pereat, quicumque meracas repperit uvas
corruitque bonas nectare primus aquas!
Icare, Cecropiis merito iugulate colonis,
pampineus nosti quam sit amarus odor!
tuque o Eurytion vino Centaure peristi,
nec non Ismario tu, Polypheme, mero.
vino forma perit, vino corrumpitur aetas,
vino saepe suum nescit amica virum.
me miserum, ut multo nihil est mutata Lyaeo!
iam bibe: formosa es: nil tibi vina nocent,
cum tua praependent demissae in pocula sertae,
et mea deducta carmina voce legis.
largius effuso madeat tibi mensa Falerno,
spumet et aurato mollius in calice.
nulla tamen lecto recipit se sola libenter:
est quiddam, quod vos quaerere cogat Amor.
semper in absentis felicior aestus amantis:
elevat assiduos copia longa viros.

XXXIV

CVR quisquam faciem dominae iam credat Amori?

sic erepta mihi paene puella mea est.

expertus dico, nemo est in amore fidelis:

formosam raro non sibi quisque petit.

polluit ille deus cognatos, solvit amicos,

et bene concordis tristia ad arma vocat.

hospes in hospitium Menelao venit adulter:

Colchis et ignotum nonne secuta virum est?

Lynceu, tune meam potuisti, perfide, curam

tangere? nonne tuae tum cecidere manus?

quid si non constans illa et tam certa fuisset?

posses in tanto vivere flagitio?

tu mihi vel ferro pectus vel perde veneno:

a domina tantum te modo tolle mea.

te socium vitae, te corporis esse licebit,

te dominum admitto rebus, amice, meis:

lecto te solum, lecto te deprecor uno:

rivalem possum non ego ferre Iovem.

ipse meas solus quod nil est, aemulor umbras,

stultus, quod stulto saepe timore tremo.

una tamen causa est, qua crimina tanta remitto,

errabant multo quod tua verba mero.

sed numquam vitae fallet me ruga severae:

omnes iam norunt quam sit amare bonum.

LYNCEVS ipse meus seros insanit amores!
 solum te nostros laetor adire deos.
 quid tua Socraticis tibi nunc sapientia libris
 proderit aut rerum dicere posse vias?
 aut quid Erechthei tibi prosunt carmina lecta?
 nil iuvat in magno vester amore senex.
 tu satius memorem Musis imitere Philitan
 et non inflati somnia Callimachi.
 nam rursus licet Aetoli referas Acheloi,
 fluxerit ut magno fractus amore liquor,
 atque etiam ut Phrygio fallax Maeandria campo
 errat et ipsa suas decipit unda vias,
 qualis et Adrasti fuerit vocalis Arion,
 tristis ad Archemori funera victor equus:
 non Amphiareae prosint tibi fata quadrigae
 aut Capanei magno grata ruina Iovi.
 desine et Aeschyleo componere verba coturno,
 desine, et ad mollis membra resolve choros.
 incipe iam angusto versus includere torno,
 inque tuos ignis, dure poeta, veni.
 tu non Antimacho, non tutior ibis Homero:
 despicit et magnos recta puella deos.
 sed non ante gravis taurus succumbit aratro,
 cornua quam validis haeserit in laqueis,
 nec tu iam duros per te patieris amores:
 trux tamen a nobis ante domandus eris.
 harum nulla solet rationem quaerere mundi,
 nec cur fraternis Luna laboretequis,
 nec si post Stygias aliquid restabit erumpnas,
 nec si consulto fulmina missa tonent.
 aspice me, cui parva domi fortuna relictæ est
 nullus et antiquo Marte triumphus avi,
 ut regnem mixtas inter conviva puellas
 hoc ego, quo tibi nunc elevor, ingenio!
 me iuvet hesternis positum languere corollis,
 quem tetigit iactu certus ad ossa deus.
 Actia Vergilium custodis litora Phoebi,
 Caesaris et fortis dicere posse ratis,
 qui nunc Aeneae Troiani suscitatur arma
 iactaque Lavinis moenia litoribus.
 cedite Romani scriptorcs, cedite Grai!

nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade.
tu canis umbrosi subter pineta Galaesi
Thyrsin et attritis Daphnin harundinibus,
utque decem possint corrumpere mala puellas
missus et impressis haedus ab uberibus.
felix, qui vilis pomis mercaris amores!
huic licet ingratae Tityrus ipse canat.
felix intactum Corydon qui temptat Alexin
agricolae domini carpere delicias!
quamvis ille sua lassus requiescat avena,
laudatur facilis inter Hamadryadas.
tu canis Ascreai veteris praecepta poetae,
quo seges in campo, quo viret uva iugo.
tale facis carmen docta testudine quale
Cynthus impositis temperat articulis.
non tamen haec ulli venient ingrata legenti,
sive in amore rudis sive peritus erit.
nec minor hic animis, ut sit minor ore, canorus
anseris indocto carmine cessit olor.
haec quoque perfecto ludebat Iasone Varro,
Varro Leucadiae maxima flamma suae;
haec quoque lascivi cantarunt scripta Catulli,
Lesbia quis ipsa notior est Helena;
haec etiam docti confessa est pagina Calvi,
cum caneret miserae funera Quintiliae.
et modo formosa quam multa Lycoride Gallus
mortuus inferna vulnera lavit aqua!
Cynthia quin etiam versu laudata Properti,
hos inter si me ponere Fama volet.

LIBER TERTIVS

Callimachi Manes et Coi sacra Philitae,
 in vestrum, quaeso, me sinite ire nemus.
 primus ego ingredior puro de fonte sacerdos
 Itala per Graios orgia ferre choros.
 dicite, quo pariter carmen tenuastis in antro
 quoque pede ingressi? quamve bibistis aquam?
 ah valeat, Phoebum quicumque moratur in armis!
 exactus tenui pumice versus eat,
 quo me Fama levat terra sublimis, et a me
 nata coronatis Musa triumphat equis,
 et mecum in curru parvi vectantur Amores,
 scriptorumque meas turba secuta rotas.
 quid frustra immissis mecum certatis habenis?
 non datur ad Musas currere lata via.
 multi, Roma, tuas laudes annalibus addent,
 qui finem imperii Bactra futura canent.
 sed, quod pace legas, opus hoc de monte Sororum
 detulit intacta pagina nostra via.
 mollia, Pegasides, date vestro sarta poetae:
 non faciet capiti dura corona meo.
 at mihi quod vivo detraxerit invida turba,
 post obitum duplici faenore reddet Honos;
 omnia post obitum fingit maiora vetustas:
 maius ab exsequiis nomen in ora venit.
 nam quis equo pulsas abiegno nosceret arces,
 fluminaque Haemonio comminus isse viro,
 Idaeum Simoenta Iovis cum prole Scamandro,
 Hectora per campos ter maculasse rotas?
 Deiphobumque Helenumque et Pulydamantis in armis
 qualemcumque Parim vix sua nosset humus.
 exiguo sermone fores nunc, Ilion, et tu
 Troia bis Oetaei numine capta dei.
 nec non ille tui casus memorator Homerus
 posteritate suum crescere sensit opus;
 meque inter seros laudabit Roma nepotes:
 illum post cineres auguror ipse diem.
 ne mea contempto lapis indicet ossa sepulcro
 provisumst Lycio vota probante deo.

II

Carminis interea nostri redeamus in orbem,
gaudeat ut solito tacta puella sono.
Orphea delenisse feras et concita dicunt
flumina Threicia sustinuisse lyra;
saxa Cithaeronis Thebanam agitata per artem
sponte sua in muri membra coisse ferunt;
quin etiam, Polypheme, fera Galatea sub Aetna
ad tua rorantis carmina flexit equos:
miremur, nobis et Baccho et Apolline dextro,
turba puellarum si mea verba colit?
quod non Taenariis domus est mihi fulta columnis,
nec camera auratas inter eburna trabes,
nec mea Phaeacas aequant pomaria silvas,
non operosa rigat Marcius antra liquor;
at Musae comites et carmina cara legenti,
nec defessa choris Calliopea meis.
fortunata, meo si qua's celebrata libello!
carmina erunt formae tot monumenta tuae.
nam neque pyramidum sumptus ad sidera ducti,
nec Iovis Elei caelum imitata domus,
nec Mausolei dives fortuna sepulcri
mortis ab extrema condicione vacant.
aut illis flamma aut imber subducet honores,
annorum aut tacito pondere victa ruent.
at non ingenio quaesitum nomen ab aevo
excidet: ingenio stat sine morte decus.

III

Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbra,
Bellerophonteï qua fluit umor equi,
reges, Alba, tuos et regum facta tuorum,
tantum operis, nervis hiscere posse meis;
parvaeque iam magnis admoram fontibus ora
(unde pater sitiens Ennius ante bibit,
et cecinit Curios fratres et Horatia pila,
regiaque Aemilia vecta tropaea rate,
victicisque moras Fabii pugnamque sinistram
Cannensem et versos ad pia vota deos,
Hannibalemque Lares Romana sede fugantis,
anseris et tutum voce fuisse Iovem),
cum me Castalia speculans ex arbore Phoebus
sic ait aurata nixus ad antra lyra:
'quid tibi cum tali, demens, est flumine? quis te
carminis heroi tangere iussit opus?
non hinc ulla tibi sperandast fama, Properti:
mollia sunt parvis prata terenda rotis;
ut tuus in scamno iactetur saepe libellus,
quem legat exspectans sola puella virum.
cur tua praescriptos evectast pagina gyros?
non est ingenii cumba gravanda tui.
alter remus aquas alter tibi radat harenas,
tutus eris: medio maxima turba marist.'
dixerat, et plectro sedem mihi monstrat eburno,
quo nova muscoso semita facta solost.
hic erat affixis viridis spelunca lapillis,
pendebantque cavis tympana pumicibus,
orgia Musarum et Sileni patris imago
fictilis et calami, Pan Tegeae, tui;
et Veneris dominae volucres, mea turba, columbae
tingunt Gorgoneo punica rostra lacu;
diversaeque novem sortitae iura Puellae
exercent teneras in sua dona manus:
haec hederas legit in thyrsos, haec carmina nervis
aptat, at illa manu texit utraque rosam.
e quarum numero me contigit una dearum
(ut reor a facie, Calliopea fuit):
'contentus niveis semper vectabere cynis,
nec te fortis equi ducet ad arma sonus.
nil tibi sit rauco praeconia classica cornu

flare, nec Aonium tingere Marte nemus;
aut quibus in campis Mariano proelia signo
stent et Teutonicas Roma refringat opes,
barbarus aut Suebo perfusus sanguine Rhenus
saucia maerenti corpora vectet aqua.
quippe coronatos alienum ad limen amantes
nocturnaeque canes ebria signa morae,
ut per te clausas sciat excantare puellas,
qui volet austeros arte ferire viros.’
taliam Calliope, lymphisque a fonte petit
ora Philitea nostra rigavit aqua.

IV

Arma deus Caesar dices meditatur ad Indos,
et freta gemmiferi findere classe maris.
magna, Quiris, merces: parat ultima terra triumphos;
Tigris et Euphrates sub tua iura fluent;
sera, sed Ausoniis veniet provincia virgis;
assuescent Latio Partha tropaea Iovi.
ite agite, expertae bello, date lintea, prorae,
et solitum, armigeri, ducite munus, equi!
omina fausta cano. Crassos clademque piate!
ite et Romanae consulite historiae!
Mars pater, et sacrae fatalia lumina Vestae,
ante meos obitus sit precor illa dies,
qua videam spoliis oneratos Caesaris axes,
et subter captos arma sedere duces,
tela fugacis equi et bracati militis arcus,
ad vulgi plausus saepe resistere equos,
inque sinu carae nixus spectare puellae
incipiam et titulis oppida capta legam!
ipsa tuam serva prolem, Venus: hoc sit in aevum,
cernis ab Aenea quod superesse caput.
praeda sit haec illis, quorum meruere labores:
me sat erit Sacra plaudere posse Via.

V

Pacis Amor deus est, pacem veneramur amantes:
 sat mihi cum domina proelia dura mea.
 nec mihi mille iugis Campania pinguis aratur,
 nec bibit e gemma divite nostra sitis,
 nec tamen invisio pectus mihi carpitur auro,
 nec mixta aera paro clade, Corinthe, tua.
 o prima infelix fingenti terra Prometheo!
 ille parum caute pectoris egit opus.
 corpora disponens mentem non vidit in arto:
 recta animi primum debuit esse via.
 nunc maris in tantum vento iactamur, et hostem
 quaerimus, atque armis nectimus arma nova.
 haud ullas portabis opes Acherontis ad undas:
 nudus in inferna, stulte, vehere rate.
 victor cum victo pariter miscetur in umbris:
 consule cum Mario, capte Iugurtha, sedes.
 Lydus Dulichio non distat Croesus ab Iro:
 optima mors, carpta quae venit ante die.
 me iuvat in prima coluisse Helicon a iuventa
 Musarumque choris implicuisse manus;
 me iuvat et multo mentem vincire Lyaeo,
 et caput in verna semper habere rosa.
 atque ubi iam Venerem gravis interceperit aetas,
 sparserit et nigras alba senecta comas,
 tum mihi naturae libeat perdiscere mores,
 quis deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
 qua venit exoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
 cornibus in plenum menstrua luna redit,
 unde salo superant venti, quid flamine captet
 Eurys, et in nubes unde perennis aqua;
 sit ventura dies mundi quae subruat arces,
 purpureus pluvias cur bibit arcus aquas,
 aut cur Perrhaebi tremuere cacumina Pindi,
 solis et atratis luxerit orbis equis,
 cur serus versare boves et plaustra Bootes,
 Pleiadum spisso cur coit igne chorus,
 curve suos fines altum non exeat aequor,
 plenus et in partes quattuor annus eat;
 sub terris sint iura deum et tormenta reorum,
 num rota, num scopuli, num sitis inter aquas,
 aut Alcmaeoniae furiae aut ieiunia Phinei,

Tisiphones atro si furi angue caput,
num tribus infernum custodit faucibus antrum
Cerberus, et Tityo iugera pauca novem,
an ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
et timor haud ultra quam rogos esse potest.
exitus hic vitae superet mihi: vos, quibus arma
grata magis, Crassi signa referte domum.

VI

Dic mihi de nostra quae sensi vera puella:
sic tibi sint dominae, Lygdame, dempta iuga.
omnis enim debet sine vano nuntius esse,
maiolemque metu servus habere fidem.
nunc mihi, si qua tenes, ab origine dicere prima
incipi: suspensis auribus ista bibam.
num me laetitia tumefactum fallis inani,
haec referens, quae me credere velle putas?
sicin eram incompitis vidisti flere capillis?
illius ex oculis multa cadebat aqua?
nec speculum in strato vidisti, Lygdame, lecto,
scriniaque ad lecti clausa iacere pedes,
ac maestam teneris vestem pendere lacertis?
ornabat niveas nullane gemma manus?
tristis erat domus, et tristes sua pensa ministrae
carpebant, medio nebat et ipsa loco,
umidaque impressa siccabat lumina lana,
rettulit et querulo iurgia nostra sono?
'haec te teste mihi promissast, Lygdame, merces?
est poena et servo rumpere teste fidem.
ille potest nullo miseram me linquere facto,
et qualem nolo dicere habere domi?
gaudet me vacuo solam tabescere lecto?
si placet, insultet, Lygdame, morte mea.
non me moribus illa, sed herbis improba vicit
staminea rhombi ducitur ille rota.
illum turgentis sanie portenta rubetae
et lecta exsuctis anguibus ossa trahunt,
et strigis inventae per busta iacentia plumae,
cinctaque funesto lanea vitta toro.
si non vana canunt mea somnia, Lygdame, testor,
poena erit ante meos sera sed ampla pedes;
putris et in vacuo texetur aranea lecto:
noctibus illorum dormiet ipsa Venus.'
quae tibi si veris animis est questa puella,
hac eadem rursus, Lygdame, curre via,
et mea cum multis lacrimis mandata reporta,
iram, non fraudes esse in amore meo,
me quoque consimili impositum torquerier igni:
iurabo bis sex integer esse dies.
quod mihi si e tanto felix concordia bello

exstiterit, per me, Lygdame, liber eris.

VII

Ergo sollicitae tu causa, pecunia, vitae!
per te immaturum mortis adimus iter;
tu vitiis hominum crudelia pabula praebes;
semina curarum de capite orta tuo.
tu Paetum ad Pharios tendentem lintea portus
obruis insano terque quaterque mari.
nam dum te sequitur, primo miser excidit aevo
et nova longinquis piscibus esca natat.
quod si contentus patrio bove verteret agros,
verbaque duxisset pondus habere mea,
viveret ante suos dulcis conviva Penates,
pauper, at in terra nil nisi fleret opes.
noluit hoc Paetus, stridorem audire procellae
et duro teneras laedere fune manus,
sed thyio thalamo aut Oricia terebintho
effultum pluma versicolore caput.
hunc parvo ferri vidit nox improba ligno,
et miser invisam traxit hiatus aquam;
huic fluctus vivo radicitus abstulit ungues:
Paetus ut occideret, tot coiere mala.
flens tamen extremis dedit haec mandata querelis
cum moribunda niger clauderet ora liquor:
'di maris Aegaei quos sunt penes aequora, venti,
et quaecumque meum degravat unda caput,
quo rapitis miseros primae lanuginis annos?
attulimus longas in freta vestra comas.
ah miser alcyonum scopulis affligar acutis!
in me caeruleo fuscina sumpta deost.
at saltem Italiae regionibus evehat aestus:
hoc de me sat erit si modo matris erit.'
subtrahit haec fantem torta vertigine fluctus;
ultima quae Paeto voxque diesque fuit.
Paete, quid aetatem numeras? quid cara natanti
mater in ore tibist? non habet unda deos.
et mater non iusta piaae dare debita terrae
nec pote cognatos inter humare rogos,
sed tua nunc volucres astant super ossa marinae,
nunc tibi pro tumulo Carpathium omne marest.
infelix Aquilo, raptae timor Orithyiae,
quae spolia ex illo tanta fuere tibi?
aut quidnam fracta gaudes, Neptune, carina?

portabat sanctos alveus ille viros.
o centum aequoreae Nereo genitore puellae,
et tu, materno tacta dolore, Theti;
vos decuit lasso supponere brachia mento:
non poterat vestras ille gravare manus.
reddite corpus, aquae! positast in gurgite vita;
Paetum sponte tua, vilis harena, tegas;
et quotiens Paeti transibit nauta sepulcrum,
dicat 'et audaci tu timor esse potes.'
ite, rates curvate et leti texite causas:
ista per humanas mors venit acta manus.
terra parum fuerat fatis, adiecimus undas:
fortunae miseras auximus arte vias.
ancora te teneat, quem non tenuere penates?
quid meritum dicas, cui sua terra parumst?
ventorumst, quodcumque paras: haud ulla carina
consenuit, fallit portus et ipse fidem.
nam tibi nocturnis ad saxa ligata procellis
omnia detricto vincula fune cadunt.
sunt Agamemnonias testantia litora curas,
quae notat Argynni poena Athamantiadae.
[hoc iuvene amisso classem non solvit Atrides,
pro qua mactatast Iphigenia mora.]
natura insidians pontum substravit avaris:
ut tibi succedat, vix semel esse potest.
saxa triumphalis fregere Capherea puppes,
naufraga cum vasto Graecia tracta salost.
paulatim socium iacturam flevit Ulixes,
in mare cui soliti non valere doli.
at tu, saeve Aquilo, numquam mea vela videbis:
ante fores dominae condar oportet iners.

VIII

Dulcis ad hesternas fuerat mihi rixa lucernas
vocis et insanae tot maledicta tuae.
tu vero nostros audax invade capillos
et mea formosis unguibus ora nota,
tu minitare oculos subiecta exurere flamma,
fac mea rescisso pectora nuda sinu!
cum furibunda mero mensam propellis et in me
proicis insana cymbia plena manu,
nimirum veri dantur mihi signa caloris:
nam sine amore gravi femina nulla dolet.
quae mulier rabida iactat convicia lingua,
haec Veneris magnae volvitur ante pedes.
custodum grege seu circa se stipat euntem,
seu sequitur medias, maenas ut icta, vias,
seu timidam crebro dementia somnia terrent,
seu miseram in tabula picta puella movet,
his ego tormentis animi sum verus haruspex,
has didici certo saepe in amore notas.
non est certa fides, quam non in iurgia vertas:
hostibus eveniat lenta puella meis.
in morso aequales videant mea vulnera collo:
me doceat livor mecum habuisse meam.
aut in amore dolere volo aut audire dolentem,
sive meas lacrimas sive videre tuas,
tectata superciliis si quando verba remittis,
aut tua cum digitis scripta silenda notas.
odi ego quos numquam pungunt suspiria somnos:
semper in irata pallidus esse velim.
dulcior ignis erat Paridi, cum Graia per arma
Tynaridi poterat gaudia ferre suae:
dum vincunt Danaï, dum restat barbarus Hector,
ille Helenae in gremio maxima bella gerit.
aut tecum aut pro te mihi cum rivalibus arma
semper erunt: in te pax mihi nulla placet.
gaude, quod nullast aequae formosa: doleres,
si qua foret: nunc sis iure superba licet.
at tibi, qui nostro nexisti retia lecto,
sit socer aeternum nec sine matre domus!
cui nunc si qua datast furandae copia noctis,
offensa illa mihi, non tibi amica, dedit.

IX

Maecenas, eques Etrusco de sanguine regum,
intra fortunam qui cupis esse tuam,
quid me scribendi tam vastum mittis in aequor?
non sunt apta meae grandia vela rati.
turpest, quod nequeas, capiti committere pondus
et pressum inflexo mox dare terga genu.
omnia non pariter rerum sunt omnibus apta,
palma nec ex aequo ducitur ulla iugo.
gloria Lysippost animosa effingere signa;
exactis Calamis se mihi iactat equis;
in Veneris tabula summam sibi poscit Apelles;
Parrhasius parva vindicat arte locum;
argumenta magis sunt Mentoris addita formae;
at Myos exiguum flectit acanthus iter;
Phidias signo se Iuppiter ornat eburno;
Praxitelen propria vendit ab urbe lapis.
est quibus Eleae concurrit palma quadrigae,
est quibus in celeris gloria nata pedes;
hic satus ad pacem, hic castrensibus utilis armis:
naturae sequitur semina quisque suae.
at tua, Maecenas, vitae praecepta recepi,
cogor et exemplis te superare tuis.
cum tibi Romano dominas in honore secures
et liceat medio ponere iura foro;
vel tibi Medorum pugnacis ire per hastas,
atque onerare tuam fixa per arma domum;
et tibi ad effectum vires det Caesar, et omni
tempore tam faciles insinuentur opes;
parcis et in tenuis humilem te colligis umbras:
velorum plenos subtrahis ipse sinus.
crede mihi, magnos aequabunt ista Camillos
iudicia, et venies tu quoque in ora virum.
non ego velifera tumidum mare findo carina:
tota sub exiguo flumine nostra morast.
non flebo in cineres arcem sedisse paternos
Cadmi, nec semper proelia clade pari;
nec referam Scaetas et Pergama, Apollinis arces,
et Danaum decimo vere redisce rates,
moenia cum Graio Neptunia pressit aratro
victor Palladiae ligneus artis equus.
inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos

et cecinisse modis, Coe+ poeta, tuis.
haec urant pueros, haec urant scripta puellas
meque deum clament et mihi sacra ferant!
te duce vel Iovis arma canam caeloque minantem
Coeum et Phlegraeis Eurymedonta iugis;
eductosque pares silvestri ex ubere reges,
ordiar et caeso moenia firma Remo,
celsaque Romanis decerpta palatia tauris,
crescet et ingenium sub tua iussa meum;
prosequar et currus utroque ab litore ovantis,
Parthorum astutae tela remissa fugae,
claustraque Pelusi Romano subruta ferro,
Antonique gravis in sua fata manus.
mollia tu coeptae fautor cape lora iuventae,
dexteraque immissis da mihi signa rotis.
hoc mihi, Maecenas, laudis concedis, et a test
quod ferar in partis ipse fuisse tuas.

X

Mirabar, quidnam visissent mane Camenae,
ante meum stantes sole rubente torum.
natalis nostrae signum misere puellae
et manibus faustos ter crepuere sonos.
transeat hic sine nube dies, stent aere venti,
ponat et in sicco molliter unda minas.
aspiciam nullos hodierna luce dolentis,
et Niobae lacrimas supprimat ipse lapis;
alcyonum positis requiescant ora querelis;
inrepet absumptum nec sua mater Ityn.
tuque, o cara mihi, felicibus edita pennis,
surge et poscentis iusta precare deos.
at primum pura somnum tibi discute lympha,
et nitidas presso pollice finge comas;
dein qua primum oculos cepisti veste Properti
indue, nec vacuum flore relinque caput;
et pete, qua polles, ut sit tibi forma perennis,
inque meum semper stent tua regna caput.
inde coronatas ubi ture piaveris aras,
luxerit et tota flamma secunda domo,
sit mensae ratio, noxque inter pocula currat,
et crocino nares murreus ungat onyx.
tibia continuis succumbat rauca choreis,
et sint nequitiae libera verba tuae,
dulciaque ingratos adimant convivia somnos;
publica vicinae perstrepat aura viae:
sit sors et nobis talorum interprete iactu,
quem gravius pennis verberet ille puer.
cum fuerit multis exacta trientibus hora,
noctis et instituet sacra ministra Venus,
annua solvamus thalamo sollemnia nostro,
natalisque tui sic peragamus iter.

XI

Quid mirare, meam si versat femina vitam
et trahit addictum sub sua iura virum,
criminaque ignavi capitis mihi turpia fingis,
quod nequeam fracto rumpere vincla iugo?
ventorum melius praesagit navita morem,
vulneribus didicit miles habere metum.
ista ego praeterita iactavi verba iuventa:
tu nunc exemplo disce timere meo.
Colchis flagrantis adamantina sub iuga tauros
egit et armigera proelia sevit humo,
custodisque feros clausit serpentis hiatus,
iret ut Aesonias aurea lana domos.
ausa ferox ab equo quondam oppugnare sagittis
Maeotis Danaum Penthesilea rates;
aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
vicit victorem candida forma virum.
Omphale in tantum formae processit honorem,
Lydia Gygaeo tincta puella lacu,
ut, qui pacato statuisset in orbe columnas,
tam dura traheret mollia pensa manu.
Persarum statuit Babylona Semiramis urbem,
ut solidum cocto tolleret aggere opus,
et duo in adversum mitti per moenia currus
nec possent tacto stringere ab axe latus;
duxit et Euphraten medium, quam condidit, arcis,
iussit et imperio subdere Bactra caput.
nam quid ego heroas, quid raptem in crimina divos?
Iuppiter infamat seque suamque domum.
quid, modo quae nostris opprobria nexerit armis,
et, famulos inter femina trita suos,
coniugii obsceni pretium Romana poposcit
moenia et addictos in sua regna Patres?
noxia Alexandria, dolis aptissima tellus,
et totiens nostro Memphi cruenta malo,
tris ubi Pompeio detraxit harena triumphos —
tollet nulla dies hanc tibi, Roma, notam.
issent Phlegraeo melius tibi funera campo,
vel tua si socero colla daturus eras.
scilicet incesti meretrix regina Canopi,
una Philippeo sanguine adusta nota,
ausa Iovi nostro latrantem opponere Anubim,

et Tiberim Nili cogere ferre minas,
Romanamque tubam crepitanti pellere sistro,
baridos et contis rostra Liburna sequi,
foedaque Tarpeio conopia tendere saxo,
iura dare et statuas inter et arma Mari!
quid nunc Tarquinii fractas iuvat esse secures,
nomine quem simili vita superba notat,
si mulier patienda fuit? cane, Roma, triumphum
et longum Augusto salva precare diem!
fugisti tamen in timidi vaga flumina Nili:
accepere tuae Romula vincla manus.
brachia spectasti sacris admorsa colubris,
et trahere occultum membra soporis iter.
'Non hoc, Roma, fui tanto tibi cive verenda!'
dixit et assiduo lingua sepulta mero.
septem urbs alta iugis, toto quae praesidet orbi,
non humana deicienda manu.
haec di condiderunt, haec di quoque moenia servant:
vix timeat salvo Caesare Roma Iovem.
nunc ubi Scipiadae classes, ubi signa Camilli,
aut modo Pompeia, Bospore, capta manu?
Hannibalis spolia et victi monumenta Syphacis,
et Pyrrhi ad nostros gloria fracta pedes?
Curtius expletis statuit monumenta lacunis,
admisso Decius proelia rupit equo,
Coclitis abscissos testatur semita pontes,
est cui cognomen corvus habere dedit:
Leucadius versas acies memorabit Apollo:
tanti operis bellum sustulit una dies.
at tu, sive petes portus seu, navita, linques,
Caesaris in toto sis memor Ionio.

XII

Postume, plorantem potuisti linquere Gallam,
miles et Augusti fortia signa sequi?
tantine ulla fuit spoliati gloria Parthi,
ne faceres Galla multa rogante tua?
si fas est, omnes pariter pereatis avari,
et quisquis fido praetulit arma toro!
tu tamen iniecta tectus, vesane, lacerna
potabis galea fessus Araxis aquam.
illa quidem interea fama tabescet inani,
haec tua ne virtus fiat amara tibi,
neve tua Medae laentur caede sagittae,
ferreus armato neu cataphractus equo,
neve aliquid de te flendum referatur in urna:
sic redeunt, illis qui cecidere locis.
ter quater in casta felix, o Postume, Galla!
moribus his alia coniuge dignus eras.
quid faciet nullo munita puella timore,
cum sit luxuriae Roma magistra suae?
sed securus eas: Gallam non munera vincent,
duritiaeque tuae non erit illa memor.
nam quocumque die salvum te fata remittent,
pendebit collo Galla pudica tuo.
Postumus alter erit miranda coniuge Ulixes:
non illi longae tot nocuere morae,
castra decem annorum, et Ciconum mors, Ismara capta,
exustaeque tuae nox, Polypheme, genae,
et Circae fraudes, lotosque herbaeque tenaces,
Scyllaque et alternas scissa Charybdis aquas,
Lampetis Ithacis veribus mugisse iuencos
(paverat hos Phoebo filia Lampetie),
et thalamum Aeaeae flentis fugisse puellae,
totque hiemis noctes totque natasse dies,
nigrantisque domos animarum intrasse silentium,
Sirenum surdo remige adisse lacus,
et veteres arcus leto renovasse procorum,
errorisque sui sic statuisset modum.
nec frustra, quia casta domi persederat uxor.
vincit Penelopes Aelia Galla fidem.

XIII

Quaeritis, unde avidis nox sit pretiosa puellis,
et Venere exhaustae damna querantur opes.
certa quidem tantis causa et manifesta ruinis:
luxuriae nimium libera facta viast.
Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis,
et venit e Rubro concha Erycina salo,
et Tyros ostrinos praebet Cadmea colores,
cinnamon et multi pistor odoris Arabs.
haec etiam clausas expugnant arma pudicas
quaeque gerunt fastus, Icarioti, tuos.
matrona incedit census induta nepotum
et spolia opprobrii nostra per ora trahit.
nullast poscendi, nullast reverentia dandi,
aut si quast, pretio tollitur ipsa mora.
felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,
quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis!
namque ubi mortifero iactast fax ultima lecto,
uxorum fusis stat pia turba comis,
et certamen habent leti, quae viva sequatur
coniugium: pudor est non licuisse mori.
ardent victrices et flammae pectora praebent,
imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.
hoc genus infidum nuptarum, hic nulla puella
nec fida Euadne nec pia Penelope.
felix agrestum quondam pacata iuventus,
divitiae quorum messis et arbor erant!
illis munus erat decussa Cydonia ramo,
et dare puniceis plena canistra rubis,
nunc violas tondere manu, nunc mixta referre
lilia vimineos lucida per calathos,
et portare suis vestitas frondibus uvas
aut variam plumae versicoloris avem.
his tum blanditiis furtiva per antra puellae
oscula silvicolis empta dedere viris.
hinnulei pellis stratos operibat amantes,
altaque nativo creverat herba toro,
pinus et incumbens laetas circumdabat umbras;
nec fuerat nudas poena videre deas.
corniger Arcadii vacuam pastoris in aulam
dux aries saturas ipse reduxit oves;
dique deaeque omnes, quibus est tutela per agros,

praebebant vestri verba benigna foci:
'et leporem, quicumque venis, venaberis, hospes,
et si forte meo tramite quaeris avem:
et me Pana tibi comitem de rupe vocato,
sive petes calamo praemia, sive cane.'
at nunc desertis cessant sacraria lucis:
aurum omnes victa iam pietate colunt.
auro pulsa fides, auro venalia iura,
aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.
torrida sacrilegum testantur limina Brennum,
dum petit intonsi Pythia regna dei:
at mox laurigero concussus vertice diras
Gallica Parnasus sparsit in arma nives.
te scelus accepto Thracis Polymestoris auro
nutrit in hospitio non, Polydore, pio.
tu quoque ut auratos gereres, Eriphyla, lacertos,
delapsis nusquamst Amphiarau+s equis.
proloquar (atque utinam patriae sim verus haruspex!):
frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis.
certa loquor, sed nulla fides; neque vilia quondam
verax Pergameis maenas habenda mali:
sola Parim Phrygiae fatum componere, sola
fallacem Troiae serpere dixit equum.
ille furor patriae fuit utilis, ille parenti:
expertast veros irrita lingua deos.

XIV

Multa tuae, Sparte, miramur iura palaestrae,
sed mage virginei tot bona gymnasii,
quod non infamis exercet corpore ludos
inter luctantis nuda puella viros,
cum pila velocis fallit per bracchia iactus,
increpat et versi clavis adunca trochi,
pulverulentaque ad extremas stat femina metas,
et patitur duro vulnera pancratio:
nunc ligat ad caestum gaudentia bracchia loris,
missile nunc disci pondus in orbe rotat,
et modo Taygeti, crinis aspersa pruina,
sectatur patrios per iuga longa canes:
gyrum pulsat equis, niveum latus ense revincit,
virgineumque cavo protegit aere caput,
qualis Amazonidum nudatis bellica mammis
Thermodontiacis turba lavatur aquis;
qualis et Eurotae Pollux et Castor harenis,
hic victor pugnīs, ille futurus equis,
inter quos Helene nudis capere arma papillis
fertur nec fratres erubuisse deos.
lex igitur Spartana vetat secedere amantes,
et licet in triviis ad latus esse suae,
nec timor aut ullast clausae tutela puellae,
nec gravis austeri poena cavenda viri.
nullo praemisso de rebus tute loquaris
ipse tuis: longae nulla repulsa morae.
nec Tyriae vestes errantia lumina fallunt,
est neque odoratae cura molesta comae.
at nostra ingenti vadit circumdata turba,
nec digitum angustast inseruisse via;
nec quae sit facies nec quae sint verba rogandi
invenias: caecum versat amator iter.
quod si iura fores pugnāsque imitata Laconum,
carior hoc esses tu mihi, Roma, bono.

XV

Sic ego non ullos iam norim in amore tumultus
nec veniat sine te nox vigilanda mihi,
fabula nulla tuas de nobis concitet aures;
te solam et lignis funeris ustus amem.
ut mihi praetexti pudor est relevatus amictus
et data libertas noscere amoris iter,
illa rudis animos per noctes conscia primas
imbuit, heu nullis capta Lycinna datis!
tertius (haud multo minus est) cum ducitur annus,
vix memini nobis verba coisse decem.
cuncta tuus sepelivit amor, nec femina post te
ulla dedit collo dulcia vincla meo.
at tu non meritam parcas vexare Lycinnam:
nescit vestra ruens ira referre pedem.
testis erit Dirce tam vano crimine saeva,
Nycteos Antiopen accubuisse Lyco.
ah quotiens pulchros vulsit regina capillos,
molliaque immitis fixit in ora manus!
ah quotiens famulam pensis oneravit iniquis,
et caput in dura ponere iussit humo!
saepe illam immundis passast habitare tenebris,
vilem ieiunae saepe negavit aquam.
Iuppiter, Antiopae nusquam succurris habenti
tot mala? corrumpit dura catena manus.
si deus es, tibi turpe tuam servire puellam:
invocet Antiope quem nisi vincta Iovem?
sola tamen, quaecumque aderant in corpore vires,
regalis manicas rupit utraque manu.
inde Cithaeronis timido pede currit in arces.
nox erat, et sparso triste cubile gelu.
saepe vago Asopi sonitu permota fluentis
credebat dominae pone venire pedes.
et durum Zethum et lacrimis Amphiona mollem
expertast stabulis mater abacta suis.
ac veluti, magnos cum ponunt aequora motus,
Eurus et adversus desinit ire Noto,
litore sollicito sonitus rarescit harenae,
sic cadit inflexo lapsa puella genu.
sera, tamen pietas: natis est cognitus error.
digne Iovis natos qui tueare senex,
tu reddis pueris matrem; puerique trahendam

vinxerunt Dircen sub trucis ora bovis.
Antiope, cognosce Iovem: tibi gloria Dirce
ducitur in multis mortem habitura locis.
prata cruentantur Zethi, victorque canebat
paeana Amphion rupe, Aracynthe, tua.

XVI

Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistula nostrae:

Tibure me missa iussit adesse mora,
candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina tures,
et cadit in patulos nympha Aniena lacus.
quid faciam? obductis committam mene tenebris
ut timeam audacis in mea membra manus?
at si distulero haec nostro mandata timore,
nocturno fletus saevior hoste mihi.
peccaram semel, et totum sum pulsus in annum:
in me mansuetas non habet illa manus.
nec tamen est quisquam, sacros qui laedat amantes:

Scironis medias his licet ire vias.
quisquis amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
nemo adeo ut feriat barbarus esse volet.
sanguine tam parvo quis enim spargatur amantis
improbis, et cuius sit comes ipsa Venus?
luna ministrat iter, demonstrant astra salebras,
ipse Amor accensas praecutit ante faces,
saeva canum rabies morsus avertit hiantis:
huic generi quovis tempore tuta viast.
quod si certa meos sequerentur funera cursus,
tali mors pretio vel sit emenda mihi.
afferet haec unguenta mihi sertisque sepulcrum
ornabit custos ad mea busta sedens.
di faciant, mea ne terra locet ossa frequenti
qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter!
post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantum.
me tegat arborea devia terra coma,
aut humer ignotae cumulis vallatus harenae:
non iuvat in media nomen habere via.

XVII

Nunc, o Bacche, tuis humiles advolvimur aris:
da mihi pacato vela secunda, pater.
tu potes insanae Veneris compescere fastus,
curarumque tuo fit medicina mero.
per te iunguntur, per te solvuntur amantes:
tu vitium ex animo dilue, Bacche, meo.
te quoque enim non esse rudem testatur in astris
lyncibus ad caelum vecta Ariadna tuis.
hoc mihi, quod veteres custodit in ossibus ignes,
funera sanabunt aut tua vina malum.
semper enim vacuos nox sobria torquet amantes;
spesque timorque animos versat utroque modo.
quod si, Bacche, tuis per fervida tempora donis
accersitus erit somnus in ossa mea,
ipse seram vites pangamque ex ordine colles,
quos carpant nullae me vigilante ferae.
dum modo purpureo spument mihi dolia musto,
et nova pressantis inquinet uva pedes,
quod superest vitae per te et tua cornua vivam,
virtutisque tuae, Bacche, poeta ferar.
dicam ego maternos Aetnaeo fulmine partus,
Indica Nysaeis arma fugata choris,
vesanumque nova nequiquam in vite Lycurgum,
Pentheos in triplicis funera rapta greges,
curvaque Tyrrhenos delphinum corpora nautas
in vada pampinea desiluisse rate,
et tibi per mediam bene olentia flumina Diam,
unde tuum potant Naxia turba merum.
candida laxatis onerato colla corymbis
cinget Bassaricas Lydia mitra comas,
levis odorato cervix manabit olivo,
et feries nudos veste fluente pedes.
mollia Dircaeae pulsabunt tympana Thebae,
capripedes calamo Panes hiant canent,
vertice turrigero iuxta dea magna Cybebe
tundet ad Idaeos cymbala rauca choros.
ante fores templi, cratere antistes et auro
libatum fundens in tua sacra merum,
haec ego non humili referam memoranda coturno,
qualis Pindarico spiritus ore tonat:
tu modo servitio vacuum me siste superbo,

atque hoc sollicitum vince sopore caput.

XVIII

Clausus ab umbroso qua tundit pontus Averno
fumida Baiarum stagna tepentis aquae,
qua iacet et Troiae tubicen Misenus harena,
et sonat Herculeo structa labore via;
hic ubi, mortalis dexter cum quaereret urbes,
cymbala Thebano concrepuere deo —
at nunc invisae magno cum crimine Baiae,
quis deus in vestra constitit hostis aqua? —
Marcellus Stygias vultum demisit in undas,
errat et inferno spiritus ille lacu.
quid genus aut virtus aut optima profuit illi
mater, et amplexum Caesaris esse focos?
aut modo tam pleno fluitantia vela theatro,
et per mirantis omina festa manus?
occidit, et misero steterat vicesimus annus:
tot bona tam parvo clausit in orbe dies.
i nunc, tolle animos et tecum finge triumphos,
stantiaque in plausum tota theatra iuvent;
Attalicas supera vestes, atque ostra smaragdis
gemmea sint Indis: ignibus ista dabis.
sed tamen huc omnes, huc primus et ultimus ordo:
est mala, sed cunctis ista terenda viast.
exoranda canis tria sunt latrantia colla,
scandendast torvi publica cumba senis.
nec forma aeternum aut cuiquamst fortuna perennis:
longius aut propius mors sua quemque manet.
ille licet ferro cautus se condat et aere,
mors tamen inclusum protrahit inde caput.
Nirea non facies, non vis exemit Achillem,
Croesum aut, Pactoli quas parit umor, opes.
at tibi nauta, pias hominum quo traicit umbras,
huc animae portet corpus inane tuae:
qua Siculae victor telluris Claudius et qua
Caesar, ab humana cessit in astra via.

XIX

Obicitur totiens a te mihi nostra libido:
crede mihi, vobis imperat ista magis.
vos, ubi contempti rupistis frena pudoris,
nescitis captae mentis habere modum.
flamma per incensas citius sedetur aristas,
fluminaque ad fontis sint reditura caput,
et placidum Syrtes portum et bona litora nautis
praebeat hospitio saeva Malea suo,
quam possit vestros quisquam reprehendere cursus
et rabidae stimulos frangere nequitiae.
testis, Cretaei fastus quae passa iuveni
induit abiegnae cornua falsa bovis;
testis Thessalico fragrans Salmonis Enipeo,
quae voluit liquido tota subire deo.
crimen et illa fuit, patria succensa senecta
arboris in frondes condita Myrrha novae.
nam quid Medae referam, quo tempore matris
iram natorum caede piavit amor?
quidve Clytaemestrae, propter quam tota Mycenis
infamis stupro stat Pelopea domus?
tuque, o, Minoa venumdata, Scylla, figura
tondes purpurea regna paterna coma.
hanc igitur dotem virgo desponderat hosti!
Nise, tuas portas fraude reclusit amor.
at vos, innuptae, felicius urite taedas:
pendet Cretaea tracta puella rate.
non tamen immerito Minos sedet arbiter Orci:
victor erat quamvis, aequus in hoste fuit.

XX

Credis eum iam posse tuae meminisse figurae,
vidisti a lecto quem dare vela tuo?
durus, qui lucro potuit mutare puellam!
tantine, ut lacrimes, Africa tota fuit?
at tu stulta adeo's? tu fingis inania verba:
forsitan ille alio pectus amore terat.
est tibi forma potens, sunt castae Palladis artes,
splendidaque a docto fama refulget avo,
fortunata domus, modo sit tibi fidus amicus.
fidus ero: in nostros curre, puella, toros!
tu quoque, qui aestivos spatiosius exigis ignes,
Phoebe, moraturae contrahe lucis iter.
nox mihi prima venit! primae da tempora nocti!
longius in primo, Luna, morare toro.
quam multae ante meis cedent sermonibus horae
dulcia quam nobis concitet arma Venus!
foedera sunt ponenda prius signandaque iura
et scribenda mihi lex in amore novo.
haec Amor ipse suo constringet pignora signo:
testis sidereae torta corona deae.
namque ubi non certo vincitur foedere lectus,
non habet ultores nox vigilanda deos,
et quibus imposuit, solvit mox vincla libido:
contineant nobis omina prima fidem.
ergo, qui tactis haec foedera ruperit aris,
pollueritque novo sacra marita toro,
illi sint quicumque solent in amore dolores,
et caput argutae praebeat historiae,
nec flenti dominae patefiant nocte fenestrae:
semper amet, fructu semper amoris egens.

XXI

Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas
ut me longa gravi solvat amore via.
crescit enim assidue spectando cura puellae:
ipse alimenta sibi maxima praebet amor.
omnia sunt temptata mihi, quacumque fugari
posset: at exsomnia me premit ipse deus.
vix tamen aut semel admittit, cum saepe negarit:
seu venit, extremo dormit amicta toro.
unum erit auxilium: mutatis Cynthia terris
quantum oculis, animo tam procul ibit amor.
nunc agite, o socii, propellite in aequora navem,
remorumque pares ducite sorte vices,
iungiteque extremo felicia lintea malo:
iam liquidum nautis aura secundat iter.
Romanae turres et vos valeatis, amici,
qualiscumque mihi tuque, puella, vale!
ergo ego nunc rudis Hadriaci vehar aequoris hospes,
cogar et undisonos nunc prece adire deos.
deinde per Ionium vectus cum fessa Lechaeo
sedarit placida vela phaselus aqua,
quod superest, sufferre, pedes, properate laborem,
Isthmos qua terris arcet utrumque mare.
inde ubi Piraei capient me litora portus,
scandam ego Theseae bracchia longa viae.
illic vel stadiis animum emendare Platonis
incipiam aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis;
persequar aut studium linguae, Demosthenis arma,
libaboque tuos, culte Menandre, sales;
aut certe tabulae capient mea lumina pictae,
sive ebore exactae, seu magis aere, manus.
et spatia annorum et longa intervalla profundi
lenibunt tacito vulnera nostra sinu:
seu moriar, fato, non turpi fractus amore;
atque erit illa mihi mortis honesta dies.

XXII

Frigida tam multos placuit tibi Cyzicus annos,
Tulle, Propontiaca qua fluit isthmus aqua,
Dindymis et sacra fabricata in vite Cybebe,
raptorisque tulit quae via Ditis equos?
si te forte iuvant Helles Athamantidos urbes,
nec desiderio, Tulle, movere meo,
si tibi olorigeri visendast ora Caystri,
et quae serpentis temperat unda vias;
tu licet aspicias caelum omne Atlanta gerentem,
sectaque Persea Phorcidos ora manu,
Geryonis stabula et luctantum in pulvere signa
Herculis Antaeique, Hesperidumque choros;
tuque tuo Colchum propellas remige Phasim,
Peliacaeque trabis totum iter ipse legas,
qua rudis Argoa natat inter saxa columba
in faciem prorae pinus adacta novae:
omnia Romanae cedent miracula terrae.
natura hic posuit, quidquid ubique fuit.
armis apta magis tellus quam commoda noxae:
Famam, Roma, tuae non pudet historiae.
nam quantum ferro tantum pietate potentes
stamus: victricis temperat ira manus.
hic, Anio Tiburne, fluis, Clitumnus ab Umbro
tramite, et aeternum Marcius umor opus,
Albanus lacus et foliis Nemorensis abundans,
potaque Pollucis nympha salubris equo.
at non squamoso labuntur ventre cerastae,
Italia portentis nec furit unda novis;
non hic Andromedae resonant pro matre catenae,
nec tremis Ausonias, Phoebe fugate, dapes,
nec cuiquam absentes arserunt in caput ignes
exitium nato matre movente suo;
Pentheia non saevae venantur in arbore Bacchae,
nec solvit Danaas subdita cerva rates;
cornua nec valuit curvare in paelice Iuno
aut faciem turpi dedecorare bove;

arboreasque cruces Sinis, et non hospita Grais
saxa, et curtatas in fera fata trabes.
haec tibi, Tulle, parens, haec est pulcherrima sedes,

hic tibi pro digna gente petendus honos,
hic tibi ad eloquium cives, hic ampla nepotum
spes et venturae coniugis aptus amor.

XXIII

Ergo tam doctae nobis periire tabellae,
scripta quibus pariter tot periire bona!
has quondam nostris manibus detriverat usus,
qui non signatas iussit habere fidem.
illae iam sine me norant placare puellas,
et quaedam sine me verba diserta loqui.
non illas fixum caras effecerat aurum:
vulgari buxo sordida cera fuit.
quaescumque mihi semper mansere fideles,
semper et effectus promeruerunt bonos.
forsitan haec illis fuerunt mandata tabellis:
‘irascor, quoniam’s, lente, moratus heri.
an tibi nescio quae visast formosior? an tu
non bona de nobis crimina ficta iacis?’
aut dixit: ‘venies hodie, cessabimus una:
hospitium tota nocte paravit Amor,’
et quaecumque volens reperit non stulta puella
garrula, cum blandis dicitur hora dolis.
me miserum, his aliquis rationem scribit avarus
et ponit duras inter ephemeridas!
quas si quis mihi rettulerit, donabitur auro:
quisenta velit?
i puer, et citus haec aliqua propone columna,
et dominum Esquiliis scribe habitare tuum.

XXIV

Falsast ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae,
olim oculis nimium facta superba meis.
noster amor talis tribuit tibi, Cynthia, laudes:
versibus insignem te pudet esse meis.
mixtam te varia laudavi saepe figura,
ut, quod non esses, esse putaret amor;
et color est totiens roseo collatus Eoo,
cum tibi quaesitus candor in ore foret:
quod mihi non patrii poterant avertere amici,
eluere aut vasto Thessala saga mari,
hoc ego — non ferro, non igne coactus, at ipsa
naufragus Aegaea (vera fatebor) aqua.
correptus saevo Veneris torrebam aeno;
vinctus eram versas in mea terga manus.
ecce coronatae portum tetigere carinae,
traiectae Syrtes, ancora iacta mihist.
nunc demum vasto fessi resipiscimus aestu,
vulneraque ad sanum nunc coiere mea.
Mens Bona, si qua dea's, tua me in sacraria dono!
exciderunt surdo tot mea vota Iovi.

XXV

Risus eram positus inter convivia mensis,
et de me poterat quilibet esse loquax.
quinque tibi potui servire fideliter annos:
 ungue meam morso saepe querere fidem.
nil moveor lacrimis: ista sum captus ab arte;
 semper ab insidiis, Cynthia, flere soles.
flebo ego discedens, sed fletum iniuria vincit:
 tu bene conveniens non sinis ire iugum.
limina iam nostris valeant lacrimantia verbis,
 nec tamen irata ianua fracta manu.
at te celatis aetas gravis urgeat annis,
 et veniat formae ruga sinistra tuae!
vellere tum cupias albos a stirpe capillos,
 iam speculo rugas increpitante tibi,
exclusa inque vicem fastus patiare superbos,
 et quae fecisti facta queraris anus!
has tibi fatalis cecinit mea pagina diras:
 eventum formae disce timere tuae!

LIBER QVARTVS

I

“hoc, quodcumque uides, hospes, qua maxima Roma est,
ante Phrygem Aenean collis et herba fuit;
atque ubi Nauali stant sacra Palatia Phoebo,
Euandri profugae concubuerunt boues.
fictilibus creuere deis haec aurea templa,
nec fuit opprobrium facta sine arte casa;
Tarpeiusque pater nuda de rupe tonabat,
et Tiberis nostris aduena bubus erat.
qua gradibus domus ista Remi se sustulit, olim
unus erat fratrum maxima regna focus.
curia, praetexto quae nunc nitet alta senatu,
pellitos habuit, rustica corda, Patres.
bucina cogebat priscos ad uerba Quiritis:
centum illi in prato saepe senatus erat.
nec sinuosa cauo pendebant uela theatro,
pulpita sollemnis non oluere crocos.
nulli cura fuit externos quaerere diuos,
cum tremere patrio pendula turba sacro,
annuaque accenso celebrante Parilia faeno,
qualia nunc curto lustra nouantur equo.
Vesta coronatis pauper gaudebat asellis,
ducebant macrae uilia sacra boues.
parua saginati lustrabant compita porci,
pastor et ad calamos exta litabat ouis.
uerbera pellitus saetosa mouebat arator,
unde licens Fabius sacra Lupercus habet.
nec rudis infestis miles radiabat in armis:
miscebant usta proelia nuda sude.
prima galeritus posuit praetoria Lycmon,
magnaue pars Tatio rerum erat inter ouis.
hinc Tities Ramnesque uiri Luceresque Soloni,
quattuor hinc albos Romulus egit equos.
quippe suburbanae parua minus urbe Bouillae
et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi.
et stetit Alba potens, albae suis omine nata,
ac tibi Fidenas longa erat isse uia.
nil patrium nisi nomen habet Romanus alumnus:
sanguinis altricem non pudet esse lupam.
huc melius profugos misisti, Troia, Penatis;
heu quali uecta est Dardana puppis aue!
iam bene spondebant tunc omina, quod nihil illam

laeserat abiegni uenter apertus equi,
cum pater in nati trepidus ceruice pependit,
et uerita est umeros urere flamma pios.
tunc animi uenere Deci Brutique secures,
uexit et ipsa sui Caesaris arma Venus,
arma resurgentis portans uictricia Troiae:
felix terra tuos cepit, Iule, deos,
si modo Auernalis tremulae cortina Sibyllae
dixit Auentino rura pianda Remo,
aut si Pergameae sero rata carmina uatis
longaeuum ad Priami uera fuere caput:
“uertite equum, Danai! male uincitis! Ilia tellus
uiuēt, et huic cineri Iuppiter arma dabit.”
optima nutricum nostris lupa Martia rebus,
qualia creuerunt moenia lacte tuo!
moenia namque pio coner disponere uersu:
ei mihi, quod nostro est paruus in ore sonus!
sed tamen exiguo quodcumque e pectore riuī
fluxerit, hoc patriae seruiet omne meae.
Ennius hirsuta cingat sua dicta corona:
mi folia ex hedera porrige, Bacche, tua,
ut nostris tumefacta superbiat Vmbria libris,
Vmbria Romani patria Callimachi!
scandentis quisquis cernit de uallibus arces,
ingenio muros aestimet ille meo!
Roma, faue, tibi surgit opus, date candida ciues
omina, et inceptis dextera cantet auis!
sacra diesque canam et cognomina prisca locorum:
has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus.”

HOROS

“quo ruis imprudens, uage, dicere fata, Properti?
non sunt a dextro condita fila colo.
accersis lacrimas cantans, auersus Apollo:
poscis ab inuita uerba pigenda lyra.
certa feram certis auctoribus, aut ego uates
nescius aerata signa mouere pila.
me creat Archytae suboles Babylonius Orops
Horon, et a proauo ducta Conone domus.
di mihi sunt testes non degenerasse propinquos,
inque meis libris nil prius esse fide.
nunc pretium fecere deos et (fallitur auro
Iuppiter) obliquae signa iterata rotae
felicesque Iouis stellas Martisque rapaces

et graue Saturni sidus in omne caput;
quid moueant Pisces animosaque signa Leonis,
lotus et Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua.
[dicam: “Troia cades, et Troica Roma, resurges;”
et maris et terrae longa sepulcra canam.]
dixi ego, cum geminos produceret Arria natos
(illa dabat natis arma uetante deo):
non posse ad patrios sua pila referre Penatis:
nempe meam firmant nunc duo busta fidem.
quippe Lupercus, equi dum saucia protegit ora,
heu sibi prolapso non bene cauit equo;
Gallus at, in castris dum credita signa tuetur,
concidit ante aquilae rostra cruenta suae:
fatales pueri, duo funera matris auarae!
uera, sed inuito, contigit ista fides.
idem ego, cum Cinarae traheret Lucina dolores,
et facerent uteri pondera lenta moram,
“Iunonis facito uotum impetrabile” dixi:
illa parit: libris est data palma meis!
hoc neque harenosum Libyae Iouis explicat antrum,
aut sibi commissos fibra locuta deos,
aut si quis motas cornicis senserit alas,
umbrae quae magicis mortua prodit aquis:
aspicienda uia est caeli uerusque per astra
trames, et ab zonis quinque petenda fides.
exemplum graue erit Calchas: namque Aulide soluit
ille bene haerentis ad pia saxa ratis;
idem Agamemnoniae ferrum ceruice puellae
tinxit, et Atrides uela cruenta dedit;
nec rediere tamen Danaï: tu diruta fletum
supprime et Euboicos respice, Troia, sinus!
Nauplius ultores sub noctem porrigit ignis,
et natat exuuiis Graecia pressa suis.
uictor Oiliade, rape nunc et dilige uatem,
quam uetat auelli ueste Minerua sua!
hactenus historiae: nunc ad tua deuehar astra;
incipere tu lacrimis aequus adesse nouis.
Vmbria te notis antiqua Penatibus edit —
mentior? an patriae tangitur ora tuae? —
qua nebulosa cauo rorat Meuania campo,
et lacus aestiuus intepet Vmber aquis,
scandentisque Asis consurgit uertice murus,
murus ab ingenio notior ille tuo.
ossaque legisti non illa aetate legenda

patris et in tenuis cogeris ipse lares:
nam tua cum multi uersarent rura iuuenci,
abstulit excultas pertica tristis opes.
mox ubi bulla rudi dimissa est aurea collo,
matris et ante deos libera sumpta toga,
tum tibi pauca suo de carmine dictat Apollo
et uetat insano uerba tonare Foro.
at tu finge elegos, fallax opus: haec tua castra! -
scribat ut exemplo cetera turba tuo.
militiam Veneris blandis patiere sub armis,
et Veneris Pueris utilis hostis eris.
nam tibi uictrices quascumque labore parasti,
eludit palmas una puella tuas:
et bene cum fixum mento discusseris uncum,
nil erit hoc: rostro te premet ansa tuo.
illius arbitrio noctem lucemque uidebis:
gutta quoque ex oculis non nisi iussa cadet.
nec mille excubiae nec te signata iuuabunt
limina: persuasae fallere rima sat est.
nunc tua uel mediis puppis luctetur in undis,
uel licet armatis hostis inermis eas,
uel tremefacta cauo tellus diducat hiatum:
octipedis Cancri terga sinistra time!"

II

quid mirare meas tot in uno corpore formas,
accipe Vertumni signa paterna dei.
Tuscanus ego Tuscanis orior, nec paenitet inter
proelia Volsinios deseruisse focos.
haec me turba iuuat, nec templo laetor eburno:
Romanum satis est posse uidere Forum.
hac quondam Tiberinus iter faciebat, et aiunt
remorum auditos per uada pulsa sonos:
at postquam ille suis tantum concessit alumnis,
Vertumnus uerso dicor ab amne deus.

seu, quia uertentis fructum praecepimus anni,
Vertumni rursus credidit esse sacrum.
prima mihi uariat liuentibus uua racemis,
et coma lactenti spicea fruge tumet;
hic dulcis cerasos, hic autumnalia pruna
cernis et aestiuo mora rubere die;
insitor hic soluit pomosa uota corona,
cum pirus inuito stipite mala tulit.
mendax fama, nocens: alius mihi nominis index:
de se narranti tu modo crede deo.
opportuna mea est cunctis natura figuris:
in quamcumque uoles uerte, decorus ero.
indue me Cois, fiam non dura puella:
neque uirum sumpta quis neget esse toga?
da falcem et torto frontem mihi comprime faeno:
iurabis nostra gramina secta manu.
arma tuli quondam et, memini, laudabar in illis:
corbis et imposito pondere messor eram.
sobrius ad lites: at cum est imposta corona,
clamabis capiti uina subisse meo.
cinge caput mitra, speciem furabor Iacchi;
furabor Phoebi, si modo plectra dabis.
cassibus impositis uenor: sed harundine sumpta
fautor plumoso sum deus aucupio.
est etiam aurigae species Vertumnus et eius
traicit alterno qui leue pondus equo.
suppetat hic, piscis calamo praedabor, et ibo
mundus demissis institor in tunicis.
pastorem ad baculum possum curuare uel idem

sirpiculis medio puluere ferre rosam.
nam quid ego adiciam, de quo mihi maxima fama est,
hortorum in manibus dona probata meis?
caeruleus cucumis tumidoque cucurbita uentre
me notat et iunco brassica uincta leui;
nec flos ullus hiat pratis, quin ille decenter
impositus fronti langueat ante meae.
at mihi, quod formas unus uertebar in omnis,
nomen ab euentu patria lingua dedit;
et tu, Roma, meis tribuisti praemia Tuscis,
(unde hodie Vicus nomina Tuscus habet),
tempore quo sociis uenit Lycomedius armis
atque Sabina feri contudit arma Tati.
uidi ego labentis acies et tela caduca,
atque hostis turpi terga dedisse fugae.
sed facias, diuum Sator, ut Romana per aeuum
transeat ante meos turba togata pedes.
sex superant uersus: te, qui ad uadimonia curris,
non moror: haec spatiis ultima creta meis.
stipes acernus eram, properanti falce dolatus,
ante Numam grata pauper in urbe deus.
at tibi, Mamurri, formae caelator aenae,
tellus artifices ne terat Osca manus,
qui me tam docilis potuisti fundere in usus.
unum opus est, operi non datur unus honos.

III

haec Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotae,
cum totiens absis, si potes esse meus.
si qua tamen tibi lecturo pars oblita derit,
haec erit e lacrimis facta litura meis:
aut si qua incerto fallet te littera tractu,
signa meae dextrae iam morientis erunt.
te modo uiderunt iteratos Bactra per ortus,
te modo munito Sericus hostis equo,
hibernique Getae, pictoque Britannia curru,
ustus et Eoa decolor Indus aqua.
haecne marita fides et parce auia noctes,
cum rudis urgenti bracchia uicta dedi?
quae mihi deductae fax omen praetulit, illa
traxit ab euerso lumina nigra rogo;
et Stygio sum sparsa lacu, nec recta capillis
uitta data est: nupsi non comitante deo.
omnibus heu portis pendent mea noxia uota:
textitur haec castris quarta lacerna tuis.
occidat, immerita qui carpsit ab arbore uallum
et struxit querulas rauca per ossa tubas,
dignior obliquo funem qui torqueat Ocho,
aeternusque tuam pascit, aselle, famem!
dic mihi, num teneros urit lorica lacertos?
num grauis imbellis atterit hasta manus?
haec noceant potius, quam dentibus ulla puella
det mihi plorandas per tua colla notas!
diceris et macie uultum tenuasse: sed opto
e desiderio sit color iste meo.
at mihi cum noctes induxit uesper amaras,
si qua relictæ iacent, osculor arma tua;
tum queror in toto non sidere pallia lecto,
lucis et auctores non dare carmen auis.
noctibus hibernis castrensia pensa laboro
et Tyria in clauos uellera secta tuos;
et disco, qua parte fluat uincendus Araxes,
quot sine aqua Parthus milia currat equus;
cogor et e tabula pictos ediscere mundos,
qualis et haec docti sit positura dei,
quae tellus sit lenta gelu, quae putris ab aestu,
uentus in Italiam qui bene uela ferat.
assidet una soror, curis et pallida nutrix

peierat hiberni temporis esse moras.
felix Hippolyte! nuda tulit arma papilla
et textit galea barbara molle caput.
Romanis utinam patuissent castra puellis!
 essem militiae sarcina fida tuae,
nec me tardarent Scythiae iuga, cum Paper altas
 Africus in glaciem frigore nectit aquas.
omnis amor magnus, sed aperto in coniuge maior:
 hanc Venus, ut uiuat, uentilat ipsa facem.
nam mihi quo Poenis ter purpura fulgeat ostris
 crystallusque meas ornet aquosa manus?
omnia surda tacent, rarisque assueta kalendis
 uix aperit clausos una puella Lares,
Claugidos et catulae uox est mihi grata querentis:
 illa tui partem uindicat una tori.
flore sacella tego, uerbenis compita uelo,
 et crepat ad ueteres herba Sabina focos.
siue in finitimo gemuit stans noctua tigno,
 seu uoluit tangi parca lucerna mero,
illa dies hornis caedem denuntiat agnis,
 succinctique calent ad noua lucra popae.
ne, precor, ascensis tanti sit gloria Bactris,
 raptaue odorato carbasa lina duci,
plumbea cum tortae sparguntur pondera fundae,
 subdolus et uersis increpat arcus equis!
sed (tua sic domitis Parthae telluris alumnis
 pura triumphantis hasta sequatur equos)
incorrupta mei conserua foedera lecti!
 hac ego te sola lege redisse uelim:
armaque cum tulero portae uotiua Capenae,
 subscribam: “saluo grata puella uiro.”

IV

Tarpeium nemus et Tarpeiae turpe sepulcrum
fabor et antiqui limina capta Iouis.
lucus erat felix hederoso conditus antro,
multaque natiuis obstrepit arbor aquis,
Siluani ramosa domus, quo dulcis ab aestu
fistula poturas ire iubebat ouis.
hunc Tatius fontem uallo praecingit acerno,
fidaque suggesta castra coronat humo.
quid tum Roma fuit, tubicen uicina Curetis
cum quateret lento murmure saxa Iouis?
atque ubi nunc terris dicuntur iura subactis,
stabant Romano pila Sabina Foro.
murus erant montes: ubi nunc est curia saepta,
bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.
hinc Tarpeia deae fontem libauit: at illi
urgebat medium fictilis urna caput.
et satis una malae potuit mors esse puellae,
quae uoluit flammās fallere, Vesta, tuas?
uidit harenosis Tatium proludere campis
pictaque per flauas arma leuare iubas:
obstipuit regis facie et regalibus armis,
interque oblitus excidit urna manus.
saepe illa immeritae causata est omina lunae,
et sibi tingendas dixit in amne comas:
saepe tulit blandis argentea lilia Nymphis,
Romula ne faciem laederet hasta Tati.
dumque subit primo Capitolia nubila fumo,
rettulit hirsutis bracchia secta rubis,
et sua Tarpeia residens ita fleuit ab arce
uulnera, uicino non patienda Ioui:
“ignes castrorum et Tatiae praetoria turmae
et formosa oculis arma Sabina meis,
o utinam ad uestros sedeam captiua Penatis,
dum captiua mei conspicer ora Tati!
Romani montes, et montibus addita Roma,
et ualeat probro Vesta pudenda meo:
ille equus, ille meos in castra reponet amores,
cui Tatius dextras collocat ipse iubas!
quid mirum in patrios Scyllam saeuisse capillos,
candidaque in saeuos inguina uersa canis?
prodita quid mirum fraterni cornua monstri,

cum patuit lecto stamine torta uia?
quantum ego sum Ausoniis crimen factura puellis,
improba uirgineo lecta ministra foco!
Pallados exstinctos si quis mirabitur ignis,
ignoscat: lacrimis spargitur ara meis.
cras, ut rumor ait, tota potabitur urbe:
tu cape spinosi rorida terga iugi.
lubrica tota uia est et perfida: quippe tacentis
fallaci celat limite semper aquas.
o utinam magicae nossem cantamina Musae!
haec quoque formoso lingua tulisset opem.
te toga picta decet, non quem sine matris honore
nutrit inhumanae dura papilla lupae.
hic, hospes, patria metuar regina sub aula?
dos tibi non humilis prodita Roma uenit.
si minus, at raptae ne sint impune Sabinae:
me rape et alterna lege repende uices!
commissas acies ego possum soluere: nuptae
uos medium palla foedus inite mea.
adde Hymenaeae modos, tubicen fera murmura conde:
credite, uestra meus molliet arma torus.
et iam quarta canit uenturam bucina lucem,
ipsaque in Oceanum sidera lapsa cadunt.
experiar somnum, de te mihi somnia quaeram:
fac uenias oculis umbra benigna meis.”
dixit, et incerto permisit brachia somno,
nescia se furiis accubuisse nouis.
nam Vesta, Iliacae felix tutela fauillae,
culpam alit et plures condit in ossa faces.
illa ruit, qualis celerem prope Thermodonta
Strymonis abscisso fertur aperta sinu.
urbi festus erat (dixere Parilia patres),
hic primus coepit moenibus esse dies,
annua pastorum conuiuia, lusus in urbe,
cum pagana madent fercula diuitiis,
cumque super raros faeni flammantis acervos
traicit immundos ebria turba pedes.
Romulus excubias decreuit in otia solui
atque intermissa castra silere tuba.
hoc Tarpeia suum tempus rata conuenit hostem:
pacta ligat, pactis ipsa futura comes.
mons erat ascensu dubius festoque remissus
nec mora, uocalis occupat ense canis.
omnia praebebant somnos: sed Iuppiter unus

decreuit poenis inuigilare suis.
prodiderat portaeque fidem patriamque iacentem,
nubendique petit, quem uelit, ipsa diem.
at Tatius (neque enim sceleri dedit hostis honorem)
“nube” ait “et regni scande cubile mei!”
dixit, et ingestis comitum super obruit armis.
haec, uirgo, officiis dos erat apta tuis.
a duce Tarpeia mons est cognomen adeptus:
o uigil, iniustae praemia sortis habes.

V

terra tuum spinis obducat, lena, sepulcrum,
et tua, quod non uis, sentiat umbra sitim;
nec sedeant cineri Manes, et Cerberus ultor
turpia ieiuno terreat ossa sono!
docta uel Hippolytum Veneri mollire negantem,
concordique toro pessima semper auis,
Penelopen quoque neglecto rumore mariti
nubere lasciuo cogeret Antinoo.
illa uelit, poterit magnes non ducere ferrum,
et uolucris nidis esse nouerca suis.
quippe et, Collinas ad fossam mouerit herbas,
stantia currenti diluerentur aqua:
audax cantatae leges imponere lunae
et sua nocturno fallere terga lupo,
posset ut intentos astu caecare maritos,
cornicum immeritas eruit ungue genas;
consuluitque striges nostro de sanguine, et in me
hippomanes fetae semina legit equae.
exorabat opus uerbis, ceu blanda perure
saxosamque ferat sedula culpa uiam:
“si te Eoa Dorozantum iuuat aurea ripa
et quae sub Tyria concha superbit aqua,
Eurypylique placet Coae textura Mineruae,
sectaque ab Attalicis putria signa toris,
seu quae palmiferae mittunt uenalia Thebae,
murraeque in Parthis pocula cocta focus;
sperne fidem, prouolue deos, mendacia uincant,
frange et damnosae iura pudicitiae!
et simulare uirum pretium facit: utere causis!
maior dilata nocte recurret amor.
si tibi forte comas uexauerit, utilis ira:
post modo mercata pace premendus erit.
denique ubi amplexu Venerem promiseris empto,
fac simules puros Isidis esse dies.
ingerat Aprilis Iole tibi, tundat Amycle
natalem Mais Idibus esse tuum.
supplex ille sedet ñ posita tu scribe cathedra
quidlibet! has artis si pauet ille, tenes!
semper habe morsus circa tua colla recentis,
litibus alternis quos putet esse datos.
nec te Medae delectent probra sequacis

(nempe tulit fastus ausa rogare prior),
sed potius mundi Thais pretiosa Menandri,
cum ferit astutos comica moecha Getas.
in mores te uerte uiri: si cantica iactat,
i comes et uoces ebria iunge tuas.
ianitor ad dantis uigilet: si pulset inanis,
surdus in obductam somniet usque seram.
nec tibi displiceat miles non factus amori,
nauta nec attrita si ferat aera manu,
aut quorum titulus per barbara colla pependit,
cretati medio cum saluere foro.
aurum spectato, non quae manus afferat aurum!
uersibus auditis quid nisi uerba feres?
[quid iuuat ornato procedere, uita, capillo
et tenuis Coa ueste mouere sinus?]
qui uersus, Coae dederit nec munera uestis,
istius tibi sit surda sine arte lyra.
dum uernat sanguis, dum rugis integer annus,
utere, ne quid cras libet ab ore dies!
uidi ego odorati uictura rosaria Paesti
sub matutino cocta iacere Noto.”
sed (cape torquatae, Venus o regina, columbae
ob meritum ante tuos guttura secta focos)
his animum nostrae dum uersat Acanthis amicae,
per tenuem ossa sunt numerata cutem.
uidi ego rugoso tussim con crescere collo,
sputaque per dentis ire cruenta cauos,
atque animam in tegetes putrem exspirare paternas:
horruit argenti pergula curua foco.
exsequiae fuerint rari furtiua capilli
uincula et immundo pallida mitra situ,
et canis, in nostros nimis experrecta dolores,
cum fallenda meo pollice clatra forent.
sit tumulus lenae curto uetus amphora collo:
urgeat hunc supra uis, caprifice, tua.
quisquis amas, scabris hoc bustum caedite saxis,
mixtaque cum saxis addite uerba mala!

VI

sacra facit uates: sint ora fauentia sacris,
et cadat ante meos icta iuuenca focos.
serta Philiteis certet Romana corymbis,
et Cyrenaeas urna ministret aquas.
costum molle date et blandi mihi turis honores,
terque focum circa laneus orbis eat.
spargite me lymphis, carmenque recentibus aris
tibia Mygdoniis libet eburna cadis.
ite procul fraudes, alio sint aere noxae:
pura nouum uati laurea mollit iter.
Musa, Palatini referemus Apollinis aedem:
res est, Calliope, digna fauore tuo.
Caesaris in nomen ducuntur carmina: Caesar
dum canitur, quaeso, Iuppiter ipse uaces!
est Phoebi fugiens Athamana ad litora portus,
qua sinus Ioniae murmura condit aquae,
Actia Iuleae pelagus monumenta carinae,
nautarum uotis non operosa uia.
huc mundi coiere manus: stetit aequore moles
pineae, nec remis aequa fauebat auis.
altera classis erat Teucro damnata Quirino,
pilaque feminea turpiter acta manu:
hinc Augusta ratis plenis Iouis omine uelis,
signaque iam Patriae uincere docta suae.
tandem aciem geminos Nereus lunarat in arcus,
armorum et radiis picta tremebat aqua,
cum Phoebus linquens stantem se uindice Delon
(nam tulit iratos mobilis una Notos)
astitit Augusti puppim super, et noua flamma
luxit in obliquam ter sinuata facem.
non ille attulerat crinis in colla solutos
aut testudineae carmen inerme lyrae,
sed quali aspexit Pelopeum Agamemnona uultu,
egessitque audis Dorica castra rogis,
aut qualis flexos soluit Pythona per orbis
serpentem, imbelles quem timuere lyrae.
mox ait “o Longa mundi seruator ab Alba,
Auguste, Hectoreis cognite maior auis,
uince mari: iam terra tua est: tibi militat arcus
et fauet ex umeris hoc onus omne meis.
solue metu patriam, quae nunc te uindice freta

imposuit prorae publica uota tuae.
quam nisi defendes, murorum Romulus augur
ire Palatinas non bene uidit auis.
et nimium remis audent prope: turpe Latinis
principe te fluctus regia uela pati.
nec te, quod classis centenis remiget alis,
terreat: inuito labitur illa mari:
quodque uehunt prorae Centaurica saxa minantis,
tigna caua et pictos experire metus.
frangit et attollit uires in milite causa;
quae nisi iusta subest, excutit arma pudor.
tempus adest, committe ratis! ego temporis auctor
ducam laurigera Iulia rostra manu.”
dixerat, et pharetrae pondus consumit in arcus:
proxima post arcus Caesaris hasta fuit.
uincit Roma fide Phoebi: dat femina poenas:
sceptra per Ionias fracta uehuntur aquas.
at pater Idalio miratur Caesar ab astro:
“sum deus; est nostri sanguinis ista fides.”
prosequitur cantu Triton, omnesque marinae
plausuerunt circa libera signa deae.
illa petit Nilum cumba male nixa fugaci,
hoc unum, iusso non moritura die.
di melius! quantus mulier foret una triumphus,
ductus erat per quas ante Iugurtha uias!
Actius hinc traxit Phoebus monumenta, quod eius
una decem uicit missa sagitta ratis.
bella satis cecini: citharam iam poscit Apollo
uictor et ad placidos exuit arma choros.
candida nunc molli subeant conuiuia luco;
blanditiaeque fluant per mea colla rosae,
uinaque fundantur prelis elisa Falernis,
terque lauet nostras spica Cilissa comas.
ingenium positis irritet Musa poetis:
Bacche, soles Phoebo fertilis esse tuo.
ille paludosos memoret seruire Sycambros,
Cepheam hic Meroen fuscaque regna canat,
hic referat sero confessum foedere Parthum:
“reddat signa Remi, mox dabit ipse sua:
siue aliquid pharetris Augustus parcat Eois,
differat in pueros ista tropaea suos.
gaude, Crasse, nigras si quid sapis inter harenas:
ire per Euphraten ad tua busta licet.”
sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine, donec

iniciat radios in mea uina dies!

VII

Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit,
luridaque euictos effugit umbra rogos.
Cynthia namque meo uisa est incumbere fulcro,
murmur ad extremae nuper humata uiae,
cum mihi somnus ab exsequiis penderet amoris,
et quereretur lecti frigida regna mei.
eosdem habuit secum quibus est elata capillos,
eosdem oculos; lateri uestis adusta fuit,
et solitum digito beryllon adederat ignis,
summaque Lethaeus triuerat ora liquor.
spirantisque animos et uocem misit: at illi
pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus:
“perfide nec cuiquam melior sperande puellae,
in te iam uires somnus habere potest?
iamne tibi exciderant uigilacis furta Suburae
et mea nocturnis trita fenestra dolis?
per quam demisso quotiens tibi fune pependi,
alterna ueniens in tua colla manu!
saepe Venus triuio commissa est, pectore mixto
fecerunt tepidas pallia nostra uias.
foederis heu taciti, cuius fallacia uerba
non audituri diripuerunt Noti.
at mihi non oculos quisquam inclamauit euntis:
unum impetrassem te reuocante diem:
nec crepuit fissa me propter harundine custos,
laesit et obiectum tegula curta caput.
denique quis nostro curuum te funere uidit,
atram quis lacrimis incaluisse togam?
si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illuc
iussisses lectum lentius ire meum.
cur uentos non ipse rogis, ingratus, petisti?
cur nardo flammae non oluere meae?
hoc etiam graue erat, nulla mercede hyacinthos
iniciere et fracto busta piare cado.
Lygdamus uratur nō candescat lamina uernae -
sensi ego, cum insidiis pallida uina bibi nō
at Nomas nō arcanas tollat uersuta saliuas;
dicet damnatas ignea testa manus.
quae modo per uilis inspecta est publica noctes,
haec nunc aurata cyclade signat humum;
et grauiora rependit iniquis pensa quasillis,

garrula de facie si qua locuta mea est;
nostraque quod Petale tulit ad monumenta coronas,
codicis immundi uincula sentit anus;
caeditur et Lalage tortis suspensa capillis,
per nomen quoniam est ausa rogare meum.
te patiente meae conflauit imaginis aurum,
ardente e nostro dotem habitura rogo.
non tamen insector, quamuis mereare, Properti:
longa mea in libris regna fuere tuis.
iuro ego Fatorum nulli reuolubile carmen,
tergeminusque canis sic mihi molle sonet,
me seruasse fidem. si fallo, uipera nostris
sibilet in tumulis et super ossa cubet.
nam gemina est sedes turpem sortita per amnem,
turbaque diuersa remigat omnis aqua.
unda Clytaemestrae stuprum uehit altera, Cressae
portat mentitae lignea monstra bouis.
ecce coronato pars altera rapta phaselo,
mulcet ubi Elysias aura beata rosas,
qua numerosa fides, quaque aera rotunda Cybebes
mitratisque sonant Lydia plectra choris.
Andromedaeque et Hypermestre sine fraude maritae
narrant historiae tempora nota suae:
haec sua maternis queritur liuere catenis
bracchia nec meritas frigida saxa manus;
narrat Hypermestre magnum ausas esse sorores,
in scelus hoc animum non ualuisse suum.
sic mortis lacrimis uitae sancimus amores:
celo ego perfidiae crimina multa tuae.
sed tibi nunc mandata damus, si forte moueris,
si te non totum Chloridos herba tenet:
nutrix in tremulis ne quid desideret annis
Parthenie: potuit, nec tibi auara fuit.
deliciae meae Latris, cui nomen ab usu est,
ne speculum dominae porrigat illa nouae.
et quoscumque meo fecisti nomine uersus,
ure mihi: laudes desine habere meas.
pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quae praegnante corymbo
mollia contortis alligat ossa comis.
ramosis Anio qua pomifer incubat aruis,
et numquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur,
hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
sed breue, quod currens uestor ab urbe legat:
“hic Tiburtina iacet aurea Cynthia terra:

accessit ripae laus, Aniene, tuae.”
nec tu sperne piis uenientia somnia portis:
cum pia uenerunt somnia, pondus habent.
nocte uagae ferimur, nox clausas liberat umbras,
errat et abiecta Cerberus ipse sera.
luce iubent leges Lethaea ad stagna reuerti:
nos uehimur, uectum nauta recenset onus.
nunc te possideant aliae: mox sola tenebo:
mecum eris, et mixtis ossibus ossa teram.”
haec postquam querula mecum sub lite peregit,
inter complexus excidit umbra meos.

VIII

disce, quid Esquillas hac nocte fugarit aquosas,
cum uicina nouis turba cucurrit agris.

Lanuuium annosi uetus est tutela draconis,
hic, ubi tam rarae non perit hora morae,
qua sacer abripitur caeco descensus hiatu,
qua penetrat (uirgo, tale iter omne caue!)

ieiuni serpentis honos, cum pabula poscit
annua et ex ima sibila torquet humo.
talìa demissae pallent ad sacra puellae,
cum temere anguino creditur ore manus.

ille sibi admotas a uirgine corripit escas:
uirginis in palmis ipsa canistra tremunt.
si fuerint castae, redeunt in colla parentum,
clamantque agricolae “fertilis annus erit.”

huc mea detonsis auecta est Cynthia mannis:
causa fuit Iuno, sed mage causa Venus.

Appia, dic quaeso, quantum te teste triumphum
egerit effusis per tua saxa rotis!

[turpis in arcana sonuit cum rixa taberna;
si sine me, famae non sine labe meae.]

spectaculum ipsa sedens primo temone pependit,
ausa per impuros frena mouere locos.

serica nam taceo uulsi carpenta nepotis
atque armillatos colla Molossa canis,
qui dabit immundae uenalia fata saginae,
uincet ubi erasas barba pudenda genas.

cum fieret nostro totiens iniuria lecto,
mutato uolui castra mouere toro.

Phyllis Auentinae quaedam est uicina Dianae,
sobria grata parum: cum bibit, omne decet.

altera Tarpeios est inter Teia lucos,
candida, sed potae non satis unus erit.

his ego constitui noctem lenire uocatis,
et Venere ignota furta nouare mea.

unus erat tribus in secreta lectulus herba.
quaeris concubitus? inter utramque fui.

Lygdamus ad cyathos, uitrique aestiua supellex
et Methymnaei Graeca saliuà meri.

Nile, tuus tibicen erat, crotalistria phillis,
haec facilis spargi munda sine arte rosa,
nanus et ipse suos breuiter concretus in artus

iacabat truncas ad caua buxa manus.
sed neque suppletis constabat flamma lucernis,
reccidit inque suos mensa supina pedes.
me quoque per talos Venerem quaerente secundos
semper damnosi subsiluire canes.
cantabant surdo, nudabant pectora caeco:
Lanuuii ad portas, ei mihi, solus eram;
cum subito rauci sonuerunt cardine postes,
et leuia ad primos murmura facta Laris.
nec mora, cum totas resupinat Cynthia ualuas,
non operosa comis, sed furibunda decens.
pocula mi digitos inter cecidere remissos,
palluerantque ipso labra soluta mero.
fulminat illa oculis et quantum femina saeuit,
spectaclum capta nec minus urbe fuit.
Phyllidos iratos in uultum conicit unguis:
territa uicinas Teia clamat aquas.
lumina sopitos turbant elata Quiritis,
omnis et insana semita nocte sonat.
illas direptisque comis tunicisque solutis
excipit obscurae prima taberna uiae.
Cynthia gaudet in exuuiis uictrixque recurrit
et mea peruersa sauciat ora manu,
imponitque notam collo morsuque cruentat,
praecipueque oculos, qui meruere, ferit.
atque ubi iam nostris lassauit brachia plagis,
Lygdamus ad plutei fulcra sinistra latens
eruitur, geniumque meum protractus adorat.
Lygdame, nil potui: tecum ego captus eram.
supplicibus palmis tum demum ad foedera ueni,
cum uix tangendos praebuilt illa pedes,
atque ait “admissae si uis me ignoscere culpae,
accipe, quae nostrae formula legis erit.
tu neque Pompeia spatiabere cultus in umbra,
nec cum lascium sternet harena Forum.
colla caue inflectas ad summum obliqua theatrum,
aut lectica tuae se det aperta morae.
Lygdamus in primis, omnis mihi causa querelae,
ueneat et pedibus uincula bina trahat.”
indixit leges: respondi ego “legibus utar”.
riserat imperio facta superba dato.
dein, quemcumque locum externae tetigere puellae,
suffiit, at pura limina tergit aqua,
imperat et totas iterum mutare lucernas,

terque meum tetigit sulphuris igne caput.
atque ita mutato per singula pallia lecto
respondi, et toto soluimus arma toro.

IX

Amphitryoniades qua tempestate iuuenkos
egerat a stabulis, o Erythea, tuis,
uenit ad inuictos pecorosa Palatia montis,
et statuit fessos fessus et ipse boues,
qua Velabra suo stagnabant flumine quoque
nauta per urbanas uelificabat aquas.
sed non infido manserunt hospite Caco
incolumes: furto polluit ille Iouem.
incola Cacus erat, metuendo raptor ab antro,
per tria partitos qui dabat ora sonos.
hic, ne certa forent manifestae signa rapinae,
auersos cauda traxit in antra boues,
nec sine teste deo: furem sonuere iuueni,
furis et implacidas diruit ira fores.
Maenaliō iacuit pulsus tria tempora ramo
Cacus, et Alcides sic ait: “ite, boues,
Herculis ite boues, nostrae labor ultime clauae,
bis mihi quaesitae, bis mea praeda, boues,
aruaque mugitu sancite Bouaria longo:
nobile erit Romae pascua uestra Forum.”
dixerat, et sicco torquet sitis ora palato,
terraque non ullas feta ministrat aquas.
sed procul inclusas audit ridere puellas,
lucus ubi umbroso fecerat orbe nemus,
femineae loca clausa deae fontesque piandos
impune et nullis sacra relecta uiris.
deuia puniceae uelabant limina uitae,
putris odorato luxerat igne casa,
populus et longis ornabat frondibus aedem,
multaque cantantis umbra tegebat ausis.
huc ruit in siccam congesta puluere barbam,
et iacit ante fores uerba minora deo:
“uos precor, o luci sacro quae luditis antro,
pandite defessis hospita fana uiris.
fontis egens erro circaque sonantia lymphis;
et caua suscepto flumine palma sat est.
audistisne aliquem, tergo qui sustulit orbem?
ille ego sum: Alciden terra recepta uocat.
quis facta Herculeae non audit fortia clauae
et numquam ad uastas irrita tela feras,
atque uni Stygias homini luxisse tenebras?

[accipit: haec fesso uix mihi terra patet.]
quodsi Iunoni sacrum faceretis amarae,
non clausisset aquas ipsa nouerca suas.
sin aliquem uultusque meus saetaeque leonis
terrent et Libyco sole perusta coma,
idem ego Sidonia feci seruilia palla
officia et Lydo pensa diurna colo,
mollis et hirsutum cepit mihi fascia pectus,
et manibus duris apta puella fui.”
talibus Alcides; at talibus alma sacerdos
puniceo canas stamine uincta comas:
“parce oculis, hospes, lucoque abscede uerendo;
cede agedum et tuta limina linque fuga.
interdicta uiris metuenda lege piatur
quae se summota uindicat ara casa.
magno Tiresias aspexit Pallada uates,
fortia dum posita Gorgone membra lauat.
di tibi dent alios fontis: haec lymphæ puellis
auiæ secreti limitis unda fluit.”
sic anus: ille umeris postis concussit opacos,
nec tulit iratam ianua clausa sitim.
at postquam exhausto iam flumine uicerat aestum,
ponit uix siccis tristia iura labris:
“angulus hic mundi nunc me mea fata trahentem
accipit: haec fesso uix mihi terra patet.
Maxima quæ gregibus deuota est Ara repertis,
ara per has” inquit “maxima facta manus,
haec nullis umquam pateat ueneranda puellis,
Herculis æternum nec sit inulta sitis.”
hunc, quoniam manibus purgatum sanxerat orbem,
sic Sanctum Tatiae composuere Cures.
Sancte pater salue, cui iam fauet aspera Iuno:
Sancte, uelis libro dexter inesse meo.

X

nunc Iouis incipiam causas aperire Feretri
 armaque de ducibus trina recepta tribus.
 magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria uires:
 non iuuat e facili lecta corona iugo.
 imbuis exemplum primae tu, Romule, palmae
 huius, et exuuio plenus ab hoste redis,
 tempore quo portas Caeninum Acrona petentem
 uictor in euersum cuspide fundis equum.
 Acron Herculeus Caenina ductor ab arce,
 Roma, tuis quondam finibus horror erat.
 hic spolia ex umeris ausus sperare Quirini
 ipse dedit, sed non sanguine sicca suo.
 hunc uidet ante cauas librantem spicula turris
 Romulus et uotis occupat ante ratis:
 “Iuppiter, haec hodie tibi uictima corruiet Acron.”
 uouerat, et spoliū corruiet ille Ioui.
 urbis uirtutisque parens sic uincere sueuit,
 qui tulit a parco frigida castra lare.
 idem eques et frenis, idem fuit aptus aratris,
 et galea hirsuta compta lupina iuba.
 picta neque inducto fulgebat parma pyropo:
 praebebant caesi baltea lenta boues.
 necdum ultra Tiberim belli sonus, ultima praeda
 Nomentum et captae iugera terna Corae.
 Cossus at insequitur Veientis caede Tolumni,
 uincere cum Veios posse laboris erat;
 heu Veii ueteres! et uos tum regna fuistis,
 et uestro posita est aurea sella foro:
 nunc intra muros pastoris bucina lenti
 cantat, et in uestris ossibus arua metunt.
 forte super portae dux Veiens astitit arcem
 colloquiumque sua fretus ab urbe dedit:
 dumque aries murum cornu pulsabat aeno,
 uinea qua ductum longa tegebat opus,
 Cossus ait “forti melius concurrere campo.”
 nec mora fit, plano sistit uterque gradum.
 di Latias iuuere manus, desecta Tolumni
 ceruix Romanos sanguine lauit equos.
 Claudius a Rheno traiectos arcuit hostis,
 Belgica cum uasti parma relata ducis
 Virdomari. genus hic Rheno iactabat ab ipso,

mobilis e rectis fundere gaesa rotis.
illi ut uirgatis iaculans it ab agmine braxis
torquis ab incisa decedit unca gula.
nunc spolia in templo tria condita: causa Feretri,
omine quod certo dux ferit ense ducem;
seu quia uicta suis umeris haec arma ferebant,
hinc Feretri dicta est ara superba Iouis.

XI

desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum:
panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces;
cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
non exorato stant adamante uiae.
te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae:
nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.
uota mouent superos: ubi portitor aera recepit,
obserat herbosos lurida porta rogos.
sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostrum
detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.
quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus auorum
profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae?
non minus immitis habuit Cornelia Parcas:
et sum, quod digitis quinque legatur, onus.
damnatae noctes et uos, uada lenta, paludes,
et quaecumque meos implicat unda pedes,
immatura licet, tamen huc non noxia ueni:
det Pater hic umbrae mollia iura meae.
aut si quis posita iudex sedet Aeacus urna,
in mea sortita uindicet ossa pila:
assideant fratres, iuxta et Minoida sellam
Eumenidum intento turba seuera foro:
Sisyphæ, mole uaces; taceant Ixionis orbes,
fallax Tantaleus corripere liquor;
Cerberus et nullas hodie petat improbus umbras;
et iaceat tacita laxa catena sera.
ipsa loquor pro me: si fallo, poena sororum
infelix umeros urgeat urna meos.
si cui fama fuit per auita tropaea decori,
Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur auos:
altera maternos exaequat turba Libones,
et domus est titulis utraque fulta suis.
mox, ubi iam facibus cessit praetexta maritis,
uinxit et acceptas altera uitta comas,
iungor, Paulle, tuo sic discessura cubili:
in lapide hoc uni nupta fuisse legar.
testor maiorum cineres tibi, Roma, colendos,
sub quorum titulis, Africa, tunsæ iaces,
et Persen proauo stimulantem pectus Achille,
quique tuas proauo fregit Achille domos,
me neque censurae legem mollisse nec ulla

labe mea uestros erubuisse focos.
non fuit exuuiis tantis Cornelia damnum:
 quin et erat magnae pars imitanda domus.
nec mea mutata est aetas, sine crimine tota est:
 uiximus insignes inter utramque facem.
mi natura dedit leges a sanguine ductas,
 nec possis melior iudicis esse metu.
quaelibet austeras de me ferat urna tabellas:
 turpior assessu non erit ulla meo,
uel tu, quae tardam mouisti fune Cybeben,
 Claudia, turritae rara ministra deae,
uel cuius rastos cum Vesta reposceret ignis,
 exhibuit uiuos carbasus alba focos.
nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, laesi:
 in me mutatum quid nisi fata uelis?
maternis laudor lacrimis urbisque querelis,
 defensa et gemitu Caesaris ossa mea.
ille sua nata dignam uixisse sororem
 increpat, et lacrimas uidimus ire deo.
et tamen emerui generosos uestis honores
 nec mea de sterili facta rapina domo.
tu, Lepide, et tu, Paulle, meum post fata leuamen:
 condita sunt uestro lumina nostra sinu.
uidimus et fratrem sellam geminasse curulem,
 consule quo, festo tempore, rapta soror.
filia, tu specimen censurae nata paternae,
 fac teneas unum nos imitata uirum.
et serie fulcite genus: mihi cumba uolenti
 soluitur aucturis tot mea facta meis.
haec est feminei merces extrema triumphii,
 laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogum.
nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos:
 haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.
fungere maternis uicibus, pater: illa meorum
 omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.
oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris:
 tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.
et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis!
 cum uenient, siccis oscula falle genis!
sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
 somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam:
atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra loqueris,
 ut responsurae singula uerba iace.
seu tamen aduersum mutarit ianua lectum,

sederit et nostro cauta nouerca toro,
coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum:
 capta dabit uestris moribus illa manus;
nec matrem laudate nimis: collata priori
 uertet in offensas libera uerba suas.
seu memor ille mea contentus manserit umbra
 et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,
discite uenturam iam nunc sentire senectam,
 caelibis ad curas nec uacet ulla uia.
quod mihi detractum est, uestros accedat ad annos:
 prole mea Paullum sic iuuet esse senem.
et bene habet: numquam mater lugubria sumpsit;
 uenit in exsequias tota caterua meas.
causa perorata est. flentes me surgite, testes,
 dum pretium uitae grata rependit humus.
moribus et caelum patuit: sim digna merendo,
 cuius honoratis ossa uehantur auis.

The Dual Text



'Villa of Maecenas in Tivoli' by Jacob Philipp Hackert, 1783



Reconstruction of the Villa Maecenas in Tivoli, Italy, 1713

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by H. E. Butler

Here readers can view a section by section text of Propertius' *Elegies*, alternating between the original Latin and Butler's English translation.

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LIBER PRIMVS — BOOK I

I

Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit ocellis,
contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.
tum mihi constantis deiecit lumina fastus
et caput impositis pressit Amor pedibus,
donec me docuit castas odisse puellas 5
improbis, et nullo vivere consilio.

I

AH! woe is me! 'twas Cynthia first ensnared me with her eyes; till then my heart had felt no passion's fire. But then Love made me lower my glance of pride steadfast, and with implanted feet bowed down my head, till of his cruelty he taught me to spurn all honest maids, and to live a life of recklessness.

ei mihi, iam toto furor hic non deficit anno,
cum tamen adversos cogor habere deos.
Milanion nullos fugiendo, Tulle, labores
saevitiam durae contudit Iasidos. 10
nam modo Partheniis amens errabat in antris,
rursus in hirsutas ibat et ille feras;
ille etiam Hylaei percussus vulnere rami
saucius Arcadiis rupibus ingemuit.
ergo velocem potuit domuisse puellam: 15
tantum in amore fides et benefacta valent.
in me tardus Amor non ullas cogitat artes,
nec meminit notas, ut prius, ire vias.

7 A year has passed and my madness is not stayed, though my suit perforce endures the frown of heaven. Yet Milanion shrank not, Tullus, from any toils, howsoe'er hard, and so subdued the cruel heart of the unrelenting daughter of Iasus. For now he wandered love-distraught in the Parthenian caverns, and went to face the shaggy creatures of the wild. Nay, more, hardstricken once by the club of Hylaeus, he groaned in agony on the rocks of Arcady. So at last was he able to conquer the swift-footed maid; such is the reward that prayers and loyal service win for love. But for me, slow-witted Love hath lost his craft and forgets to tread the paths that once he trod.

at vos, deductae quibus est pellacia lunae
et labor in magicis sacra piare focis, 20
en agedum dominae mentem convertite nostrae,
et facite illa meo palleat ore magis!

tunc ego crediderim Manes et sidera vobis
posse Cytinaeis ducere carminibus.

19 But ye who beguile men's hearts by luring the moon from heaven, and toil to solemnise dread rites on magic altars, go change my mistress' heart and make her cheeks grow paler than mine own. Then will I trust your claim to have power over stars and rivers to lead them whithersoever ye will by Colchian charms.

aut vos, qui sero lapsum revocatis, amici, 25
quaerite non sani pectoris auxilia.
fortiter et ferrum saevos patiemur et ignes,
sit modo libertas quae velit ira loqui.
ferre per extremas gentes et ferre per undas,
qua non ulla meum femina norit iter. 30
vos remanete, quibus facili deus annuit aure,
sitis et in tuto semper amore pares.
nam me nostra Venus noctes exercet amaras,
et nullo vacuus tempore deficit Amor.

25 Or else do ye, my friends, that would recall me all too late from the downward slope, seek all the remedies for a heart diseased. Bravely will I bear the cruel cautery and the knife, if only I may win liberty to speak the words mine anger prompts. Ah! bear me far thro' nations and seas at the world's end, where never a woman may trace my path. Do ye abide at home, to whose prayer the god gives easy audience and answers "Yea," and either to other make equal response of love unperilous. Against me Venus, our common mistress, plies nights of bitterness, and Love that hath no respite faileth never.

hoc, moneo, vitate malum: sua quemque moretur 35
cura, neque assueto mutet amore torum.
quod si quis monitis tardas adverterit aures,
heu referet quanto verba dolore mea!

35 Lovers, I warn ye all. Fly the woe that now is mine: cling each one to his own beloved, and never change when love has found its home. But if any all too late give ear to these my warnings, ah! with what agony will he recall my words!

II

Quid iuvat ornato procedere, vita, capillo
et tenuis Coa veste movere sinus,
aut quid Orontea crines perfundere murra,
teque peregrinis vendere muneribus,
naturaeque decus mercato perdere cultu, 5
nec sinere in propriis membra nitere bonis?
crede mihi, non ulla tuaest medicina figurae:
nudus Amor formam non amat artificem.
aspice quos summittat humus non fossa colores,
ut veniant hederæ sponte sua melius, 10
surgat et in solis formosior arbutus antris,
et sciat indocilis currere lympa vias.
litora nativis praeferulgent picta lapillis,
et volucres nulla dulcius arte canunt.

II

WHAT boots it, light of my life, to go forth with locks adorned, and to rustle in slender folds of Coan silk? Or avails it aught to steep thy tresses in the myrrh of Orontes, to parade thyself in the gifts that aliens bring, to spoil the grace of nature by the charms that gold can buy nor allow thy limbs to shine in the glory that is their own? Believe me, thou hast no art can make thy form more fair; Love himself goes naked and hates those that make a craft of beauty. See what hues lovely earth sends forth; 'tis the wild ivy springs fairest ever; loveliest the arbutus that grows in the caverns of the wilderness, and all untaught are the channels where the waters run. Begemmed with native pebbles the shores beguile our eyes, and birds sing sweetlier from their lack of art.

non sic Leucippis succendit Castora Phoebe, 15
Pollucem cultu non Helaira soror;
non, Idae et cupido quondam discordia Phoebos,
Eueni patriis filia litoribus;
nec Phrygium falso traxit candore maritum
avecta externis Hippodamia rotis: 20
sed facies aderat nullis obnoxia gemmis,
qualis Apelleis est color in tabulis.
non illis studium fuco conquirere amantes:
illis ampla satis forma pudicitia.
non ego nunc vereor ne sis tibi vilior istis: 25
uni si qua placet, culta puella sat est;
cum tibi praesertim Phoebus sua carmina donet

Aoniamque libens Calliopea lyram,
unica nec desit iucundis gratia verbis,
omnia quaeque Venus, quaeque Minerva probat. 30
his tu semper eris nostrae gratissima vitae,
taedia dum miserae sint tibi luxuriae.

15 'Twas not by art that Phoebe, Leucippus' child, fired the heart of Castor,
nor by adornments that Hilaira her sister won the love of Pollux. Not so did
Euenus' daughter become a bride, for whom of old Idas and passionate
Phoebus strove; by no false brilliance did Hippodamia lure to her side her
Phrygian spouse, and was whirled away on alien chariot-wheels. Unto no
jewels their faces were beholden, pure as the hues that shine in Apelles'
pictures. They never craved to gather lovers through all the land; enough for
them, if their beauty was clothed with chastity. Have I not then good cause for
fear? Ah! count me not cheaper than; those vile wretches that seek thy love!
With one true lover a maid hath enough of honour; so most of all, if Phoebus
grant, as to thee, his boon of song and Calliope, nothing loth, bestow Aonia's
lyre, and every merry word is graced with wondrous charm, even by all that
Venus and all that Minerva loves. All these things shall make thee dearest to
my heart, if thou wilt but cast aside thy hateful luxury.

III

Qualis Thesea iacuit cedente carina
 languida desertis Cnosia litoribus;
qualis et accubuit primo Cepheia somno
 libera iam duris cotibus Andromede;
nec minus assiduis Edonis fessa choreis 5
 qualis in herboso concidit Apidano:
talis visa mihi mollem spirare quietem
 Cynthia consertis nixa caput manibus,
ebria cum multo traherem vestigia Baccho,
 et quaterent sera nocte facem pueri. 10

III

LIKE as the maid of Cnossus lay swooning on the desert strand whilst the bark of Theseus sped swift away, or as Andromeda, child of Cepheus, sank into her first sleep, freed at last from her hard couch of rock, or as the Thracian maenad, no less fore-done by the unending dance, lies sunk in slumber on the grassy banks of Apidanus, even so, me-seemed, did Cynthia breathe the spirit of gentle rest, her head propped on faltering hands, when I came dragging home my reeling feet, drunken with deep draughts of wine, and the slaves were shaking their dying torches in the gloom of night far-spent.

hanc ego, nondum etiam sensus deperditus omnis,
 molliter impresso conor adire toro;
et quamvis duplici correptum ardore iuberent
 hac Amor hac Liber, durus uterque deus,
subiecto leviter positam temptare lacerto 15
 osculaue admota sumere tarda manu,
non tamen ausus eram dominae turbare quietem,
 expertae metuens iurgia saevitiae;
sed sic intentis haerebam fixus ocellis,
 Argus ut ignotis cornibus Inachidos. 20
et modo solvebam nostra de fronte corollas
 ponebamque tuis, Cynthia, temporibus;
et modo gaudebam lapsos formare capillos;
 nunc furtiva cavis poma dabam manibus:
omnia quae ingrato largibar munera somno, 25
 munera de pronosaepe voluta sinu;
et quotiens raro duxti suspiria motu,
 obstupui vano credulus auspicio,
ne qua tibi insolitos portarent visa timores,

11 Not yet were all my senses drowned, and I strove to approach her where she lay, and lightly pressed against her couch. And although a twofold frenzy had laid hold upon me, and the two inexorable gods of wine and love urged on this side and on that, with gentle touch I tried to pass mine arm about her where she lay, and with outstretched hand take passionate toll of kisses; yet I had not dared to break in upon my mistress' rest (for I feared the bitter chidings of that cruel tongue, so oft endured by me), but fixed my gaze upon her with tireless eyes, even as Argus glared on the strange horned brow of the daughter of Inachus. And now I loosed the chaplets from my brow and placed them, Cynthia, about thy head, and now rejoiced to compose thy straying locks; and stealthily with hollowed hands gave thee apples, and on thy thankless slumbers lavished every gift, gifts poured abundantly from my bosom as I bowed above thee. And if at times thou didst move and sigh, I started for fear (though vain was the presage which won my belief) that visions of the night brought thee strange terrors or that some phantom-lover constrained thee to be his against thy will.

donec diversas praecurrens luna fenestras,
 luna moraturis sedula luminibus,
 compositos levibus radiis patefecit ocellos.
 sic ait in molli fixa toro cubitum:

31 But at last the moon gliding past the windows over against her couch, the officious moon with lingering light, opened her fast-closed eyes with its gentle beams. Then with elbow propped on the soft couch she cried:

'tandem te nostro referens iniuria lecto 35
 alterius clausis expulit e foribus?
 namque ubi longa meae consumpsti tempora noctis,
 languidus exactis, ei mihi, sideribus?
 o utinam talis perducas, improbe, noctes,
 me miseram qualis semper habere iubes! 40
 nam modo purpureo fallebam stamine somnum,
 rursus et Orpheae carmine, fessa, lyrae;
 interdum leviter mecum deserta querebar
 externo longas saepe in amore moras:
 dum me iucundis lassam Sopor impulit alis. 45
 illa fuit lacrimis ultima cura meis.'

35 "At length another's scorn has driven thee forth and closed the doors against thee and brought thee home to my bed once more. For where hast thou passed the long hours of the night, that was plighted to me, thou that comest to me outworn when the stars — ah, me! — are driven from the sky? Mayst

thou, cruel heart, endure the long agony of nights such as ever thou bidst me broken-hearted keep. For but now I was beguiling mine eyes from slumber with purple broidery, and then, work-wearied, with the music of Orpheus' lyre. And ever and anon, left thus forlorn, I made gentle moan unto myself, that oft thou lingerest locked in another's arms, till at the last I sank down and sleep fanned my limbs with kindly wings. That was my last thought amid my tears."

IV

Quid mihi tam multas laudando, Basse, puellas
mutatum domina cogis abire mea?
quid me non pateris vitae quodcumque sequetur
hoc magis assueto ducere servitio?
tu licet Antiopae formam Nycteidis, et tu 5
Spartanae referas laudibus Hermionae,
et quascumque tulit formosi temporis aetas;
Cynthia non illas nomen habere sinat:
nedum, si levibus fuerit collata figuris,
inferior duro iudice turpis eat. 10
haec sed forma mei pars est extrema furoris;
sunt maiora, quibus, Basse, perire iuvat:
ingenuus color et motis decor artubus et quae
gaudia sub tacita discere veste libet.

IV

WHY, Bassus, by praising the beauty of so many fair ones dost thou urge me to change my course and leave my mistress? Why sufferest thou me not to spend in her fetters, to which my heart grows ever more enured, whate'er of life the future has in store? Thou mayest praise the beauty of Antiopa, the child of Nycteus, the charms of Spartan Hermione and all the maids the age of beauty bore; yet Cynthia would make their glory pale; still less, were she compared with meaner beauties, would the harshest judge declare her the less fair. Yet even her shapely form is but the least part of that which frenzies me. Yet greater charms are there, for which, Bassus, to die with passion is my joy. A natural colour, grace sprung from skill in many an art, and joys whereof her couch keeps the secret.

quo magis et nostros contendis solvere amores, 15
hoc magis accepta fallit uterque fide.
non impune feres: sciet haec insana puella
et tibi non tacitis vocibus hostis erit;
nec tibi me post haec committet Cynthia nec te
quaeret; erit tanti criminis illa memor, 20
et te circum omnis alias irata puellas
differet: heu nullo limine carus eris.
nullas illa suis contemnet fletibus aras,
et quicumque sacer, qualis ubique, lapis.
non ullo gravius temptatur Cynthia damno 25
quam sibi cum raptō cessat amore decus,
praecipue nostro. maneat sic semper, adoro,

nec quicquam ex illa quod querar inveniam!
invidē, tu tandem voces compesce molestas 29(1.5.1)
et sine nos cursu, quo sumus, ire pares! 30(1.5.2)

¹⁵ The more thou strivest to dissolve our love, the more doth either of us cheat thy craft with unshaken loyalty. Nor shalt thou go scatheless for this; the frenzied maid shall know what thou hast done, and by no gentle outcry shall prove thy foe, nor will Cynthia henceforth entrust me to thy care nor seek thy company; such crime as thine she will remember ever, and in her wrath will defame thee in every beauty's ear; henceforth, alas! no threshold shall give thee welcome. No altar shall be too humble a witness for her tears, no sacred effigy, what e'er its sanctity, shall fail to know her grief. No loss touches Cynthia so deeply as when a lover's heart is stolen from her and Cupid spreads his wings; deepest of all her grief if 'tis my love she loses. Ah! may she ever, I pray, abide thus, and may I never find aught in her to cause me to lament.

V

Quid tibi vis, insane? meae sentire furores?
 infelix, properas ultima nosse mala,
 et miser ignotos vestigia ferre per ignes,
 et bibere e tota toxica Thessalia.
 non est illa vagis similis collata puellis:
 molliter irasci non sciet illa tibi.
 quod si forte tuis non est contraria votis,
 at tibi curarum milia quanta dabit! 10
 non tibi iam somnos, non illa relinquet ocellos:
 illa ferox animis alligat una viros.
 a, mea contemptus quotiens ad limina cures,
 cum tibi singultu fortia verba cadent,
 et tremulus maestis orietur fletibus horror, 15
 et timor informem ducet in ore notam,
 et quaecumque voles fugient tibi verba querenti,
 nec poteris, qui sis aut ubi, nosse miser!

V

ENVIOUS, hush now at length thy unwelcome prayers, and let us go hand in hand along the path that now we tread. What wouldst thou, madman? Wouldst thou suffer frenzies such as mine? Poor wretch, thou hastest to acquaint thyself with the worst of ills, to tread on hidden fire to thy sorrow and drink all Thessaly's store of poison. Shouldst thou compare her, she is not like those flighty loves of thine; her anger is no light thing. Nay, even if perchance she frown not wholly on thy prayers, yet what a world of care she will bring thee! No more will she suffer thee to sleep nor thine eyes to range at will; she, as none other, can bind the untamed of heart. Ah, how often wilt thou run to my doors a rejected suitor, when thy brave speech shall fail for sobs, and a chill shuddering and bitter weeping shall come upon thee, when fear shall trace disfiguring lines upon thy face, and the words thou wouldst speak die on thy lips in the midst of thy complaining and thou canst no more tell, poor wretch, who or where thou art!

tum grave servitium nostrae cogere puellae
 discere et exclusum quid sit abire domum; 20
 nec iam pallorem totiens mirabere nostrum,
 aut cur sim toto corpore nullus ego.
 nec tibi nobilitas poterit succurrere amanti:
 nescit Amor priscis cedere imaginibus.
 quod si parva tuae dederis vestigia culpae, 25
 quam cito de tanto nomine rumor eris!

non ego tum potero solacia ferre roganti,
cum mihi nulla mei sit medicina mali;
sed pariter miseri socio cogemur amore
alter in alterius mutua flere sinu. 30
quare, quid possit mea Cynthia, desine, Galle,
quaerere: non impune illa rogata venit.

¹⁹ Then shalt thou be constrained to learn how bitter a thing it is to bear my mistress' yoke, and what it means to return homeward when her doors are barred. Not any more shalt thou marvel so oft at the pallor of my face nor wherefore my whole frame is wasted into naught. Nor will thy high birth avail thee in thy love: Love scorns to yield to ancient ancestry. But if thou givest but the least sign of faithlessness, how soon will thy name, so powerful now, be a mere byword! I shall not then be able to console thee when thou comest asking aid, for mine own woe is cureless; but we shall be constrained, comrades in love and woe, to weep tears of sympathy, either on other's breast. Wherefore cease, Gallus, to seek to learn my Cynthia's power. Heavy the toll they pay in answer to whose prayer she comes.

VI

Non ego nunc Hadriae vereor mare noscere tecum,
Tulle, neque Aegaeo ducere vela salo,
cum quo Rhipaeos possim conscendere montes
ulteriusque domos vadere Memnonias;
sed me complexae remorantur verba puellae, 5
mutatoque graves saepe colore preces.
illa mihi totis argutat noctibus ignes,
et queritur nullos esse relictos deos;
illa meam mihi iam se denegat, illa minatur
quae solet ingrato tristis amica viro. 10
his ego non horam possum durare querelis:
ah pereat, si quis lentus amare potest!
an mihi sit tanti doctas cognoscere Athenas
atque Asiae veteres cernere divitias,
ut mihi deducta faciat convicia puppi 15
Cynthia et insanis ora notet manibus,
osculaue opposito dicat sibi debita vento,

VI

TULLUS, I fear not now to brave the Adrian waves with thee nor to spread my sails on the Aegean main; with thee I could scale the Rhipaeon heights or pass beyond the home of Memnon. But the words of my mistress as she hangs about my neck, her urgent prayers, her changing colour, all keep me back. All through the night she shrilly protests her love, and laments that she is left forlorn and that the gods are vanished out of heaven. Mine though she be, she will not yield herself, and uses all those threats that an aggrieved mistress will use to an angry lover. Not even an hour can I endure to live amid such complaints as these; perish the man that dares love unpassionately! Is it worth my while to visit learned Athens or to behold the ancient wealth of Asia, that Cynthia may upbraid me when my bark is launched and mar her face with passionate hands, and cry that she owes kisses to the wind that stays my journeying and that there is naught more cruel than a faithless lover?

et nihil infido durius esse viro?
tu patruī meritis conare anteire secures,
et vetera oblitis iura refer sociis. 20
nam tua non aetas umquam cessavit amori,
semper at armatae cura fuit patriae;
et tibi non umquam nostros puer iste labores
afferat et lacrimis omnia nota meis!
me sine, quem semper voluit fortuna iacere, 25

huic animam extremam reddere nequitiae.
multi longinquo periere in amore libenter,
in quorum numero me quoque terra tegat.
non ego sum laudi, non natus idoneus armis:
hanc me militiam fata subire volunt. 30

19 Do thou strive to outdo thine uncle's well-earned rule and restore to the allies their long-forgotten rights. For thy youth has never yielded to love, and thy care has ever been for thy country's arms. Never may the accursed boy lay sorrows such as mine on thee, nor all the torments that my tears know well! Let me, whom Fortune hath ever willed to lie prostrate, yield up my life obedient to the worst her wantonness can demand. Many have gladly perished in gyves of love, that they have borne so long, and, when earth laps me round, let me be one of these. Nature has not fitted me for glory or for arms; Love's is the only warfare for which the Fates design me.

at tu, seu mollis qua tendit Ionia, seu qua
Lydia Pactoli tingit arata liquor,
seu pedibus terras seu pontum remige carpes,
ibis et accepti pars eris imperii:
tum tibi si qua mei veniet non immemor hora, 35
vivere me duro sidere certus eris.

31 But thou, whether thy steps be cast where soft Ionia spreads its shores, or where Pactolus' stream steeps Lydia's ploughlands, whether thou rangest the land on foot or goest forth to lash the sea with oars, and makest one of those that rule and are loved by them they rule — then shalt thou be sure, if e'er a moment comes with memories of me, that I still live beneath a baleful star.

VII

Dum tibi Cadmeae dicuntur, Pontice, Thebae
armaque fraternae tristia militiae,
atque, ita sim felix, primo contendis Homero
(sint modo fata tuis mollia carminibus),
nos, ut consuemus, nostros agitamus amores, 5
atque aliquid duram quaerimus in dominam;
nec tantum ingenio quantum servire dolori
cogor et aetatis tempora dura queri.

VII

WHILST thou singest, Ponticus, of Cadmean Thebes, and the bitter warfare
of fraternal strife, and — so may heaven smile on me, as I speak truth — dost
rival Homer for crown of song (if only the Fates be kind to thy verse), I, as is
my wont, still ply my loves, and seek for some device to o’ercome my
mistress’ cruelty. I am constrained rather to serve my sorrow than my wit and
to bemoan the hardship that my youth endures.

hic mihi coneritur vitae modus, haec mea famast,
hinc cupio nomen carminis ire mei. 10
me laudent doctae solum placuisse puellae,
Pontice, et iniustas saepe tulisse minas;
me legat assidue post haec neglectus amator,
et prosint illi cognita nostra mala.
te quoque si certo puer hic concusserit arcu — 15
quo nollem nostros me violasse deos! —
longe castra tibi, longe miser agmina septem
flebis in aeterno surda iacere situ;
et frustra cupies mollem componere versum,
nec tibi subiciet carmina serus Amor. 20

9 Thus is my whole life passed: this is my glory: this is the title to fame I
claim for my song. Let my only praise be this, that I pleased the heart of a
learned maid, and oft endured her unjust threatenings. Henceforth let
neglected lovers read diligently my words, and let it profit them to learn what
woes were mine. Thou too, should the boy strike thee with unerring shaft —
but may the gods I serve ordain thee other doom — shalt weep in misery that
thy seven leaguered hosts are cast aside and lie dumb in everlasting neglect,
and in vain shalt thou desire to write soft songs of passion; Love come so late
shall ne’er inspire thy song.

tum me non humilem mirabere saepe poetam,

tunc ego Romanis praeferar ingeniis.
[nec poterunt iuvenes nostro reticere sepulcro
‘ardoris nostri magne poeta iaces.’]
tu cave nostra tuo contemnas carmina fastu: 25
saepe venit magno faenore tardus Amor.

²¹ Then shalt thou marvel at me as no mean singer; then shalt thou rank me
above the bards of Rome; and youths perforce will cry above my tomb:
“Mighty singer of our passion, dost thou lie so low?” Beware then lest in thy
pride thou spurn my song. Love that comes late oft claims a heavy toll.

VIIIA

Tune igitur demens, nec te mea cura moratur?
an tibi sum gelida vilior Illyria?
et tibi iam tanti, quicumquest, iste videtur,
ut sine me vento quolibet ire velis?
tune audire potes vesani murmura ponti 5
fortis, et in dura nave iacere potes?
tu pedibus teneris positas fulcire pruinas,
tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives?
o utinam hibernae duplicentur tempora brumae,
et sit iners tardis navita Vergiliis, 10
nec tibi Tyrrhena solvatur funis harena,
neve inimica meas eleveit aura preces
et me defixum vacua patiatur in ora 15
crudelem infesta saepe vocare manu!

VIII

ART thou then mad? Does no care for me stay thy going? Am I of less account to thee than chill Illyria? And esteemest thou that wretch, whoe'er he be, so highly that thou art ready to leave me and fly to his arms on any wind that blows? Canst thou bear unmoved the roar of the raging deep? canst thou make thy couch on the hard ship's-bench? or press with tender feet the fallen hoar-frost? or endure, my Cynthia, the unfamiliar snows? Ah, would that the wintry season's storms were doubled, and the Pleiads' rising delayed, that the sailor might tarry idle and the cables ne'er be loosed from the Tyrrhene strand nor the cruel breeze make light of my prayers to thee; and yet may I never see such winds subside, when thy bark puts out to sea and the wave bears it afar, leaving me rooted on the shore, shaking clenched hands and crying out upon thy cruelty.

sed quocumque modo de me, periura, mereris,
sit Galatea tuae non aliena viae;
atque ego non videam talis subsidere ventos, 13
cum tibi provectas auferet unda rates,
ut te felici post victa Ceraunia remo 19
accipiat placidis Oricos aequoribus.
nam me non ullae poterunt corrumpere, de te
quin ego, vita, tuo limine verba querar;
nec me deficiet nautas rogitare citatos
'dicite, quo portu clausa puella meast?',
et dicam 'licet Artaciis considat in oris, 25
et licet Hylaeis, illa futura meast.'

¹⁷ Yet, faithless one, whate'er thou deserve of me, may Galatea smile upon thy path. Pass the Ceraunian cliffs with prosperous oarage and may Oricos at last receive thee in its calm haven. For never shall the love of any maid lure me from uttering at thy threshold my bitter complaint against thee, light of my life; nor will I cease to question the mariners as they hurry by: "Tell me in what port has my love found shelter?" and I will cry: "Though she abide on Artacia's shores, or where the Hylaei dwell, yet shall she be mine!"

VIIIB

Hic erit! hic iurata manet! rumpantur iniqui!
vicinus: assiduas non tulit illa preces.
falsa licet cupidus deponat gaudia livor:
destitit ire novas Cynthia nostra vias. 30
illi carus ego et per me carissima Roma
dicitur, et sine me dulcia regna negat.
illa vel angusto mecum requiescere lecto
et quocumque modo maluit esse mea,
quam sibi dotatae regnum vetus Hippodamiae, 35
et quas Elis opes apta pararat equis.
quamvis magna daret, quamvis maiora daturus,
non tamen illa meos fugit avara sinus.
hanc ego non auro, non Indis flectere conchis,
sed potui blandi carminis obsequio. 40
sunt igitur Musae, neque amanti tardus Apollo,
quis ego fretus amo: Cynthia rara meast!
nunc mihi summa licet contingere sidera plantis:
sive dies seu nox venerit, illa meast!
nec mihi rivalis certos subducet amores: 45
ista meam norit gloria canitiem.

VIIIA

SHE never went! She has sworn and she remains! Let those that wish me ill burst for envy! We have conquered! She turned a deaf ear to his persistent prayer! Now let their greedy jealousy lay aside its joy! My Cynthia has ceased to tread new paths and strange. She loves me, and for my sake loves she Rome most of cities, and cries: "Apart from thee a kingdom were not sweet." She has preferred to lie in my embrace, though the couch be poor and narrow, and to be mine, whate'er the cost, rather than enjoy the ancient realm that was Hippodamia's dower and all the wealth that Elis won by its steeds. Great though his gifts were and greater his promises, avarice could not tempt her from my bosom. Not by gold nor by the pearls of Ind did I prevail to win her, but by the homage of beguiling song. The Muses then are maids of might and Apollo is not slow to aid a lover; trusting in their help I pursue my love; and peerless Cynthia is my own. Now is it mine to set my feet upon the highest stars of heaven; come night or day, she is mine own; no rival now shall steal my love; 'tis fixed and sure. The glory of to-day shall crown my head when white with eld.

IX

Dicebam tibi venturos, irrisor, amores,
nec tibi perpetuo libera verba fore:
ecce iaces supplexque venis ad iura puellae,
et tibi nunc quaevis imperat empta modo.
non me Chaoniae vincant in amore columbae 5
dicere, quos iuvenes quaeque puella domet.
me dolor et lacrimae merito fecere peritum:
atque utinam posito dicar amore rudis!
quid tibi nunc misero prodest grave dicere carmen
aut Amphioniae moenia flere lyrae? 10
plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero:
carmina mansuetus lenia quaerit Amor.

IX

MOCKER, I ever told thee love would find thee out and that thou shouldest not always be free to speak thy thoughts. Lo! now thou liest low, and goest suppliant at a woman's will, and now some unknown girl, bought by thy gold but yesterday, lords it over thee. Not Chaonia's doves could better divine than I what youths each maiden shall enslave. Sorrow and tears of mine own have given me a just claim to skill. Ah! would that I could lay aside my love and once more be called a novice! What now avails it, poor wretch, to chant thy serious song and to bewail the walls raised by Amphion's lyre? Far more than Homer avails Mimnermus in the realm of love. Smooth are the songs that peaceful love demands.

i quaeso et tristis istos sepone libellos,
et cane quod quaevis nosse puella velit!
quid si non esset facilis tibi copia! nunc tu 15
insanus medio flumine quaeris aquam.
necdum etiam palles, vero nec tangeris igni:
haec est venturi prima favilla mali.
tum magis Armenias cupies accedere tigres
et magis infernae vincula nosse rotae, 20
quam pueri totiens arcum sentire medullis
et nihil iratae posse negare tuae.
nullus Amor cuiquam facilis ita praebuit alas,
ut non alterna presserit ille manu.
nec te decipiat, quod sit satis illa parata: 25
acrius illa subit, Pontice, si qua tuast,
quippe ubi non liceat vacuos seducere ocellos,
nec vigilare alio limine cedat Amor.

qui non ante patet, donec manus attigit ossa:

13 Go to, prithee, and lay aside thy gloomy books and sing what every maid would wish to hear. What if thou hadst not easy access? Madman, thou seekest for water when plunged in love's mid-stream. Not even yet art thou pale, not yet art thou touched by love's true fire: 'tis but the first faint spark of the coming woe. *Then* hadst thou rather approach Armenian tigers, or know the chains that bind unto the wheels of Hell, than feel so oft the arrows of the boy about thy heartstrings, and be powerless to refuse aught that thy angry mistress may demand. To none doth any Love grant freest flight, but ever curbs his wings with tantalising hand. Nor be thou deceived if she is wholly at thy command; possess her, Ponticus, and straightway she steals with keener passion on thy soul. For then thou mayest not turn thine eyes where fancy guides; Love permits thee not to watch in any cause but hers, Love that lies hid until his hand hath pierced thee to the bone.

quisquis es, assiduas tu fuge blanditias! 30
illis et silices et possint cedere quercus,
nedum tu possis, spiritus iste levis.
quare, si pudor est, quam primum errata fatere:
dicere quo pereas saepe in amore levat.

30 Whoe'er thou art, flee from the charms that urge their suit. To them hard flints and heart of oak might yield; much more must thou, frail breath of air that thou art. Wherefore if thou feelest aught of shame, at once confess thine error. Often in love 'twill bring relief to tell what passion wastes thy soul.

X

O iucunda quies, primo cum testis amori
 affueram vestris conscius in lacrimis!
 o noctem meminisse mihi iucunda voluptas,
 o quotiens votis illa vocanda meis,
 cum te complexa morientem, Galle, puella 5
 vidimus et longa ducere verba mora!
 quamvis labentis premeret mihi somnus ocellos
 et mediis caelo Luna ruberet equis,
 non tamen a vestro potui secedere lusu:
 tantus in alternis vocibus ardor erat. 10

X

O SWEET repose, when I was witness of your first hour of love, and stood by you as you wept together. Ah! what sweet joy to recall that night to memory! Ah! night so oft to be invoked by my prayers, whereon I saw thee, Gallus, languish in thy mistress' arms, and speak love's words amid long-drawn silences! Though sleep weighed down my wearied eyes and the glowing moon drove her team in midheaven, yet could I not leave the sight of your tender dalliance, such passion rang in the words ye interchanged.

sed quoniam non es veritus concedere nobis,
 accipe commissae munera laetitiae:
 non solum vestros didici reticere dolores,
 est quiddam in nobis maius, amice, fide.
 possum ego diversos iterum coniungere amantes, 15
 et dominae tardas possum aperire fores;
 et possum alterius curas sanare recentis,
 nec levis in verbis est medicina meis.
 Cynthia me docuit, semper quae cuique petenda
 quaeque cavenda forent: non nihil egit Amor. 20

11 But since thou hast not feared to yield the secret of thy love to me, take thy reward for the joys thou didst confide. Not only have I learnt to say naught of your sorrows; there is in me something yet better than loyal secrecy. I can join parted lovers, and unbar a mistress' reluctant doors; I too can heal another's fresh-smarting griefs; not slight is the remedy my words can bring. Cynthia has ever taught me what things each lover should seek, and what should shun. Love has wrought something for me.

tu cave ne tristi cupias pugnare puellae,
 neve superba loqui, neve tacere diu;

neu, si quid petiit, ingrata fronte negaris,
neu tibi pro vano verba benigna cadant.
irritata venit, quando contemnitur illa, 25
nec meminit iustas ponere laesa minas:
at quo sis humilis magis et subiectus amori,
hoc magis effectu saepe fruire bono.
is poterit felix una remanere puella,
qui numquam vacuo pectore liber erit.

21 See that thou seek not to resist thy mistress when she frowns, nor to speak proudly nor be silent long; nor, should she ask thee aught, do thou refuse it with frowning brow, nor let words of kindness fall on thy ears in vain. Spurn her and she comes in wrath to thee; offend her, and she ne'er remembers to lay aside her just threats. But the more thou humblest thyself and yielddest to her love, the more oft thou shalt enjoy the crown of thy desires. He will be able to abide in the enjoyment of one mistress' love who never claims his freedom nor lets her image vanish from his heart.

XI

Ecquid te mediis cessantem, Cynthia, Baiis,
qua iacet Herculeis semita litoribus,
et modo Thesproti mirantem subdita regno
proxima Misenis aequora nobilibus,
nostri cura subito memores adducere noctes? 5
ecquis in extremo restat amore locus?
an te nescio quis simulatis ignibus hostis
sustulit e nostris, Cynthia, carminibus,
ut solet amoto labi custode puella, 15
perfida communis nec meminisse deos?
atque utinam mage te remis confisa minutis 9
parvula Lucrina cumba moretur aqua,
aut teneat clausam tenui Teuthrantis in unda
alternae facilis cedere lympa manu,
quam vacet alterius blandos audire susurros
molliter in tacito litore compositam!
non quia perspecta non es mihi cognita fama, 17
sed quod in hac omnis parte timetur amor.
ignoscas igitur, si quid tibi triste libelli
attulerint nostri: culpa timoris erit. 20
ah mihi non maior carae custodia matris
aut sine te vitae cura sit ulla meae!
tu mihi sola domus, tu, Cynthia, sola parentes,
omnia tu nostrae tempora laetitiae.
seu tristis veniam seu contra laetus amicis, 25
quicquid ero, dicam 'Cynthia causa fuit.'
tu modo quam primum corruptas desere Baias:
multis ista dabunt litora discidium,
litora quae fuerunt castis inimica puellis:
ah pereant Baiae, crimen amoris, aquae!

XI

CYNTHIA, while thou tak'st thine ease in Baiae's midst, where the causeway built by Hercules lies stretched along the shore, and now marvellest at the waves that wash Thesprotus' realm, now at those that spread hard by renowned Misenum, dost thou ever think that I, alas! pass weary nights haunted by memories of thee? Hast thou room for me even in the outer borders of thy love? Has some enemy with empty show of passion stolen thee away from thy place in my songs? Would rather that some little boat, trusting in tiny oars, kept thee safe on the Lucrine lake, or that the waters yielding with ease to the swimmer's either hand held thee retired by the shallow waves

of Teuthras, than that thou shouldst listen at ease to the fond murmurs of another as thou liest soft reclined on the silent strand; for when there is none to watch her a maid will break her troth and go astray, remembering not the gods of mutual love. Not that I doubt thee, for I know that thy virtue is well tried, but at Baiae all love's advances give cause for fear Pardon me, therefore, if my books have brought thee aught of bitterness; lay all the blame upon my fear. For I watch not over my beloved mother more tenderly than over thee, nor without thee would life be worth a thought. do thou with all speed leave the lewd life of Baiae; to many a loving pair shall those shores bring severance, shores that have aye proved ill for modest maids. Perish the Baian waters, that bring reproach on love!

XII

Quid mihi desidia non cessas fingere crimen,
quod faciat nobis Cynthia, Roma, moram?
tam multa illa meo divisast milia lecto,
quantum Hypanis Veneto dissidet Eridano;
nec mihi consuetos amplexu nutrit amores 5
Cynthia, nec nostra dulcis in aure sonat.
olim gratus eram: non ullo tempore cuiquam
contigit ut simili posset amare fide.
invidiae fuimus: num me deus obruit? an quae
lecta Prometheis dividit herba iugis? 10

XII

WHY, Rome, thou witness of my love, ceasest thou never to tax me falsely with sloth, saying 'tis sloth delays my suit? She is parted from my bed by as many leagues as Hypanis is distant from Venetian Eridanus. No more does Cynthia feed my wonted love with her embraces, no longer does her name make music to my ear. Once I pleased her well: then there was none so happy as to love with such true return of devotion. But envy marked us down. Was it a god that overwhelmed me, or some magic herb gathered on Promethean hills for the sundering of lovers?

non sum ego qui fueram: mutat via longa puellas.
quantus in exiguo tempore fugit amor!
nunc primum longas solus cognoscere noctes
cogor et ipse meis auribus esse gravis.
felix, qui potuit praesenti flere puellae 15
(non nihil aspersus gaudet Amor lacrimis),
aut, si despectus, potuit mutare calores
(sunt quoque translato gaudia servitio).
mi neque amare aliam neque ab hac desistere fas est:
Cynthia prima fuit, Cynthia finis erit.

¹¹ I am not what I was. A distant journey can change a woman's heart! How mighty was that love, and in how brief a space 'tis fled! Now for the first time am I forced to face the long, long hours of night alone and to vex mine own ears with my complaining. Happy the man who can weep before his mistress' eyes; Love has great delight in flooding tears. Or if, once spurned, he hath had power to change his passion, even in change of bondage is there joy. But I may never love another, nor part from her. Cynthia was the beginning, Cynthia shall be the end.

XIII

Tu, quod saepe soles, nostro laetabere casu,
Galle, quod abrepto solus amore vacem.
at non ipse tuas imitabor, perfide, voces:
fallere te numquam, Galle, puella velit.
dum tibi deceptis augetur fama puellis, 5
certus et in nullo quaeris amore moram,
perditus in quadam tardis pallescere curis
incipis, et primo lapsus abire gradu.
haec erit illarum contempti poena doloris:
multarum miseras exiget una vices. 10
haec tibi vulgaris istos compescet amores,
nec nova quaerendo semper amicus eris.

XIII

THOU, Gallus, as thou oft art wont, wilt rejoice at my misfortunes, because my love has been snatched from me and I am left lonely and forlorn. But, faithless friend, I will never imitate thy taunts. May never fair one have the heart to play thee false. Even now while thy fame for the loves thou hast beguiled increases ever, and self-possessed thou cleavest ne'er for long to one passion, even now late in time thou beginnest to pale with woe, love-frenzied for one girl, and to retire baffled at the first step of thy advance. This shall be thy punishment for thy scorn of their sorrows; one girl shall avenge the wrongs of many, she shall stay thy ranging loves, nor shall thy search for novelty always win thee a welcome.

haec non sum rumore malo, non augure doctus;
vidi ego: me quaeso teste negare potes?
vidi ego te toto vinctum languescere collo 15
et flere iniectis, Galle, diu manibus,
et cupere optatis animam deponere labris,
et quae deinde meus celat, amice, pudor.
non ego complexus potui diducere vestros:
tantus erat demens inter utrosque furor. 20
non sic Haemonio Salmonida mixtus Enipeo
Taenarius facili pressit amore deus,
nec sic caelestem flagrans amor Herculis Heben
sensit ab Oetaeis gaudia prima rogis.
una dies omnis potuit praecurrere amantes: 25
nam tibi non tepidas subdidit illa faces,
nec tibi praeteritos passast succedere fastus,
nec sinet: addictum te tuus ardor aget.

13 No spiteful rumour, no soothsayer tells me this; I saw thy love — darest thou deny the truth to me whose eyes were witness? I saw thee languish with her arms fast about thy neck, I saw thee weep lapped in a long embrace, and yearn to breathe forth thy soul in the words of desire; and last, my friend, I saw, what shame bids me hide. I could not part your embraces, such a wild frenzy bound you each to each. Not with such passion did the Taenarian god, made one with Haemonian Enipeus, embrace Salmoneus' child, the willing victim of his love. Hercules burned not with such love for divine Hebe, when on Oeta's heights he tasted the first joys of godhead. One day surpassed the joys of all past lovers; for no faint torch she kindled in thy veins. She suffered not thine old pride to come o'er thee once again, nor will she let thee be taken from her. Thy passion shall drive thee on and always on.

nec mirum, cum sit Iove dignae proxima Ladae
et Ladae partu gratior, una tribus; 30
illa sit Inachiiis et blandior heroinis,
illa suis verbis cogat amare Iovem.
tu vero quoniam semel es periturus amore,
utere: non alio limine dignus eras.
qui tibi sit felix, quoniam novus incidit, error; 35
et quocumque voles, una sit ista tibi.

29 Nor can I marvel since she is worthy Jove, surpassed by Leda only, and fairer herself alone than all three children of Leda. More winsome would she prove than all Inachia's queens; by her sweet words would she force even Jove to love her. Since then in truth thou art doomed once and for all to die of love, use thy chance: thou wert worthy to besiege no other doors than hers. Since madness to which thou art a stranger has seized thee, may she be kind; and may she and she alone be all thy heart's desire.

XIV

Tu licet abiectus Tiberina molliter unda
Lesbia Mentoreo vina bibas opere,
et modo tam celeris mireris currere lintres
et modo tam tardas funibus ire rates;
et nemus omne satas intendat vertice silvas, 5
urgetur quantis Caucasus arboribus;
non tamen ista meo valeant contendere amor:
nescit Amor magnis cedere divitiis.

XIV

THOUGH reclining idly by Tiber's wave thou quaffest Lesbian wine from cups chased by the hand of Mentor, and marvellest now how swiftly the boats run by and now how slowly the towed barges go: though all the woodland round thee spreads its growth of trees along the hill-crest, huge as the forest that weighs upon slopes of Caucasus, yet all these things could not vie with my love; Love will not yield to all the might of wealth.

nam sive optatam mecum trahit illa quietem,
seu facili totum ducit amore diem, 10
tum mihi Pactoli veniunt sub tecta liquores,
et legitur Rubris gemma sub aequoribus;
tum mihi cessuros spondent mea gaudia reges:
quae maneant, dum me fata perire volent!
nam quis divitiis adverso gaudet Amore? 15
nulla mihi tristi praemia sint Venere!
illa potest magnas heroum infringere vires,
illa etiam duris mentibus esse dolor:
illa neque Arabium metuit transcendere limen
nec timet ostrino, Tulle, subire toro, 20
et miserum toto iuvenem versare cubili:
quid relevant variis serica textilibus?
quae mihi dum placata aderit, non ulla verebor
regna vel Alcinoi munera despicere.

9 For if Cynthia lies with me by night in long-desired rest, or spends the day in kindly love, then the waters of Pactolus bring their wealth beneath my roof, and the Red Sea's gems are gathered for my delight; then does my joy assure me that kings must yield to me. And may these joys abide with me till Fate decrees my death. For who may have joy of wealth if Love be not kind? Ne'er be the prize of riches mine if Venus frown! She can bow down the puissant might of heroes, she can bring sorrow to the hardest heart. She fears not to

o'erpass the threshold of Arabian onyx, she shrinks not, Tullus, to climb into the purple couch, and toss the hapless youth in unrest o'er all his bed. What avail the silken hangings with their weft of varied hue? Ah! while she is kind and aids me in my love I will not fear to scorn the realms of any monarch, nor gifts such as Alcinous might give.

XV

Saepe ego multa tuae levitatis dura timebam,
 hac tamen excepta, Cynthia, perfidia.
 aspice me quanto rapiat fortuna periclo!
 tu tamen in nostro lenta timore venis;
 et potes hesternos manibus componere crines 5
 et longa faciem quaerere desidia,
 nec minus Eois pectus variare lapillis,
 ut formosa novo quae parat ire viro.
 at non sic Ithaci digressu mota Calypso
 desertis olim fleverat aequoribus: 10
 multos illa dies incomptis maesta capillis
 sederat, iniusto multa locuta salo,
 et quamvis numquam post haec visura, dolebat
 illa tamen, longae conscia laetitiae.
 nec sic Aesoniden rapientibus anxia ventis 17
 Hypsipyle vacuo constitit in thalamo:
 Hypsipyle nullos post illos sensit amores,
 ut semel Haemonio tabuit hospitio. 20
 coniugis Euadne miseros elata per ignes
 occidit, Argivae fama pudicitiae.
 Alphisiboea suos ultast pro coniuge fratres, 15
 sanguinis et cari vincula rupit amor.

XV

OFT have I dreaded much hardship from thy fickleness, yet never, Cynthia, treachery such as this. See into what perils fortune plunges me! Yet still thou art slow to succour my distress, and hast the heart to raise thine hands to array the yesternight's disorder of thy tresses, to adorn thy face with lingering care, and all unmoved to bestar thy breast with Eastern gems, like some fair maid that goes to meet her bridegroom.

Not so was Calypso moved when the Ithacan left her and she wept of yore to the lonely waste of waves: many a long day she sat moaning his loss, her locks unkempt, and many a plaint she uttered to the cruel sea: and though she never more should see his face, she grieved remembering their long hours of happiness. Not so as the breeze bore afar the son of Aeson did Hypsipyle stand sorrow-laden in the empty nuptial chamber; Hypsipyle tasted of love no more, since once she pined for her lost Haemonian guest. Alphisiboea took vengeance on her own brothers for her husband's sake, and love brake the bonds of kindred blood. Evadne, glory of Argive chastity, perished in the fatal flame and shared her husband's pyre.

quarum nulla tuos potuit convertere mores, 23

tu quoque uti fieres nobilis historia.
desine iam revocare tuis periuria verbis,
Cynthia, et oblitos parce movere deos;
audax ah nimium, nostro dolitura periclo,
si quid forte tibi durius inciderit!
alta prius retro labentur flumina ponto,
annus et inversas duxerit ante vices, 30
quam tua sub nostro mutetur pectore cura:
sis quodcumque voles, non aliena tamen.
tam tibi ne viles isti videantur ocelli,
per quos saepe mihi credita perfidiast!
hos tu iurabas, si quid mentita fuisses, 35
ut tibi suppositis exciderent manibus:
et contra magnum potes hos attollere Solem,
nec tremis admissae conscia nequitiae?
quis te cogebat multos pallere colores
et fletum invitis ducere luminibus? 40
quis ego nunc pereo, similis moniturus amantes
non ullis tutum credere blanditiis.

23 Yet none of these has prevailed on thee to change thy fashion of life, that thou too might'st become a glorious memory. Cease at length by thy words to recall thy past faithlessness, nor provoke the gods thou hast so long forgotten. Rash girl, ah! deep, too deep will be thy sorrow for my peril, if aught of woe chance to fall on thee. Ere that shall many marvels be: rivers shall flow upward from the wild sea, and the year reverse its seasons, ere my love for thee shall alter in my breast: be what thou wilt, yet not another's own. Let not those eyes of thine seem of so little worth to thee, those eyes that oft made me believe thy falsehoods true! By them thou swarest, praying that if in aught thou hadst played me false thine own hands might pluck them forth. And canst thou raise them to the mighty sun and tremble not when thou rememberest thy guilty wantonings? Who made thee pale with many a shifting hue, and forced thine eyes to weep unwilling tears? — those eyes for whose sake I die with passion, thus to warn lovers in like plight to mine, "There's never witchery of woman that man may safely trust."

XVI

Quae fueram magnis olim patefacta triumphis,
ianua Patriciae vota Pudicitiae,
cuius inaurati celebrarunt limina currus,
captorum lacrimis umida supplicibus,
nunc ego, nocturnis potorum saucia rixis, 5
pulsata indignis saepe queror manibus,
et mihi non desunt turpes pendere corollae
semper et exclusi signa iacere faces.

XVI

I THAT of old was flung wide to welcome mighty triumphs, Tarpeia's portal glorified by her chastity, whose threshold gilded chariots once made renowned and the suppliant tears of captives once bedewed, I to-day am bruised by the nightly brawls of drunkards, and smitten by unworthy hands make moan. Dishonouring wreaths fail not to hang by me, and ever nigh me lie torches that tell their tale to lovers shut out from bliss.

nec possum infamis dominae defendere voces,
nobilis obscenis tradita carminibus; 10
nec tamen illa suae revocatur parcere famae,
turpior et saeculi vivere luxuria.
has inter gravius cogor deflere querelas,
supplicis a longis tristior excubiis.
ille meos numquam patitur requiescere postes, 15
arguta referens carmina blanditia:
'ianua vel domina penitus crudelior ipsa,

9 Yet cannot I save my mistress from her nights of shame, but, once so noble, am now the prey of ribald rhymes. Nor yet is she moved to repent and have pity on her fair fame, and to cease from living more vilely than the vileness of a wanton age. And even while thus I make my moan, yet bitterer tears are mine to weep, as the long watches of the suppliant lover deepen my woe. He suffers never my pillars to have peace, with shrill blandishment chanting this refrain:

quid mihi tam duris clausa taces foribus?
cur numquam reserata meos admittis amores,
nescia furtivas reddere mota preces? 20
nullane finis erit nostro concessa dolori,
turpis et in tepido limine somnus erit?
me mediae noctes, me sidera prona iacentem,

frigidaque Eoo me dolet aura gelu.
o utinam traiecta cava mea vocula rima 27
percussas dominae vertat in auriculas!
sit licet et saxo patientior illa Sicano,
sit licet et ferro durior et chalybe, 30
non tamen illa suos poterit compescere ocellos,
surget et invitis spiritus in lacrimis.

17 “Door yet more deeply cruel than even my mistress’ heart, why are thy grim portals ever closed and mute for me? Why never dost thou unbar and give entrance to my love, thou that knowest not to relent and bear my secret prayers to my mistress? Wilt thou never grant an ending to my woes? And must a doleful sleep be mine on thy chill threshold? For me the midnight and the stars that turn to their setting and the breeze laden with chill frost of dawn grieve as they behold me prostrate. Thou alone pitiest never the agony of the heart of men; thy hinges are silent, and thou answerest naught. Would that some whisper of my voice might pass through some hollow rift in thee, and fall upon my mistress’ startled ear! Then were she more stubborn than flint or Etna’s crags, more cruel than iron or steel, yet will she not have power to control her eyes, and mid unwilling tears a sigh shall rise.

nunc iacet alterius felici nixa lacerto,
at mea nocturno verba cadunt Zephyro.
sed tu sola mei, tu maxima causa doloris, 35
victa meis numquam, ianua, muneribus,
tu sola humanos numquam miserata dolores 25
respondes tacitis mutua cardinibus.
te non ulla meae laesit petulantia linguae; 37
quae solet irato dicere tanta ioco,
ut me tam longa raucum patiari querela
sollicitas trivio pervigilare moras? 40
at tibi saepe novo deduxi carmina versu,
osculaque innixus pressa dedi gradibus.
ante tuos quotiens verti me, perfida, postes,
debitaque occultis vota tuli manibus!’

33 “Now she lies propped on another’s happy arm and my words fall idly on the breezes of the night. But thou art the sole, the chiefest cause of my grief, unvanquished ever by the gifts I bring. My tongue hath never assailed thee with angry drunken jest, so dear to froward anger, that thou shouldst suffer me to grow hoarse with long complaining and watch all night at the crossways in anguished waiting. But oft for thee have I spun new strains of song and bowed me to print clinging kisses on thy steps. How oft have I turned my back upon thy pillars and with furtive hands bestowed the votive gifts that were thy due.”

haec ille et si quae miseri novistis amantes, 45
et matutinis obstrepit alitibus.
sic ego nunc dominae vitiis et semper amantis
fletibus alterna differor invidia.

45 So cries he with aught else that ye, hapless lovers, have learned to cry, and
outclamours the birds of dawn. So by my mistress' vices and her lover's tears
am I for aye defamed with ever-during scorn.

XVII

Et merito, quoniam potui fugisse puellam,
nunc ego desertas alloquor alcyonas.
nec mihi Cassiope salvo visura carinam,
omniaque ingrato litore vota cadunt.
quin etiam absenti prosunt tibi, Cynthia, venti: 5
aspice, quam saevas increpat aura minas.
nullane placatae veniet fortuna procellae?
haecine parva meum funus harena teget?

XVII

DESERVEDLY, since I have had the heart to fly from my mistress, do I now cry to the lonely sea-mews, nor shall Cassiope give her wonted welcome to my bark, and all my prayers fall idly on a heartless shore. Nay, more, though thou art far away the winds but aid thy cruelty: lo! what fierce threats the gale howls in my ear! Will Fortune never come to still the tempest? Shall yonder scanty sands hide my bones?

tu tamen in melius saevas converte querelas:
sat tibi sit poenae nox et iniqua vada. 10
an poteris siccis mea fata reposcere ocellis,
ossaque nulla tuo nostra tenere sinu?
ah pereat, quicumque rates et vela paravit
primus et invito gurgite fecit iter!
nonne fuit levius dominae pervincere mores 15
(quamvis dura, tamen rara puella fuit),
quam sic ignotis circumdata litora silvis
cernere et optatos quaerere Tyndaridas?

9 Yet do thou but change thy savage complaints to kinder tones; let the dark night and threatening shoals be in thine eyes enough punishment for me. Wilt have the heart dry-eyed to demand my death and ne'er to hold mine ashes to thy bosom? Perish the man, whoe'er he was, that first devised ships and sails, and first voyaged over the unwilling deep! Easier task had it been to overcome my mistress' heart — cruel was she, yet peerless among women! — than thus to gaze on shores fringed with unknown forests and seek in vain for the desired sons of Tyndareus.

illic si qua meum sepelissent fata dolorem,
ultimus et posito staret amore lapis, 20
illa meo caros donasset funere crines,
molliter et tenera poneret ossa rosa;

illa meum extremo clamasset pulvere nomen,
ut mihi non ullo pondere terra foret.

19 If some doom had buried all my grief at home, if there my love had ended
and at the last the headstone marked its close, then would she have cast those
locks I loved so well upon my pyre, and have laid my bones on a soft couch of
delicate rose-leaves: she would have cried my name aloud over my last ashes,
praying that earth might lie light upon me.

at vos, aequoreae formosa Doride natae, 25
candida felici solvite vela choro:
si quando vestras labens Amor attigit undas,
mansuetis socio parcite litoribus.

25 But do ye, O sea-born daughters of lovely Doris, give prosperous escort and
unfurl our white sails: if ever love has glided down and touched your waves,
spare a fellow-bondsman and guide him to a kindly shore.

XVIII

Haec certe deserta loca et taciturna querenti,
et vacuum Zephyri possidet aura nemus.
hic licet occultos proferre impune dolores,
si modo sola queant saxa tenere fidem.

XVIII

HERE of a truth is a lonely and a silent place, where I may make my moan,
and the breath of the West Wind only rules this deserted grove. Here may I
freely utter my secret griefs, if only these lone crags can keep faith.

unde tuos primum repetam, mea Cynthia, fastus? 5
quod mihi das flendi, Cynthia, principium?
qui modo felicitis inter numerabar amantes,
nunc in amore tuo cogor habere notam.
quid tantum merui? quae te mihi crimina mutant?
an nova tristitiae causa puella tuae? 10
sic mihi te referas, levis, ut non altera nostro
limine formosos intulit ulla pedes.
quamvis multa tibi dolor hic meus aspera debet,
non ita saeva tamen venerit ira mea,
ut tibi sim merito semper furor, et tua flendo 15
lumina deiectis turpia sint lacrimis.

5 From what first beginning, Cynthia, shall I trace thy scorn? What was the
first cause for tears thou gavest me? I that but a short while since was counted
among happy lovers, am now perforce an outcast from thy love. What woe
such as this have I deserved? what spells alter thy love for me? Is jealousy of
some new rival the cause of thine anger? So surely mayst thou return to my
embrace, fickle maid, as no other woman has ever planted her fair feet within
my threshold. Though my grief owes thee much bitterness, yet never shall my
wrath fall so fierce upon thee, that I should always give thee just cause for
fury and thine eyes be marred with streaming tears.

an quia parva damus mutato signa colore,
et non ulla meo clamat in ore fides?
vos eritis testes, si quos habet arbor amores,
fagus et Arcadio pinus amica deo. 20
ah quotiens vestras resonant mea verba sub umbras,
scribitur et teneris Cynthia corticibus!

17 Or is it that I give scant proof of my passion by changing colour, and that

no token of my faith cries aloud upon my countenance? Ye shall be my witnesses, if trees know aught of love, beech-tree and pine, beloved of Arcady's god. Ah! how oft do my passionate words echo beneath your delicate shades, how oft is Cynthia's name carved upon your bark!

ah tua quot peperit nobis iniuria curas,
quae solum tacitis cognita sunt foribus!
omnia consuevi timidus perferre superbae 25
iussa neque arguto facta dolore queri.
pro quo continui montes et frigida rupes
et datur inculto tramite dura quies;
et quodcumque meae possunt narrare querelae,
cogor ad argutas dicere solus aves. 30

23 Ah! how oft has thy injustice begotten troubles in my heart, that only thy silent portal knows! I have been wont to bear thy haughty commands with patience, nor ever to bemoan my grief in piercing accents of sorrow. Yet in return for this, ye founts divine, lo! this chill couch of rock is mine and broken slumbers on this rugged track: and all that my plaintive cries can tell must be uttered in this waste place to shrill-voiced birds.

sed qualiscumque's, resonent mihi 'Cynthia' silvae,
nec deserta tuo nomine saxa vacent.

31 But be what thou wilt, still let the woods re-echo "Cynthia," nor these lone crags have rest from the sound of thy name.

XIX

Non ego nunc tristis vereor, mea Cynthia, Manes,
nec moror extremo debita fata rogo;
sed ne forte tuo careat mihi funus amore,
hic timor est ipsis durior exsequiis.
non adeo leviter nostris puer haesit ocellis, 5
ut meus oblito pulvis amore vacet.
illic Phylacides iucundae coniugis heros
non potuit caecis immemor esse locis,
sed cupidus falsis attingere gaudia palmis
Thessalis antiquam venerat umbra domum. 10
illic quidquid ero, semper tua dicar imago:
traicit et fati litora magnus amor.
illic formosae veniant chorus heroinae,
quas dedit Argivis Dardana praeda viris:
quarum nulla tua fuerit mihi, Cynthia, forma 15
gratior et (Tellus hoc ita iusta sinat)
quamvis te longae remorentur fata senectae,
cara tamen lacrimis ossa futura meis.
quae tu viva mea possis sentire favilla!
tum mihi non ullo mors sit amara loco. 20
quam vereor, ne te contempto, Cynthia, busto
abstrahat a nostro pulvere iniquus Amor,
cogat et invitam lacrimas siccare cadentis!
flectitur assiduis certa puella minis.
quare, dum licet, inter nos laetemur amantes: 25
non satis est ullo tempore longus amor.

XIX

No more now, my Cynthia, fear I the sad world of death; I care not for the doom that at the last must feed the fires of funeral; this fear alone is bitterer than death itself, that I should go down to the grave unloved by thee. Not with such light touch has Love cleaved to mine eyes that my dust should forget thee and lie loveless. Even in the dark underworld the hero son of Phylacus could not forget his sweet wife, but, yearning to enfold his dear one with phantom hands, the Thessalian returned in ghostly wise to his ancient home. There, whatsoe'er I be, as Cynthia's lover shall my shade be known; strong love o'erpasses even the shores of doom. There let the fair queens of old, whom the spoils of Troy gave to Argive husbands, come in a troop to greet me! Yet the beauty of none of these shall please me more than thine, and though the doom of old age delay thy coming long — may earth be kind and grant this boon! — yet shall the sight of thine ashes be dear to my weeping

eyes: and like love long mayst thou that livest feel, when I am dust; then wheresoe'er death find me, it shall have lost its sting. Yet, Cynthia, I have a fear that thou mayst spurn my tomb, and some cruel passion part thee from my dust, and force thee, though loth, to dry thy falling tears. Continued threats may bend the will even of a loyal maid. Wherefore, while yet may be, let us love and be merry together. Eternity itself is all too brief for love.

XX

Hoc pro continuo te, Galle, monemus amore,
 quod tibi ne vacuo defluat ex animo:
 saepe imprudenti fortuna occurrit amanti:
 crudelis Minyis sic erat Ascanius.

XX

TAKE this my warning, Gallus, in return for thine unfailing love: let it not slip from thy thoughtless mind: "Fortune oft proves adverse to the heedless lover so might Ascanius tell thee, that wreaked his spite upon the Minyae.

est tibi non infra specie, non nomine dispar, 5

Theiodamanteo proximus ardor Hylae:
 huic tu, sive leges Umbrae rate flumina silvae,
 sive Aniena tuos tinxerit unda pedes,
 sive Gigantei spatia bere litoris ora,
 sive ubicumque vago fluminis hospitio, 10

Nympharum semper cupidas defende rapinas
 (non minor Ausoniis est amor Adryasin);
 ne tibi sit duros montes et frigida saxa,

Galle, neque expertos semper adire lacus.
 quae miser ignotis error perpessus in oris 15

Herculis indomito flevrat Ascanio.
 namque ferunt olim Pagasae navalibus Argo
 egressam longe Phasidos isse viam,
 et iam praeteritis labentem Athamantidos undis

Mysorum scopulis applicuisse ratem. 20
 hic manus heroum, placidis ut constitit oris,
 mollia composita litora fronde tegit.

at comes invicti iuvenis processerat ultra
 raram sepositi quaerere fontis aquam.
 hunc duo sectati fratres, Aquilonia proles 25

(nunc superat Zetes, nunc superat Calais),
 oscula suspensis instabant carpere plantis,
 oscula et alterna ferre supina fuga.

ille sed extrema pendentes ludit in ala
 et volucris ramo summovet insidias. 30

iam Pandioniae cessit genus Orithyiae:
 ah dolor! ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin.

5 Thou hast a love most like to Hylas, child of Theodamas, one not less fair nor of humbler birth. Beware then, whether thou wanderest by the holy

streams of Umbrian forests, or Anio's waters lave thy feet, or walk'st thou on the marge of the Giant's strand, or wheresoe'er a river's wandering waters welcome thee, beware and from thy love ward off the hands of nymphs that burn to steal (the Ausonian Dryads love as warmly as their sisters loved), lest it be thy fate ever to visit cruel mountain and icy crag and lakes, that thou hast tried to thy cost. Such woes the ill-starred wanderer Hercules suffered in a far land and bewailed by the shores of the relentless Ascanius, For they say that of old Argos set sail from the dockyards of Pagasa and went forth on the long way to Phasis, and at last, the waves of Helle past, moored his bark on Mysia's rockbound coast. Here the band of heroes went forth upon the peaceful shore and carpeted the ground with a soft coverlet of leaves. But the comrade of the young unvanquished hero ranged afar to seek the scarce waters of some distant spring. Him the two brothers followed, Zetes and Calais, the North Wind's sons, and, bowing o'er him, both pressed on to embrace him with hovering hands and snatch a kiss and bear it from his upturned face, each as in turn they fled. But the boy, swept off his feet, hides clinging to one by his pinion's base, and with a branch wards off the other's winged wiles. At last the children of Orithyia, Pandion's daughter, retired discomfited, and Hylas, alas! went upon his way, went to be the wood-nymphs' prey.

hic erat Arganthi Pege sub vertice montis,
grata domus Nymphis umida Thyniasin,
quam supra nulli pendebant debita curae 35
roscida desertis poma sub arboribus,
et circum irriguo surgebant lilia prato
candida purpureis mixta papaveribus.
quae modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui
proposito florem praetulit officio, 40
et modo formosis incumbens nescius undis
errorem blandis tardat imaginibus.
tandem haurire parat demissis flumina palmis
innixus dextro plena trahens umero.
cuius ut accensae Dryades candore puellae 45
miratae solitos destituere choros
prolapsum et leviter facili traxere liquore,
tum sonitum rapto corpore fecit Hylas.
cui procul Alcides ter 'Hyla!' respondet: at illi
nomen ab extremis montibus aura refert. 50

33 Here beneath the peak of Arganthus' mount lay the well of Pege, the watery haunt so dear to Bithynia's nymphs, o'er which from lonely trees there hung dewy apples that owed naught to the hand of man, and round about in a water-meadow sprang snowy lilies mingled with purple poppies. And there, in boyish delight, he gently plucked them with soft finger-tips, preferring the

flowers to his chosen task; and now in artless wonder bent over the fair waters and prolonged his truancy with gazing at their mirrored charms. At length he made ready to stretch forth his hands to the waves and draw water therefrom, leaning on his right shoulder and raising a plenteous draught. But, smitten with passion at the sight of that snowy shoulder, the Hamadryads in wonder ceased their wonted dance. Easily from where he lay reclined they dragged him through the yielding flood. Then Hylas as they seized his body uttered a cry, whereto in answer Alcides shouted again, again, and yet again; but the breezes bore him back from the fountain's edge naught save the echo of the name.

his, o Galle, tuos monitus servabis amores,
formosum ni vis perdere rursus Hylan.

⁵¹ Warned by this tale, my Gallus, thou shalt keep thy love secure, thou that aforetime didst seem to entrust thy Hylas to the nymphs.

XXI

Tu, qui consortem properas evadere casum,
miles ab Etruscis saucius aggeribus,
quid nostro gemitu turgentia lumina torques?
pars ego sum vestrae proxima militiae.
sic te servato possint gaudere parentes, 5
haec soror acta tuis sentiat e lacrimis:
Gallum per medios ereptum Caesaris enses
effugere ignotas non potuisse manus;
et quaecumque super dispersa invenerit ossa
montibus Etruscis, haec sciat esse mea.

XXI

“SOLDIER, that hastenest to escape thy comrades doom, flying wounded from the Etruscan ramparts, and turnest thy swollen eyes at the sound of my moaning, I am one of thy nearest comrades in arms. So save thyself, that thy parents may rejoice over thy safety, nor thy sister learn my fate from the silent witness of thy tears; how Gallus, though he escaped through the midst of Caesar’s swordsmen, yet could not escape the hand of some unknown spoiler; and whatever bones she may find scattered on the mountains of Tuscany, let her not know them to be mine.”

XXII

Qualis et unde genus, qui sint mihi, Tulle, Penates,
quaeris pro nostra semper amicitia.
si Perusina tibi patriae sunt nota sepulcra,
Italiae duris funera temporibus,
cum Romana suos egit discordia cives — 5
sic mihi praecipue, pulvis Etrusca, dolor,
tu proiecta mei perpressa's membra propinqui,
tu nullo miseri contegis ossa solo —
proxima suppositos contingens Umbria campos
me genuit terris fertilis uberibus.

XXII

TULLUS, thou askest ever in our friendship's name, what is my rank, whence my descent, and where my home. If thou knowest our country's graves at Perusia, the scene of death in the dark hours of Italy, when civil discord maddened the citizens of Rome (hence, dust of Tuscany, art thou my bitterest sorrow, for thou hast borne the limbs of my comrade that were cast out unburied, thou shroudest his ill-starred corpse with never a dole of earth), know then that where Umbria, rich in fertile lands, joins the wide plain that lies below, there was I born.

LIBER SECVNDVS — BOOK II

I

QVAERITIS, unde mihi totiens scribantur amores,
unde meus veniat mollis in ore liber.
non haec Calliope, non haec mihi cantat Apollo.
ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit.
sive illam Cois fulgentem incedere cogis,
hac totum e Coa veste volumen erit;
seu vidi ad frontem sparsos errare capillos,
gaudet laudatis ire superba comis;
sive lyrae carmen digitis percussit eburnis,
miramur, facilis ut premat arte manus;
seu cum poscentis somnum declinat ocellos,
invenio causas mille poeta novas;
seu nuda erepto mecum luctatur amictu,
tum vero longas condimus Iliadas;
seu quidquid fecit sive est quodcumque locuta,
maxima de nihilo nascitur historia.

I

You ask me, from what source so oft I draw my songs of love and whence comes my book that sounds so soft upon the tongue. 'Tis not Calliope nor Apollo that singeth these things; 'tis my mistress' self that makes my wit. If thou wilt have her walk radiant in silks of Cos, of Coan raiment all this my book shall tell; or have I seen her tresses stray dishevelled o'er her brow, I praise her locks and she walks abroad in pride and gladness; or struck she forth music from the lyre with ivory fingers, I marvel with what easy skill she sweeps her hands along the strings; or when she droops those eyes that call for sleep I find a thousand new themes for song; or if, flinging away her robe, she enter naked with me in the lists, then, then I write whole Iliads long. Whate'er she does, whate'er she says, from a mere nothing springs a mighty tale.

quod mihi si tantum, Maecenas, fata dedissent,
ut possem heroas ducere in arma manus,
non ego Titanas canerem, non Ossan Olympo
impositam, ut caeli Pelion esset iter,
nec veteres Thebas, nec Pergama nomen Homeri,
Xerxis et imperio bina coisse vada,
regnave prima Remi aut animos Carthaginis altae,
Cimbrorumque minas et bene facta Mari:
bellaque resque tui memorarem Caesaris, et tu
Caesare sub magno cura secunda fores.
nam quotiens Mutinam aut civilia busta Philippos

aut canerem Siculae classica bella fugae,
eversosque focos antiquae gentis Etruscae,
et Ptolomaei litora capta Phari,
aut canerem Aegyptum et Nilum, cum attractus in urbem
septem captivis debilis ibat aquis,
aut regum auratis circumdata colla catenis,
Actiaque in Sacra currere rostra Via;
te mea Musa illis semper contexeret armis,
et sumpta et posita pace fidele caput:
Theseus infernis, superis testatur Achilles,
hic Ixioniden, ille Menoetiaden.

* * * * *

17 But if, Maecenas, the Fates had granted me power to lead the hosts of heroes into war, I would not sing the Titans, nor Ossa on Olympus piled, that Pelion might be a path to heaven. I'd sing not ancient Thebes nor Troy's citadel, that is Homer's glory, nor yet how at Xerxes' bidding sea met sundered sea, nor, again, would I chant the primeval realm of Remus or the fierce spirit of lofty Carthage, the Cimbrian's threats or the service wrought by Marius for the State. But I would tell of the wars and the deeds of thy master Caesar, and next after mighty Caesar my thoughts should turn on thee. For oft as I sang of Mutina or Philippi, where Romans lie by Romans slain, or of the sea-fight and the rout by the Sicilian shore, the ruined hearths of Etruria's ancient race, and the capture of the shore where Ptolemy's Pharos stands; oft as I sang of Egypt and the Nile, what time in mourning garb he went humbly to Rome with his seven captive streams, or of the necks of kings bound about with chains of gold, and the prows of Actium speeding along the Sacred Way; so oft would my Muse weave thy name into those deeds, true heart in peace or war.

* * * * *

Theseus to the shades below, Achilles to the gods above, proclaim a comrade's love, the one of Ixion's child, the other of the son of Menoetius.

sed neque Phlegraeos Iovis Enceladique tumultus
intonet angusto pectore Callimachus,
nec mea conveniunt duro praecordia versu
Caesaris in Phrygios condere nomen avos.
navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
enumerat miles vulnera, pastor ovis;
nos contra angusto versantes proelia lecto:
qua pote quisque, in ea conerat arte diem.
laus in amore mori: laus altera, si datur uno
posse frui: fruar o solus amore meo!
si memini, solet illa levis culpae puellas,
et totam ex Helena non probat Iliada.

seu mihi sunt tangenda novercae pocula Phaedrae,
pocula privigno non nocitura suo,
seu mihi Circaeο pereundum est gramine, sive
Colchis Iolciacis urat aena focus,
una meos quoniam praedata est femina sensus,
ex hac ducentur funera nostra domo.

39 But neither would Callimachus' scant breath avail to thunder forth the strife
'twixt Jove and Enceladus on Phlegra's plains, nor has my heart power in
verse severe to trace the line of Caesar to his Phrygian grand-sires. The sailor
talks of winds, the ploughman of oxen, the soldier counts o'er his wounds, the
shepherd his sheep, while we for our part tell of lovers' wars upon a narrow
couch! Let each man pass his days in that wherein his skill is greatest. To die
for love is glory; and glory yet again to have power to joy in one love only;
ah, may I, and I alone, joy in the love that's mine. If memory fails me not, she
is wont to blame fickle-hearted maids, and on account of Helen frowns on the
whole Iliad. Though I be doomed to drink of the cup that the stepdame
Phaedra brewed, the cup whereof her stepson was destined to take no hurt, or
must die of Circe's herbs; or though for me the Colchian witch heat the
caldron on the fires of Iolcus, yet since one girl hath stolen away my senses,
from her house only shall go forth my funeral train.

omnis humanos sanat medicina dolores:
solus amor morbi non amat artificem.
tarda Philoctetae sanavit crura Machaon,
Phoenicis Chiron lumina Phillyrides,
et deus exstinctum Cressis Epidaurius herbis
restituit patriis Androgeona focus,
Mysus et Haemonia iuvenis qua cuspide vulnus
senserat, hac ipsa cuspide sensit opem.
hoc si quis vitium poterit mihi demere, solus
Tantalea poterit tradere poma manu;
dolia virgineis idem ille repleverit urnis,
ne tenera assidua colla graventur aqua;
idem Caucasia solvet de rupe Promethei
bracchia et a medio pectore pellet avem.

57 Medicine cures all the anguish of mankind; love alone loves no physician of
its ill. Machaon healed Philoctetes' limping feet, Chiron the son of Phyllyra
opened the eyes of Phoenix, the Epidaurian god restored the dead Androgeon
to his father's hearth by power of Cretan herbs, and the Mysian youth
received succour from the same Haemonian spear that dealt the wound. If any
can take this frailty from me, he and he alone will be able to bring the apple to
the hands of Tantalus; he too shall fill the casks from the maidens' pitchers,
that their tender necks be not bowed for ever by the burden of water; he too

shall loose Prometheus' arms from the Caucasian crag and drive the vulture from his inmost heart.

quandocumque igitur vitam mea fata reposcent,
et breve in exiguo marmore nomen ero,
Maecenas, nostrae spes invidiosa iuventae,
et vitae et morti gloria iusta meae,
si te forte meo ducet via proxima busto,
esseda caelatis siste Britanna iugis,
talique illacrimans mutae iace verba favillae:
'Huic misero fatum dura puella fuit.'

⁷¹ Therefore when at last the Fates demand my life, and I shall be no more than a brief name on a little stone of marble, then, Maecenas, thou hope and envy of our Roman youth, and, whether I live or die, mine own true glory, if perchance thy journeying lead thee near my tomb, stay awhile thy British chariot with carven yoke, and weeping pay this tribute to the silent dust: "An unrelenting maid wrought this poor mortal's death."

II

LIBER eram et vacuo meditabar vivere lecto;
at me composita pace fefellit Amor.
cur haec in terris facies humana moratur?
Iuppiter, ignosco pristina furta tua.
fulva coma est longaeque manus, et maxima toto
corpore, et incedit vel Iove digna soror,
aut cum Dulichias Pallas spatatur ad aras,
Gorgonis anguiferae pectus operata comis;
qualis et Ischomache Lapithae genus heroine,
Centauris medio grata rapina mero;
Mercurio satis fertur Boebeidos undis
virgineum Brimo composuisse latus.
cedite iam, divae, quas pastor viderat olim
Idaeis tunicas ponere verticibus!
hanc utinam faciem nolit mutare senectus,
etsi Cumaeae saecula vatis aget!

II

I WAS free and thought henceforth to lie alone of nights; but though the truce was made, Love played me false. Why abides such mortal beauty upon earth? Jupiter, I pardon thy gallantries of olden time. Yellow is her hair, and tapering her hands, tall and full her figure, and stately her walk, worthy the sister of Jove or like to Pallas, when she strides to Dulichian altars, her breast veiled by the Gorgons' snaky locks. Fair is she as Ischomache, heroic child of the Lapithae, the Centaurs' welcome spoil in the revel's midst, or as Brimo when by the sacred waters of Boebeis she laid her virgin body at Mercury's side. Yield now, ye goddesses, whom of old the shepherd saw lay aside your raiment on the heights of Ida! And oh! may old age never mar that face, though she reach the years of the Cumaean prophetess.

III

‘Qvi nullum tibi dicebas iam posse nocere,
haesisti, cecidit spiritus ille tuus!
vix unum potes, infelix, requiescere mensem,
et turpis de te iam liber alter erit.’
quaerebam, sicca si posset piscis harena
nec solitus ponto vivere torvus aper;
aut ego si possem studiis vigilare severis:
differtur, numquam tollitur ullus amor.

III

THOU, that didst boast that nought could harm thee more, art caught in the snare: thy proud spirit has fallen. Scarce, poor wretch, canst thou find rest for a single month, and now a second book of shame shall tell of thy doings. I was as one that seeks whether a fish may live on the dry sands, or a fierce wild boar in the midst of unfamiliar waves, when I tried if I could pass the night in sterner studies. Love is but put off, extinguished never.

nec me tam facies, quamvis sit candida, cepit
(lilia non domina sint magis alba mea;
ut Maeotica nix minio si certet Hiberno,
utque rosae puro lacte natant folia),
nec de more comae per levia colla fluentes,
non oculi, geminae, sidera nostra, faces,
nec si qua Arabio lucet bombyce puella
(non sum de nihilo blandus amator ego):
quantum quod posito formose saltat Iaccho,
egit ut euhantis dux Ariadna choros,
et quantum, Aeolio cum temptat carmina plectro,
par Aganippeae ludere docta lyrae;
et sua cum antiquae committit scripta Corinnae,
carmina quae quivis non putat aequa suis.

9 'Twas not her face, bright though it be, that won me. Lilies would not surpass my mistress for whiteness; 'tis as though Maeotic snows were to strive with Spanish vermilion, or rose-leaves floated amid stainless milk. 'Twas not her hair flowing trimly o'er her smooth neck, 'twas not the twin torches of her eyes, my lodestars, nor a girl shining in Arabian silks: not for such trifles as these am I a gallant lover! 'Tis rather that at the revel's close she dances wondrously, even as Ariadne led the Maenad dance; 'tis rather that when she essays to sing to the Aeolian lyre she rivals the harp of Aganippe in her skill to play, and challenges with her verse the writings of ancient

Corinna, and counts not Erinna's songs the equals of her own.

num tibi nascenti primis, mea vita, diebus
candidus argutum sternuit omen Amor?
haec tibi contulerunt caelestia munera divi,
haec tibi ne matrerm forte dedisse putes.
non non humani partus sunt talia dona:
ista decem menses non peperere bona.
gloria Romanis una es tu nata puellis:
Romana accumbes prima puella Iovi,
nec semper nobiscum humana cubilia vises;
post Helenam haec terris forma secunda redit.

23 My life, did not bright Love sneeze a shrill omen at thine hour of birth, when day first dawned for thee? These heavenly gifts the gods, the gods bestowed, for I would not have thee think that 'twas thy mother gave them. Such boons no human parentage can confer, those charms ne'er sprang from mortal womb. Thou and thou only wast born to be the glory of Roman maids; thou shalt be the first maid of Rome to lie with Jove, nor shalt thou forever in our midst visit mortal couches. Helen wore this beauty once, and now 'tis come to earth again with thee.

hac ego nunc mirer si flagret nostra iuventus?
pulchrius hac fuerat, Troia, perire tibi.
olim mirabar, quod tanti ad Pergama belli
Europae atque Asiae causa puella fuit:
nunc, Pari, tu sapiens et tu, Menelae, fuisti,
tu quia poscebas, tu quia lentus eras.
digna quidem facies, pro qua vel obiret Achilles;
vel Priamo belli causa probanda fuit.
si quis vult fama tabulas anteire vetustas,
hic dominam exemplo ponat in arte meam:
sive illam Hesperiiis, sive illam ostendet Eois,
uret et Eoos, uret et Hesperios.

33 For thee then that our youth should burn, why should I wonder now? Better, O Troy, to have perished for Cynthia's sake. Of old I wondered that a girl should have been the cause of so mighty a conflict before the citadel of Troy, where Europe and Asia met in war. Now, Paris, I hold that thou, and thou, Menelaus, wert wise, thou that thou didst demand, thou that thou wert slow to reply. Worthy in sooth was such a face, that for it even Achilles should face death; even Priam could not but approve such cause for strife. If any desire to surpass the fame of all ancient pictures, let him take my mistress as model for his art; if he show her to the peoples of the West or to the peoples of the East, he will set the East and set the West afire.

his saltem ut teneat iam finibus! aut mihi, si quis,
 acrior, ut moriar, venerit alter amor!
ac veluti primo taurus detractat aratra,
 post venit assueto mollis ad arva iugo,
sic primo iuvenes trepidant in amore feroces,
 dehinc domiti post haec aequa et iniqua ferunt.
turpia perpressus vates est vincla Melampus,
 cognitus Iphicli surripuisse boves;
quem non lucra, magis Pero formosa coegit,
 mox Amythaonia nupta futura domo.

45 These bounds at least let me never more outstep! Or if I do, let another passion smite me, if such there be, that shall burn me with keener agony. As at first the ox refuses the plough, yet at length becomes familiar to the yoke and goes quietly to the fields, so do proud youths fret in the first ecstasy of love, then, calmer grown, bear good and ill alike. Melampus the seer endured dishonouring fetters, convicted of having stolen the kine of Iphiclus: yet 'twas not gain, but rather the fair face of Pero compelled him, Pero soon to be a bride in the halls of Amythaon.

IV

MVLTA prius dominae delicta queraris oportet,
saepe roges aliquid, saepe repulsus eas,
et saepe immeritos corrumpas dentibus unguis,
et crepitum dubio suscitet ira pede!

IV

OFT first must thou bemoan the transgressions of thy mistress, oft must thou ask a boon, and oft depart denied. Oft must thou bite thy nails for wrath at thine unmerited woe, and in anger stamp the ground with hesitating foot.

nequiquam perfusa meis unguenta capillis,
ibat et expenso planta morata gradu.
non hic herba valet, non hic nocturna Cytaeis,
non Perimedaeae gramina cocta manus;
nam cui non ego sum fallaci praemia vati?
quae mea non decies somnia versat anus?
quippe ubi nec causas nec apertos cernimus ictus,
unde tamen veniant tot mala caeca via est;
non eget hic medicis, non lectis mollibus aeger,
huic nullum caeli tempus et aura nocet;
ambulat et subito mirantur funus amici!
sic est incautum, quidquid habetur amor.

5 In vain was my hair drenched with perfumes, in vain my feet went lingeringly with measured step. For such a case as mine avails no drug, no Colchian sorceress of the night, no, nor the herbs Perimede's hands distilled. For here we see no cause nor whence the blow is dealt; dark is the path whereby so many griefs come none the less. In such a case the sick man needs no physician, no soft pillows; him no inclement season, no wind of heaven racks: he walks abroad, and on a sudden his friends marvel to see him dead. Whate'er love be, 'tis a strange thing, that none may guard against. For what lying seer have I not rewarded? What hag has not three times three pondered my dreams?

hostis si quis erit nobis, amet ille puellas:
gaudeat in puero, si quis amicus erit.
tranquillo tuta descendis flumine cumba:
quid tibi tam parvi litoris unda nocet?
alter saepe uno mutat praecordia Verbo,
altera vix ipso sanguine mollis erit.

¹⁷ Let my enemies love women, my friends have their delight in a boy. For then thou descendest the tranquil stream in unimperilled bark. How can the waves of such a tiny shore do thee hurt? His heart is oft softened by a single word; she will scarce be appeased even by thy blood.

V

Hoc verum est, tota te ferri, Cynthia, Roma,
 et non ignota vivere nequitia?
 haec merui sperare? dabis mihi, perfida, poenas;
 et nobis aliquo, Cynthia, ventus erit.
 inveniam tamen e multis fallacibus unam,
 quae fieri nostro carmine nota velit,
 nec mihi tam duris insultet moribus et te
 vellicet: heu sero flebis amata diu.

V

Is this true, Cynthia, that through all Rome thy name is a byword, and that thou livest in open wantonness? Did I deserve to look for this? Faithless one, I will punish thee, and the wind shall bear me, Cynthia, to some other haven. Though all womankind be deceitful, yet out of so many I shall find one that will be glad to be made famous by my song, that will not with heart hard as thine heap insult on my head, but will revile *thy* name. Alas! loved for so long, too late will fall thy tears!

nunc est ira recens, nunc est discedere tempus:
 si dolor afuerit, crede, redibit amor.
 non ita Carpathiae variant Aquilonibus undae,
 nec dubio nubes vertitur atra Noto,
 quam facile irati verbo mutantur amantes:
 dum licet, iniusto subtrahe colla iugo.
 nec tu non aliquid, sed prima nocte, dolebis;
 omne in amore malum, si patiare, leve est.

9 Now is mine anger fresh, now is the time to part from thee: when the smart is over, believe me, love will return. Not so swiftly do the Carpathian waves change their hue beneath the North Wind's blasts, not so swiftly veers the dark storm-cloud before the South-West's shifting gale, as one word will lightly change the wrath of lovers. While yet thou mayst, Propertius, withdraw thy neck from the unjust yoke. Somewhat wilt thou suffer, but only on the first night; so but thou wilt endure, all love's ills are light.

at tu per dominae Iunonis dulcia iura
 parce tuis animis, vita, nocere tibi.
 non solum taurus ferit uncis cornibus hostem,
 verum etiam instanti laesa repugnat ovis.
 nec tibi periuro scindam de corpore vestis,
 nec mea praeclusas fregerit ira fores,

nec tibi conexos iratus carpere crinis,
nec duris ausim laedere pollicibus:
rusticus haec aliquis tam turpia proelia quaerat,
cuius non hederæ circuiere caput.
scribam igitur, quod non umquam tua deleat aetas,
‘Cynthia, forma potens; Cynthia, verba levis.’
crede mihi, quamvis contemnas murmura famae,
hic tibi pallori, Cynthia, versus erit.

17 But oh! by the sweet laws of our mistress Juno do thou, my life, spare by thy waywardness to harm thyself. Not only the bull strikes at its foe with curved horn; even the ewe when hurt resists the aggressor. I will not, rend thy raiment from thy faithless limbs, nor shall my anger break down the doors thou barrest against me; I would not venture in my wrath to tear thy plaited tresses, nor bruise thee with cruel fist. Let some boor seek combats base as this, around whose head the ivy ne’er hath twined. I will but write words, that thy lifetime shall not see effaced: “Cynthia, mighty is thy beauty; Cynthia, light are thy words.” Believe me, though thou spurn the whisper of scandal, this verse will drive the colour from thy cheek.

VI

NON ita complebant Ephyraeae Laidos aedis,
ad cuius iacuit Graecia toea fores;
turba Menandreae fuerat nec Thaidos olim
tanta, in qua populus lusit Erichthonius;
nec quae deletas potuit cormponere Thebas,
Phryne tam multis facta beata viris.

VI

NOT so was the house of Ephyrean Lais thronged, at whose doors all Greece lay bowed; nor even did Menander's Thais, the darling of the folk of Athens, gather about her such a swarm of gallants; nor Phryne, who might have restored the ruined walls of Thebes, so many a lover had brought her riches.

quin etiam falsos fingis tibi saepe propinquos,
oscula nec desunt qui tibi iure ferant.
me iuvenum pictae facies, me nomina laedunt,
me tener in cunis et sine voce puer;
me laedet, si multa tibi dabit oscula mater,
me soror et cum quae dormit amica simul:
omnia me laedent: timidus sum (ignosce timori)
et miser in tunica suspicor esse virum.

7 Aye, and oft thou feign'st false kindred and lackest not those that have a right to kiss thee. Jealous am I of the very portraits, the very names of young men, even of the tender boy in the cradle that knows not how to speak. Jealous shall I be of thy mother if she gives thee many a kiss, of thy sister and of the friend that may chance to sleep with thee. All things will awake my fears; I am a coward (pardon my cowardice), and beneath the woman's dress I, poor fool, suspect the presence of a man.

his olim, ut fama est, vitiis ad proelia ventum est,
his Troiana vides funera principii;
aspera Centauros eadem dementia iussit
frangere in adversum pocula Pirithoum.
cur exempla petam Graium? tu criminis auctor
nutritus duro, Romule, lacte lupae:
tu rapere intactas docuisti impune Sabinas:
per te nunc Romae quidlibet audet Amor.
felix Admeti coniunx et lectus Vlixis,
et quaecumque viri femina limen amat!

15 'Twas by reason of such jealousies that of old, as the story goes, the world went forth to battle; such was the beginning of the slaughter before Troy. The same madness bade the Centaurs break embossed goblets in conflict against Pirithous. Why should I seek examples from the tales of Greece? Thou, Romulus, nurtured by the milk of the cruel she-wolf, didst give warrant for the crime; thou taughtest thy Romans to ravish unpunished the Sabine maids; thou art the cause that now there is naught Love dare not do at Rome. Happy was the wife of Admetus, happy the partner of Ulysses' bed, and every woman that loves her husband's home.

templa Pudicitiae quid opus statuisset puellis,
si cuivis nuptae quidlibet esse licet?
quae manus obscenas depinxit prima tabellas
et posuit casta turpia visa domo,
illa puellarum ingenuos corrumpit ocellos
nequitiaeque suae noluit esse rudis.
a gemat, in terris, ista qui protulit arte
turpia sub tacita condita laetitia!
non istis olim variabant tecta figuris:
tum paries nullo crimine pictus erat.
sed non immerito! velavit aranea fanum
et mala desertos occupat herba deos.

25 What profits it for maids to found temples in honour of Chastity, if every bride is permitted to be whate'er she will? The hand that first painted lewd pictures, and set up objects foul to view in chaste homes, first corrupted the unsullied eyes of maids and refused to allow them to be ignorant of its own wantonness. May he groan in torment who by his vile art first wakened strife 'twixt lovers, strife lurking secret under silent joy! Not with such figures did men of old adorn their houses; then their walls had no foul deeds painted on them. But deservedly have cobwebs gathered o'er the temples and rank herbage has overgrown the neglected gods.

quos igitur tibi custodes, quae limina ponam,
quae numquam supra pes inimicus eat?
nam nihil invitae tristis custodia prodest:
quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta sat est.
nos uxor numquam, numquam seducet amica:
semper amica mihi, semper et uxor eris.

37 What guardians then, what limits shall I set thee, thresholds o'er which no enemy's foot shall ever pass? For no stem guardian can save her that will not be saved: she alone is surely guarded, my Cynthia, who is ashamed to sin. As for me, no wife nor mistress shall ever steal me from thee; for me thou shalt at once be mistress and wife.

VII

GAVISA est certe sublatam Cynthia legem,
qua quondam edicta flemus uterque diu,
ni nos divideret: quamvis diducere amantis
non queat invitos Iuppiter ipse duos.
'At magnus Caesar.' sed magnus Caesar in armis:
devictae gentes nil in amore valent.
nam citius paterer caput hoc discedere collo
quam possem nuptae perdere more faces,
aut ego transirem tua limina clausa maritus,
respiens udis prodita luminibus.
a mea tum qualis caneret tibi tibia somnos,
tibia, funesta tristior illa tuba!

VII

IN very truth Cynthia rejoiced when that law was swept away, at the making of which we both wept for many an hour, for fear it should divide us: though against their will not Jove himself could part a pair of lovers. "Nay," say you, "but Caesar is mighty." True, but his might is the might of armies: to have vanquished nations counts for nothing in the world of love. For sooner would I suffer my head to be severed from my body than I could quench the fire of our passion at the whim of a bride, or, a wedded husband, pass thy house forever barred to me, and glance back with streaming eyes at the threshold I had betrayed. Ah! then of what slumbers would the pipe of the wedding company sing to thee, that pipe more sadly sounding than the trump of funeral!

unde mihi Parthis natos praeberere triumphis?
nullus de nostro sanguine miles erit.
quod si vera meae comitarent castra puellae,
non mihi sat magnus Castoris iret equus.
hinc etenim tantum meruit mea gloria nomen,
gloria ad hibernos lata Borysthenidas.
tu mihi sola places: placeam tibi, Cynthia, solus:
hic erit et patrio nomine pluris amor.

13 How should I furnish children to swell our country's triumphs? From my blood shall no soldier ever spring. But if I were to follow my mistress' camp (the one true camp for me!), not mighty enough for me were Castor's war-horse. 'Twas in Love's warfare that my fame won such renown, fame that has travelled to the wintry Borysthenidae. Thou only pleasest me; let me in like manner, Cynthia, be thy only pleasure: love such as this will be worth more to

me than the name of father.

VIII

ERIPITVR nobis iam pridem cara puella:
et tu me lacrimas fundere, amice, vetas?
nullae sunt inimicitiae nisi amoris acerbae:
ipsum me iugula, lenior hostis ero.
possum ego in alterius positam spectare lacerto?
nec mea dicetur, quae modo dicta mea est?
omnia vertuntur: certe vertuntur amores:
vinceris aut vincis, haec in amore rota est.
magni saepe duces, magni cecidere tyranni,
et Thebae steterant altaque Troia fuit.
munera quanta dedi vel qualia carmina feci!
illa tamen numquam ferrea dixit ‘Amo.’

VIII

THE girl I loved so long is being tom from my arms, and dost thou, my friend, forbid me to weep? No enmities are bitter save those of love; slay me if thou wilt, and my hatred shall be milder far. Can I bear to behold her reclined on another's arm? Shall she no more be called "mine," that was "mine" so lately? All things change: and loves not least; conqueror thou art or conquered; so turns the wheel of love. Oft have leaders and lords of might fallen; Thebes stood of old and lofty Troy once was. What gifts I gave her, what songs I made for her! Yet never did she soften her iron heart nor say, "I love thee."

VIIIA

ergo iam multos nimium temerarius annos,
improba, qui tulerim teque tuamque domum?
ecquandone tibi liber sum visus? an usque
in nostrum iacies verba superba caput?

VIIIA

So then, have I, that through so many years too rashly have endured thee and thy household, cruel girl, have I ever seemed to thee aught save thy slave? Or wilt thou never cease to hurl words of scorn at me?

sic igitur prima moriere aetate, Properti?
sed morere; interitu gaudeat illa tuo!
exagitet nostros Manis, sectetur et umbras,
insultetque rogis, calcet et ossa mea!
quid? non Antigonae tumulo Boeotius Haemon
corrui ipse suo saucius ense latus,
et sua cum miserae permiscuit ossa puellae,
qua sine Thebanam noluit ire domum?
sed non effugies: mecum moriaris oportet;
hoc eodem ferro stillet uterque cruor.
quamvis ista mihi mors est inhonesta futura:
mors inhonesta quidem, tu moriere tamen.

17 So then, Propertius, must thou die in thine earliest youth? Nay, die! let her rejoice to see thee perish! Let her harry my ghost, and vex my shade, let her trample on my pyre and spurn my bones! [Why? Did not Boeotian Haemon die by Antigone's tomb, his side rent by his own sword, and mingle his bones with those of the hapless maid, without whom he would not return to his Theban home?] But thou shalt not escape; thou must die with me, on this same steel must drip the blood of both! Such death shall be for me a death of shame; but, shameful though it be, thou still shalt die.

ille etiam abrepta desertus coniuge Achilles
cessare in tectis pertulit arma sua.
viderat ille fuga, stratos in litore Achivos,
fervere et Hectorea Dorica castra face;
viderat informem multa Patroclon harena
porrectum et sparsas caede iacere comas,
omnia formosam propter Briseida passus:
tantus in erepto saevit amore dolor.
at postquam sera captiva est reddita poena,

fortem illum Haemoniis Hectora traxit equis.
inferior multo cum sim vel matre vel armis,
mirum, si de me iure triumphat Amor?

29 Even the great Achilles when left forlorn, his love snatched from his side, endured that his arms should lie idle in his tent. He saw the rout, the Achaeans dragged along the shore, he saw the Dorian camp glow with the torch of Hector, he saw Patroclus lie low defiled with clotted sand, his streaming hair dabbled with blood; and all this he endured for the sake of the lovely Briseis. Such is the force and fierceness of grief when love is stolen away. But when with tardy retribution his captive was restored to him, it was the same Achilles dragged brave Hector at the heels of his Haemonian steeds. What wonder then if Love rightfully triumphs over me, that have neither mother nor armour like to his?

IX

ISTE quod est, ego saepe fui: sed fors et in hora
hoc ipso eiecto carior alter erit.

IX

WHAT yonder fool now is, I often was. Yet one day, it may be, he too shall
be cast forth and another dearer to thy heart.

Penelope poterat bis denos salva per annos
vivere, tam multis femina digna procis;
coniugium falsa poterat differre Minerva,
nocturno solvens texta diurna dolo;
visura et quamvis numquam speraret Vlixem,
illum exspectando facta remansit anus.
nec non exanimem amplectens Briseis Achillem
candida vesana verberat ora manu;
et dominum lavit maerens captiva cruentum,
propositum flavis in Simoenta vadis,
foedavitque comas, et tanti corpus Achilli
maximaque in parva sustulit ossa manu;
cum tibi nec Peleus aderat nec caerula mater,
Scyria nec viduo Deidamia toro.

3 Penelope was able to live true to her vows for twice ten years, a woman worthy to be wooed of so many suitors; she was able to put off her marriage by her false weaving, in crafty wise, unravelling by night the weft of the day, and though she ne'er hoped to look on Ulysses' face again, she remained faithful in his house, grown old in waiting his return. Briseis too, one arm about her dead Achilles, beat her fair cheeks with frenzied hand, and, captive as she was, with weeping washed the bloodstained corpse of her lord and master, where she had laid him in the yellow shallows of Simois; she cast ashes on her hair, and her small hand sufficed to hold the body and mighty bones of the great Achilles. For in that day, Achilles, neither Peleus nor thy sea-born mother, nor Scyrian Deidamia, whom thou leftest widowed, were by thy side.

tunc igitur veris gaudebat Graecia nuptis,
tunc etiam felix inter et arma pudor.
at tu non una potuisti nocte vacare,
impia, non unum sola manere diem!
quin etiam multo duxistis pocula risu:
forsitan et de me verba fuere mala.

hic etiam petitur, qui te prius ante reliquit:
di faciant, isto capta fruire viro!

17 Thus in those days Greece was glad of her true children; then even in the camp did modesty flourish. But thou, impious one, couldst not forego the joys of even one night, couldst not abide alone for even one day. Nay, more, ye twain laughed loud over the wine-cup, and perchance spake evil words of me. And this man whom thou seekest is even he that first left thee of old. God grant thee joy of such a mate, deluded girl!

haec mihi vota tuam propter suscepta salutem,
cum capite hoc Stygiae iam poterentur aquae,
et lectum flentes circum staremus amici?
hic ubi tum, pro di, perfida, quisve fuit?

25 Is this the end of the vows I made for thy safety, when the waves of Styx had all but whelmed thy head, and round about thy bed we, thy friends, stood and wept? Where then was this lover of thine, O God, or what cared he?

quid si longinquos retinerer miles ad Indos,
aut mea si staret navis in Oceano?
sed vobis facile est verba et componere fraudes:
hoc unum didicit femina semper opus.
non sic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtes,
nec folia hiberno tam tremefacta Noto,
quam cito feminea non constat foedus in ira,
sive ea causa gravis sive ea causa levis.

29 What wouldst thou do were I a soldier, kept far hence in distant Ind, or if my bark were moored in the western ocean? But 'tis easy for you to contrive false tales and deceits. This art alone has woman ne'er failed to learn. Not so swiftly do the Syrtes change before the veering gale, nor the leaves tremble before the wintry South Wind, but swifter far is plighted faith forgot in a woman's anger, be the cause grave or light.

nunc, quoniam ista tibi placuit sententia, cedam:
tela, precor, pueri, promite acuta magis,
figite certantes atque hanc mihi solvite vitam!
sanguis erit vobis maxima palma meus.
sidera sunt testes et matutina pruina
et furtim misero ianua aperta mihi,
te nihil in vita nobis acceptius umquam:
nunc quoque erit, quamvis sis inimica, nihil.
nec domina ulla meo ponet vestigia lecto:
solus ero, quoniam non licet esse tuum.

atque utinam, si forte pios eduximus annos,
ille vir in medio fiat amore lapis!

* * * * *

37 But now, since thou hast chosen this for thy path, I will yield. Bring forth, ye loves, yet sharper arrows, and vying with one another pierce my heart and let the vital spirit free. Great glory shall my life-blood bring ye! The stars are witness and the morning frost, and the door that stealthily oped to let me in, that there ne'er was aught in life more dear to my heart than thou; and thus I'll love thee still, though thou art so unkind. No mistress ever shall come into my bed; alone will I live, since thine I may not be. And oh, if perchance my life hath been spent in true service of the gods, may thy mate in the midcourse of passion become a stone.

non ob regna magis diris cecidere sub armis

Thebani media non sine matre duces,
quam, mihi si media liceat pugnare puella,
mortem ego non fugiam morte subire tua.

49 In no more deadly strife did the Theban chieftains fight and fall to win a throne, while in their midst their mother strove to part them; nor from such death would I shrink, not though Cynthia strove to part us, if only so thou also mightest die.

X

SED tempus lustrare aliis Helicon choreis,
 et campum Haemonio iam dare tempus equo.
 iam libet et fortis memorare ad proelia turmas
 et Romana mei dicere castra ducis.
 quod si deficient vires, audacia certe
 laus erit: in magnis et voluisse sat est.
 aetas prima canat Veneres, extrema tumultus:
 bella canam, quando scripta puella mea est.
 nunc volo subducto gravior procedere vultu,
 nunc aliam citharam me mea Musa docet.
 surge, anima, ex humili; iam, carmine, sumite vires;
 Pierides, magni nunc erit oris opus.

X

BUT now 'tis time with other measures to range the slopes of Helicon; 'tis time to launch the Haemonian steed o'er the open plain; now would I sing of hosts brave in battle and tell of my chieftain's Roman camp. But should strength fail me, yet my daring shall win me fame: in mighty enterprises enough even to have willed success. Let early youth sing the charms of love, life's later prime the storm of war: war will I sing, now that I have set forth all my mistress' charms. Now would I go my way with grave frown stamped on serious brow; my Muse now bids me strike another lyre. Awake, my soul! Ye Pierid maids, leave these humble strains and take a stronger tone; the work that waits you needs a mighty voice.

iam negat Euphrates equitem post terga tueri
 Parthorum et Crassos se tenuisse dolet:
 India quin, Auguste, tuo dat colla triumpho,
 et domus intactae te tremit Arabiae;
 et si qua extremis tellus se subtrahit oris,
 sentiat illa tuas postmodo capta manus!

13 Now does Euphrates deny that the Parthian aims his backward shaft, and grieves that ever he cut short the return of the Crassi. Nay, even India, Augustus, bows her neck to grace thy triumph, and the house of virgin Arabia trembles before thee; and if there be any land withdrawn upon earth's furthest rim, captured hereafter let it feel thy mighty hand.

haec ego castra sequar; vates tua castra canendo
 magnus ero: servent hunc mihi fata diem!

19 This be the camp I follow. Great will I be among singers by singing of thy wars. Let destiny keep that glorious day in store for me.

at caput in magnis ubi non est tangere signis,
ponitur hac imos ante corona pedes;
sic nos nunc, inopes laudis conscendere carmen,
pauperibus sacris vilia tura damus.
nondum etiam Ascraeos norunt mea carmina fontis,
sed modo Permessi flumine lavit Amor.

21 As when we cannot reach the head of some tall statue, our garland is laid thus humbly before its feet, so now, too weak to climb to the heights of thy glory's song, with lowly rite we give thee the incense of the poor. Not yet have my songs come to know the founts of Ascra; Love has but dipped them in Permessus' stream.

XI

SCRIBANT de te alii vel sis ignota licebit:
 laudet, qui sterili semina ponit humo.
omnia, crede mihi, tecum uno munera lecto
 auferet extremi funeris atra dies;
et tua transibit contemnens ossa viator,
 nec dicet 'Cinis hic docta puella fuit.'

XI

LET others write of thee; or be thou all unknown. Let him praise thee that will sow his harvest in a barren soil: all thy endowments, believe me, the last dark hour of funeral shall consume with thee on the selfsame bier, and the traveller shall spurn thine ashes as he passes by, nor ever say: "This dust was once a learned maid."

XII

QVICVMQVE ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus?
is primum vidit sine sensu vivere amantis,
et levibus curis magna perire bona.
idem non frustra ventosas addidit alas,
fecit et humano corde volare deum:
scilicet alterna quoniam iactamur in unda,
nostraque non ullis permanet aura locis.
et merito hamatis manus est armata sagittis,
et pharetra ex umero Cnosia utroque iacet:
ante ferit quoniam, tuti quam cernimus hostem,
nec quisquam ex illo vulnere sanus abit.

XII

WHOE'ER he was first painted Love in likeness of a boy, think'st thou not his hands had wondrous skill? He first saw that there is no wisdom in the lives of lovers, and that mighty blessings are lost through petty cares. He too with good reason gave him windy wings, and made him flit about the hearts of men; for of a truth we are ever tossed upon a shifting sea, and our breeze abides never in the same quarter. Rightly too is Love's hand armed with barbed arrows, and the Cnossian quiver hangs from his shoulders twain; for he strikes e'er from our fancied safety we may see the foe, nor does any go scatheless from the wound he deals.

in me tela manent, manet et puerilis imago:
sed certe pennas perdidit ille suas;
evolat heu nostro quoniam de pectore nusquam,
assiduusque meo sanguine bella gerit.

13 In me his darts stick fast, for me he still wears the form of a boy; but of a truth he has lost his wings, for nowhither, alas! flies he forth from my bosom, and tireless he wages war within my blood.

quid tibi iucundum est siccis habitare medullis?
si pudor est, alio traice tela una!
intactos isto satius temptare veneno:
non ego, sed tenuis vapulat umbra mea.
quam si perdideris, quis erit qui talia cantet,
(haec mea Musa levis gloria magna tua est),
qui caput et digitos et lumina nigra puellae,
et canat ut soleant molliter ire pedes?

17 What delight hast thou to dwell in this withered heart of mine? If thou hast aught of shame, elsewhere transfer thy warfare. Better far to assail those that have never felt the power of thy venom'd shaft. 'Tis not I, but my wasted shadow, thou smitest: yet, if thou destroy me utterly, where wilt thou find one to chant such strains as these? (Slight though my Muse be, yet 'tis thy great renown.) Where wilt thou find one to sing the face, the hands, the dark eyes of my beloved, and how soft her footsteps fall?

XIII

NON tot Achaemeniis armantur etrusca sagittis
spicula quot nostro pectore fixit Amor.
hic me tam gracilis vetuit contemnere Musas,
iussit et Ascræum sic habitare nemus,
non ut Pieriae quercus mea verba sequantur,
aut possim Ismaria ducere valle feras,
sed magis ut nostro stupefiat Cynthia versu:
tunc ego sim Inachio notior arte Lino.

XIII

NOT with so many Persian shafts is Erythra armed as the darts that Love hath planted in my breast. 'Twas he forbade me to despise the trivial Muse and commanded me to dwell thus in the grove of Ascræ; not in such wise that the Pierian oaks should follow my words, or that I should lead the wild beasts after me down Ismarus' vale, but rather that Cynthia should marvel at my verse. Thus should I win more fame than Inachian Linus.

non ego sum formae tantum mirator honestae,
nec si qua illustris femina iactat avos:
me iuvet in gremio doctae legisse puellae,
auribus et puris scripta probasse mea.
haec ubi contigerint, populi confusa valeto
fabula: nam domina iudice tutus ero.
quae si forte bonas ad pacem verterit auris,
possum inimicitias tunc ego ferre Iovis.

9 I marvel not only at comeliness of form, nor if a woman boasts glorious ancestry. Be it rather my joy to have read my verse as I lay in the arms of a learned maid and to have pleased her pure ears with what I write. When such bliss hath fallen to my lot, farewell the confused talk of the people; I will rest secure in the judgment of my mistress. If only she chance to turn her thoughts toward peace and hear me kindly, though Jove be angry, I can bear his wrath.

XIIIb

QVANDOCVMQVE igitur nostros mors claudet ocellos,
accipe quae serves funeris acta mei.
nec mea tunc longa spatietur imagine pompa
nec tuba sit fati vana querela mei;
nec mihi tunc fulcro sternatur lectus eburno,
nec sit in Attalico mors mea nixa toro.
desit odoriferis ordo mihi lancibus, adsint
plebei parvae funeris exsequiae.
sat mea sat magna est, si tres sint pompa libelli,
quos ego Persephonaе maxima dona feram.

XIIIA

WHEREFORE, Cynthia, when at last death shall seal my eyes, hear thou the order of my funeral. For me let no procession walk with long array of masks, let no trumpet make vain wailing for my end. Let no last bed on posts of ivory be strewn for me, let not my dead body lie on a couch of cloth-of-gold; no line of attendants with sweet-scented platters for me, only the humble obsequies that mark a poor man's death.

tu vero nudum pectus lacerata sequeris,
nec fueris nomen lassa vocare meum,
osculaue in gelidis pones suprema labellis,
cum dabitur Syrio munere plenus onyx.
deinde, ubi suppositus cinerem me fecerit ardor
accipiat Manis parvula testa meos,
et sit in exiguo laurus super addita busto,
quae tegat exstincti funeris umbra locum,
et duo sint versus: QVI NVNC IACET HORRIDA PVLVIS,
VNIVS HIC QVONDAM SERVVS AMORIS ERAT.

26 Costly enough shall be my funeral train if three little books go with me to the grave, that I may bear them to Persephone as my most precious offering. And thou shalt follow, thy breast all bare and torn, nor shalt thou weary of calling upon my name, but shalt imprint the last kiss upon my clay-cold lips, when the casket of onyx with its gilt of Syrian nard is bestowed upon me. Then when the fire beneath hath burned me to an ash, let a tiny earthen urn receive my ghost, and over my little tomb let a laurel be planted to o'ershade the spot, where the fire of death hath ceased to burn; and thereon be these two verses: HE THAT NOW LIES NAUGHT BUT UNLOVELY DUST, ONCE SERVED ONE LOVE AND ONE LOVE ONLY.

nec minus haec nostri notescet fama sepulcri,
quam fuerant Pthii busta cruenta viri.
tu quoque si quando venies ad fata, memento,
hoc iter ad lapides cana veni memores.
interea cave sis nos aspernata sepultos:
non nihil ad verum conscia terra sapit.

37 So shall the fame of my sepulchre be blazoned abroad no less than the bloody tomb of the Phthian hero. And whene'er thou too shalt come to thy death, do thou come gray-haired by the old path to the stones that guard my memory. Meanwhile see thou despise me not in my tomb. Not all unconscious and witless of the truth are the ashes of man.

atque utinam primis animam me ponere cunis
iussisset quaevis de Tribus una Soror!
nam quo tam dubiae servetur spiritus horae?
Nestoris est visus post tria saecula cinis:
cui si longaevae minuisset fata senectae
Gallicus Iliacis miles in aggeribus,
non ille Antilochi vidisset corpus humari,
diceret aut 'O mors, cur mihi sera venis?'

43 And ah! would that any one of the three Sisters had ordained that I should die, while yet I lay in the cradle. For to what end is man's breath kept whole in him, breath that any moment may cease to be? Not till three generations of men had past away were Nestor's ashes seen: yet had some Phrygian warrior from the ramparts of Troy cut short the long-drawn doom of his old age, he ne'er had seen the body of Antilochus laid in earth, nor cried aloud: "O death! why tarriest thou so late *e'er* thou come to me?"

tu tamen amisso non numquam flebis amico:
fas est praeteritos semper amare viros.
testis, qui niveum quondam percussit Adonem
venantem Idalio vertice durus aper,
illis formosum iacuisse paludibus; illuc
diceris effusa tu, Venus, isse coma.
sed frustra mutos revocabis, Cynthia, Manis:
nam mea qui poterunt ossa minuta loqui?

51 Yet thou, when thou hast lost thy friend, wilt sometimes weep for him; undying love is the due of the loved and lost. Witness the cruel boar that struck snow-white Adonis as he limited on the Idalian peak. There in the marsh, 'tis said, he lay in his beauty; thither, 'tis said, thou wentest, Venus, thy tresses unbound. But in vain, Cynthia, shalt thou recall my voiceless shade to life; for what answer shall my crumbled bones have strength to make?

XIV

NON ita Dardanio gavisus Atrida triumpho est,
cum caderent magnae Laomedontis opes;
nec sic errore exacto laetatus Vlixes,
cum tetigit carae litora Dulichiae;
nec sic Electra, salvum cum aspexit Oresten,
cuius falsa tenens fleverat ossa soror;
nec sic incolumem Minois Thesea vidit,
Daedalimn lino cum duce rexit iter;
quanta ego praeterita collegi gaudia nocte:
immortalis ero, si altera talis erit.
at dum demissis supplex cervicibus ibam,
dicebar sicco vilior esse lacu.
nec mihi iam fastus opponere quaerit iniquos,
nec mihi ploranti lenta sedere potest.

XIV

NOT SO did Atrides rejoice in his triumph over Troy, when the vast wealth of Laomedon fell in ruin; not so glad was Ulysses, when, his wanderings o'er, he reached the shore of his beloved Dulichia; not so happy Electra, when she saw Orestes safe and sound, o'er whose feigned ashes she had wept, clasping them to her heart; not with such joy did the daughter of Minos behold Theseus come forth unscathed, when the guiding thread led him through the Daedalian maze. All their gladness was naught, compared with the joys that were mine last night. Come such another night, and I shall be immortal! (Yet when I went my way a suppliant with drooping head she spoke of me as more worthless than a pool run dry.) No more does she meet me with cruel disdain, no more can she sit unmoved at the voice of my complaint.

atque utinam non tam sero mihi nota fuisset
condicio! cineri nunc medicina datur.
alltc pedes caecis lucebat semita nobis:
scilicet insano nemo in amore videt.

15 And would that her terms of peace had not been made known to me so late! To dust and ashes now this healing is given. The way shone clear before my feet; but men love-maddened one and all are blind.

hoc sensi prodesse magis: contemnite, amantes!
sic hodie veniet, si qua negavit heri.
pulsabant alii frustra dominamque vocabant:
mecum habuit positum lenta puella caput.

haec mihi devictis potior victoria Parthis,
 haec spolia, haec reges, haec mihi currus erunt.
magna ego dona tua figam, Cytherea, columna,
 taleque sub nostro nomine carmen erit:
HAS PONO ANTE TVAS TIBI, DIVA, PROPERTIVS AEDIS
 EXVVIAS, TOTA NOCTE RECEPTVS AMANS.
nunc a te, mea lux, veniet mea litore navis
 servato, an mediis sidat onusta vadis.
quod si forte aliqua nobis mutabere culpa,
 vestibulum iaceam mortuus ante tuum!

19 This I have found to be the sovereign cure: lovers, disdain your loves! So, if she have refused you yesterday, she will come to your arms to-day. Others in vain beat at my mistress' door and called her by name; but unmoved she laid her head upon my breast. Dearer to me this victory than the conquest of Parthia: be these my spoils, my captive kings, my triumphal car. Rich offerings, Cytherea, will I fix on the pillars of thy shrine, and such shall be the verse beneath my name: THESE SPOILS, O GODDESS, I PROPERTIUS HANG BEFORE THY SHRINE; FOR ONE WHOLE NIGHT LONG MY MISTRESS TOOK ME TO HER HEART. Now, Cynthia, shall my bark come safe home to thee — or is it doomed to sink with all its wares in shoal-water? Nay, if thou change toward me through any fault of mine, may I lie dead before thy threshold!

XV

O me felicem! o nox mihi candida! et o tu
lectule deliciis facte beate meis!
quam multa apposita narramus verba lucerna,
quantaque sublato lumine rixa fuit!
nam modo nudatis mecum est luctata papillis,
interdum tunica duxit operta moram.
illa meos somno lapsos patefecit ocellos
ore suo et dixit 'Sicine, lente, iaces?'
quam vario amplexu mutamus brachia! quantum
oscula sunt labris nostra morata tuis!

XV

How happy is my lot! O night that was not dark for me! and thou beloved couch blessed by my delight! How many sweet words we interchanged while the lamp was by, and how we strove together when the light was gone! For now she struggled with me with breasts uncovered, now veiling herself in her tunic checked my advance. With a kiss she unsealed mine eyes weighed down with slumber and said: "Dost thou lie thus, thou sluggard?" How oft we shifted our arms and varied our embrace; how long my kisses lingered on thy lips!

non iuvat in caeco Venerem corrumpere motu:
si nescis, oculi sunt in amore duces.
ipse Paris nuda fertur periisse Lacaena,
cum Menelaeourgeret e thalamo;
nudus et Endymion Phoebi cepisse sororem
dicitur et nudae concubuisse deae.

¹¹ There is no joy in spoiling love's delights by sightless motion: know, if thou knowest it not, that in love the eyes are guides. Paris himself is said to have been undone by love when he saw the Spartan naked, as she rose from the couch of Menelaus. Naked was Endymion when he impassioned Phoebus' sister, and naked they say he lay with the naked goddess.

quod si pertendens animo vestita cubaris,
scissa veste meas experiere manus:
quin etiam, si me ulterius provexerit ira,
ostendes matri brachia laesa tuae.
necdum inclinatae prohibent te ludere mammae:
viderit haec, si quam iam peperisse pudet.
dum nos fata sinunt, oculos satiemus amore:

nox tibi longa venit, nec reditura dies.
atque utinam haerentis sic nos vincire catena
velles, ut numquam solveret ulla dies!
exemplo iunctae tibi sint in amore columbae,
masculus et totum femina coniugium.
errat, qui finem vesani quaerit amoris:
verus amor nullum novit habere modum.
terra prius falso partu deludet arantis,
et citius nigros Sol agitabit equos,
fluminaque ad caput incipient revocare liquores,
aridus et sicco gurgite piscis erit,
quam possim nostros alio transferre dolores:
huius ero vivus, mortuus huius ero.

17 But if thou hardenest thine heart and wilt lie clothed, thou shalt have thy raiment rent and feel the violence of my hands. Nay more, if anger carry me further yet, thou shalt show thy mother how thine arms are bruised. Not yet do drooping breasts forbid thee to make merry; that be her care that hath borne a child and counts it shame. While the Fates grant it, let us glut our eyes with love: the long night hasteneth on for thee that knows no dawning. And oh! that thou wouldst bind us in this embrace with such a chain that never the day might come to break its power! Be doves thine example: they are yoked together in love, male and female made one by passion. He errs that seeks to set a term to the frenzy of love; true love hath no bound. Sooner will earth mock the ploughman by bearing fruit out of season, and the Sun-god drive the steeds of night, rivers begin to recall their waters to their fount, the deep dry up and leave its fish athirst, than I shall be able to transfer to another my love with all its woe; hers will I be in life and hers in death.

quod mihi secum talis concedere noctes
illa velit, vitae longus et annus erit.
si dabit haec multas, fiam immortalis in illis:
nocte una quivis vel deus esse potest.

37 But if she be willing again to grant me such nights as last, one year will be long life for me. If she give me many, they will make me immortal; one such night might make any man a god!

qualem si cuncti cuperent decurrere vitam
et pressi multo membra iacere mero,
non ferrum crudele neque esset bellica navis,
nec nostra Actiacum verteret ossa mare,
nec totiens propriis circum oppugnata triumphis
lassa foret crinis solere Roma suos.
haec certe merito poterunt laudare minores:

laeserunt nullos pocula nostra deos.

41 Ah! if all men desired to pass their life as I, and lie with limbs weighed down by deep draughts of wine, nor cruel steel would there be nor ships of war, nor would our bones be tossed in the deep of Actium; nor would Rome, so oft beleaguered with triumphs o'er her own kin, be weary of tearing her hair for grief. This at least shall those that come after be able to praise in us: our wine-cups never outraged any god.

tu modo, dum lucet, fructum ne desere vitae!

omnia si dederis oscula, pauca dabis.

ac veluti folia arentis liquere corollas,

quae passim calathis strata natare vides,

sic nobis, qui nunc magnum spiramus amantes,

forsitan includet crastina fata dies.

49 Cynthia, do thou only while the light is yet with thee forsake not the joy of life! Give me all thy kisses, yet shall they be all too few; and as leaves drop from withered wreaths and thou mayst see them bestrew the cups and float therein, so we that love and whose hopes are high perchance shall find to-morrow close our doom.

XVI

PRAETOR ab Illyricis venit modo, Cynthia, terris,
maxima praeda tibi, maxima cura mihi.
non potuit saxo vitam posuisse Cerauno?
a, Neptune, tibi qualia dona darem!

XVI

OF late, Cynthia, a praetor came from the land of Illyria, to thee the hugest plunder, to me the hugest care. Could he not have lost his life by the Ceraunian rocks? Ah, Neptune, what gifts would I have given thee!

nunc sine me plena fiunt convivia mensa,
nunc sine me tota ianua nocte patet.
quare, si sapis, oblatas ne desere messis
et stolidum pleno vellere carpe pecus;
deinde, ubi consumpto restabit munere pauper,
dic alias iterum naviget Illyrias!

5 Now feasts are spread on laden tables, and I am not there! Now all night long thy door stands open, but not for me! Wherefore, if thou art wise, neglect not the harvest offered thee and pluck thy stolid beast, while yet his fleece is whole! Then when his gifts are spent and he left poor, bid him set sail again to fresh Illyrias.

Cynthia non sequitur fascis nec curat honores,
semper amatorum ponderat una sinus.
at tu nunc nostro, Venus, o succurre dolori,
rumpat ut assiduis membra libidinibus!

11 Cynthia follows not the rods of office, cares naught for honours; her lovers' purse she ever weighs as none other can. But do thou, Venus, aid me in my grief; let his insatiate lusts break all his strength.

ergo muneribus quivis mercatur amorem?
Iuppiter, indigna mercede puella perit.
semper in Oceanum mittit me quaerere gemmas,
et iubet ex ipsa tollere dona Tyro.
atque utinam Romae nemo esset dives, et ipse
straminea posset dux habitare casa!
numquam Venales essent ad munus amicae,
atque una fieret cana puella domo;
numquam septenas noctes seiuncta cubares,

candida tam foedo brachia fusa viro,
non quia peccarim (testor te), sed quia vulgo
formosis levitas semper amica fuit.

15 So then shall any stranger purchase her love with gifts? Jove! 'tis an unworthy thing that such traffic should have power to corrupt the heart of woman. Ever she sends me to the marge of ocean to seek her gems, and bids me bring gifts from Tyre itself. Would that no men at Rome were wealthy and that our lord and master himself dwelt in a thatched cottage. Never then would one's mistress sell herself for a gift, but girls would grow grey in the house of one only lover. Never wouldst thou lie far from me for seven nights long, thy white arms lapped about so foul a lover; nor dost thou thus because I have sinned — to that I call thee to testify — but because the fair are ever faithless.

barbarus exclusis agitat vestigia lumbis
et subito felix nunc mea regna tenet!

27 A barbarian shut out from bliss stamps at thy door, and lo! of a sudden a blessing falls on him and now he rules where I once reigned supreme.

aspice quid donis Eriphyla invenit amaris,
arserit et quantis nupta Creusa malis.
nullane sedabit nostros iniuria fletus?
an dolor hic vitiis nescit abesse tuis?
tot iam abiere dies, cum me nec cura theatri
nec tetigit Campi, nec mea mensa iuvat.
at pudeat certe, pudeat! nisi forte, quod aiunt,
turpis amor surdis auribus esse solet.
cerne ducem, modo qui fremitu complevit inani
Actia damnatis aequora militibus:
hunc infamis arnor versis dare terga carinis
iussit et extremo quaerere in orbe fugam.
Caesaris haec virtus et gloria Caesaris haec est:
illa, qua vicit, condidit arma manu.

29 See what bitter woe gifts brought to Eriphyla, and in what agony the bride Creusa burned! Will all the wrong thou dost me ne'er assuage my tears? or must this grief of mine attend thy sins for ever? So many days have past away since the theatre and the Campus lost all charms for me, and my table ceased to please. Yet truly shame, yea, shame should set me free! But, perchance, as men say, dishonourable love is ever deaf. Behold the chief, who of late filled the waves of Actium with the fruitless groaning of the soldiers he dragged down to death! 'Twas infamous love bade him wheel his ships and turn his back to the foe and seek flight in the utmost bounds of earth. This is Caesar's claim to virtue, this Caesar's claim to glory; the hand that conquered sheathed

the sword in peace.

sed quascumque tibi vestis, quoscumque smaragdus,
quosve dedit flavo lumine chrysolithos,
haec videam rapidas in vanum ferre procellas:
quae tibi terra, velim, quae tibi fiat aqua.
non semper placidus periuros ridet amantis
Iuppiter et surda neglegit aure preces.
vidistis toto sonitus percurrere caelo,
fulminaque aetheria desiluisse domo:
non haec Pleiades faciunt neque aquosus Orion,
nec sic de nihilo fulminis ira cadit;
periuras tunc ille solet punire puellas,
deceptus quoniam flevit et ipse deus.
quare ne tibi sit tanti Sidonia vestis,
ut timeas, quotiens nubilus Auster erit.

43 But, oh that I may see all his gifts, the fine raiment, the emeralds and the yellow-gleaming chrysolite, borne by swift storms into empty space; may they become vile earth or water in thy hands! Not always does Jove calmly laugh at lovers' perjuries and turn a deaf ear to prayer. Thou hast perceived the thunderclap run through all the sky, and the levin bolt leap from its airy home. 'Tis neither the Pleiades nor dark Orion that bring these things to pass; 'tis not for nothing that the wrath of the lightning falls. 'Tis then that Jove is wont to punish faithless girls, since he also once wept for a woman's treachery. Wherefore count not thy Sidonian raiment worth the terror thou must feel whene'er the South Wind rolls up clouds of storm.

XVII

MENTIRI noctem, promissis ducere amantem,
hoc erit infectas sanguine habere manus!
horum ego sum vates, quotiens desertus amaras
explevi noctes, fractus utroque toro.

XVII

To make a false tryst for a night, to beguile a lover with promises, why, 'tis to have his blood upon thy hands. These sorrows do I sing, as oft as I pass lonely nights of bitterness, anguished to think of how thou liest, and how I.

vel tu Tantalea moveare ad flumina sorte,
ut liquor arenti fallat ab ore sitim;
vel tu Sisypnios licet admirere labores,
difficile ut toto monte volutet onus;
durius in terris nihil est quod vivat amante,
nec, modo si sapias, quod minus esse velis.
quem modo felicem invidia admirante ferebant,
nunc decimo admittor vix ego quoque die.
nunc iacere e duro corpus iuvat, impia, saxo,
sumere et in nostras trita venena manus;
nec licet in triviis sicca requiescere luna,
aut per rimosas mittere verba fores.

5 Be thou smitten with compassion for the fate of Tantalus at the waterside, when thou seest how the water sinks from his parched mouth and mocks his thirst; or marvel at the toil of Sisyphus, how he rolls his stubborn burden up all the mountain slope; yet know that there is naught on earth more suffering than a lover, nor aught a wise man would less wish to be. I who was once accounted happy, I whom men envied and admired, I now have entry scarce every tenth day. Now gladly, impious maid, would I cast myself from some hard rock or take distilled poison into my hands. No more can I lie in the streets beneath the cold, clear moon nor cry my words through the chinks of thy door!

quod quamvis ita sit, dominam mutare cavebo:
tum flebit, cum in me senserit esse fidem.

17 Yet though these things be so, I will have a care not to change my mistress; then will she weep, when she feels that I am true.

XVIIIa

ASSIDVAE multis odium peperere querelae:
frangitur in tacito femina saepe viro.
si quid vidisti, semper vidisse negato!
aut si quid doluit forte, dolere nega!

XVIII

CONTINUED complainings beget disgust in many a heart; oft doth a silent lover bend a woman's will. If aught thou hast espied, deny thou sawest aught, or if aught perchance hath pained thee deny the pain!

XVIIIb

quid mea si canis aetas candesceret annis,
et faceret scissas languida ruga genas?
at non Tithoni spernens Aurora senectam
desertum Eoa passa iacere domo est:
illum saepe suis decedens fovit in ulnis
quam prius adiunctos sedula lavit equos;
illum ad vicinos cum amplexa quiesceret Indos,
maturus iterum est questa redire dies;
illa deos currum conscendens dixit iniquos,
invitum et terris praestitit officium.
cui maiora senis Tithoni gaudia vivi,
quam gravis amisso Memnone luctus erat.
cum sene non puduit talem dormire puellam
et canae totiens oscula ferre comae.

XVIlIA

WHAT if my youthful prime were white with the white hair of eld, and drooping wrinkles furrowed my cheeks?

East. Oft as she departed did she caress him amid the waves where she hath her home, or ever turning to her task she washed her yoked steeds, and when nigh Ind she laid her down to rest in his embrace she made moan that day returned too soon. As she climbed her car she cried, "High heaven is unkind," and offered unwilling service to the world. Deeper her joy, while old Tithonus lived, than heavy her grief when Memnon perished. So fair a maid as she had no shame to sleep beside an aged man; nor to heap kisses on his hoary locks.

at tu etiam iuvenem odisti me, perfida, cum sis
ipsa anus haud longa curva futura die.
quin ego deminuo curam, quod saepe Cupido
huic malus esse solet, cui bonus ante fuit.

19 But thou, faithless, hatest me for all my youth, though thyself at no far distant day shalt be a stooping crone. Still my care grows less when I remember that Cupid oft frowns on him to whom of old he was so kind.

XVIIIc

NUNC etiam infectos demens imitare Britannos,
ludis et externo tincta nitore caput?
ut natura dedit, sic omnis recta figura est:
turpis Romano Belgicus ore color.
illi sub terris fiant mala multa puellae,
quae mentita suas vertit inepta comas!
deme: mihi certe poteris formosa videri,
mi formosa sat es, si modo saepe venis.
an si caeruleo quaedam sua tempora fuco
tinxerit, idcirco caerulea forma bona est?

XVIIIb

EVEN now, mad girl, dost ape the painted Briton and wanton with foreign
dyes upon thy cheek? Beauty is ever best as nature made it; foul shows the
Belgian rouge on Roman cheeks. May many an ill befall the maid in hell, that
in her folly dyes her hair with lying hue. Away with these things! I at least
shall find thee fair; fair enough art thou to me if only thou visit me often. If
one stain her brows with azure dye, does that make azured beauty fair?

cum tibi nec frater nec sit tibi filius ullus,
frater ego et tibi sim filius unus ego.
ipse tuus semper tibi sit custodia lectus,
nec nimis ornata fronte sedere velis.
credam ego narranti, noli committere, famae:
et terram mmor transilit et maria.

³³ Thou hast no brother nor any son, wherefore let me and me alone be to thee
at once both brother and son. Let thine own bed ever keep thee safe from
scandal, nor sit thou with face too much adorned. I shall believe tales that
rumour tells of thee; therefore sin not; scandal o'erleaps the bounds of land
and sea.

XIX

ETSI me invito discedis, Cynthia, Roma,
laetor quod sine me devia rura coles.
nullus erit castis iuvenis corruptor in agris,
qui te blanditiis non sinat esse probam;
nulla neque ante tuas orietur rixa fenestras,
nec tibi clamatae somnus amarus erit.
sola eris et solos spectabis, Cynthia, montis
et pecus et finis pauperis agricolae.
illic te nulli poterunt corrumpere ludi,
fanaque peccatis plurima causa tuis.
illic assidue tauros spectabis arantis,
et vitem docta ponere falce comas;
atque ibi rara feres inculto tura sacello,
haedus ubi agrestis corruet ante focos;
protinus et nuda choreas imitabere sura;
omnia ab externo sint modo tuta viro.

XIX

THOUGH, Cynthia, 'tis against my will that thou departest from Rome, glad
am I that 'tis in the country far from paths of man thou dwellest without me.
In those chaste fields thou shalt find no seductive youth whose flatteries shall
not permit thee to be honest, nor shall any brawl arise before thy windows,
nor shall thy slumber be made bitter by cries upon thy name. Lone shalt thou
dwell and on lone mountains gaze, on flocks and the lands of poor farmers.
There will no games have power to corrupt thee, no temples, most frequent
cause of all thy sins; there shalt thou behold the tireless oxen plough, and the
vine lay aside her foliage at the sickle's skilful touch, and there shalt thou bear
a scanty offering of incense to some rude shrine, where the kid shall fall
before a rustic altar; then bare-legged shalt thou imitate the country dance, if
only there be no danger from the espial of some town-bred man.

ipse ego venabor: iam nunc me sacra Dianae
suscipere et Veneris ponere vota iuvat.
incipiam captare feras et reddere pinu
cornua et audaces ipse monere canis;
non tamen ut vastos ausim temptare leones
aut celer agrestis comminus ire sues.
haec igitur mihi sit lepores audacia mollis
excipere et structo figere avem calamo,
qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
integit, et niveos abluit unda boves.

17 I myself will hunt; now straightway 'tis my joy to perform sacrifice to Diana, my vows to Venus laid aside. I will begin to snare wild beasts, to nail trophies of horns to the pine-tree, and with mine own voice urge on the bold hounds: yet would I never dare to assail the lion fell, or with speedy foot go face the wild boar of the field. Daring enough for me to catch the timid hare, or pierce birds with arrows from the quiver, where Clitumnus shrouds his fair streams in his own beloved grove, and with his waters laves the snow-white kine.

tu quotiens aliquid conabere, vita, memento
 venturum paucis me tibi Luciferis.
hic me nec solae poterunt avertere silvae,
 nec vaga muscosis flumina fusa iugis,
quin ego in assidua mutem tua nomina lingua:
 absenti nemo non nocuisse velit.

27 Do thou, my love, oft as thou meditatest aught, remember that I shall be with thee in a few more dawns. So as thou rememberest this, neither the lonely woods nor the wandering streams upon the mossy hills can stay me from repeating thy name with tireless tongue; for one and all are ready to wrong an absent lover.

XX

QVID fles abducta gravius Briseide? quid fles
anxia captiva tristius Andromacha?
quidve mea de fraude deos, insana, fatigas?
quid quereris nostram sic cecidisse fidem?
non tam nocturna volucris funesta querela
Attica Cecropiis obstrepit in foliis,
nec tantum Niobe, bis sex ad busta superba,
sollicito lacrimans defluit a Sipylo.

XX

WHY weepst thou more bitterly than Briseis tom from Achilles' side? Why weepst with anxious eyes more sadly than captive Andromache? Or why, mad girl, weariest thou the ears of the gods with complaint of my perfidy? Why moanest thou that my loyalty to thee has sunk so low? Not so shrilly does the mourning bird of Attica make her moan embowered in Cecropian leafage, not so does proud Niobe by twice six tombs stream tears down sorrowing Sipylos.

me licet aeratis astringant bracchia nodis,
sint tua vel Danaes condita membra domo,
in te ego et aeratas rumpam, mea vita, catenas,
ferratam Danaes transiliamque domum.
de te quodcumque, ad surdas mihi dicitur auris:
tu modo ne dubita de gravitate mea.
ossa tibi iuro per matris et ossa parentis
(si fallo, cinis heu sit mihi uterque gravis!)
me tibi ad extremas mansurum, vita, tenebras:
ambos una fides auferet, una dies.

9 Though my arms were bound with gyves of bronze, though my limbs were immured in Danae's tower, yet for thy sake, my life, would I break bonds of brass and leap o'er the iron walls of Danae's tower. My ears are deaf to all men say of thee; only do thou likewise doubt not my steadfastness. By my mother's, by my father's bones I swear — if I lie, may either ghost take vengeance on me! — that I will abide true to thee, ray life, until darkness close my day; one selfsame love, one selfsame hour, shall sweep us both away. —

quod si nec nomen nec me tua forma teneret,
posset servitium mite tenere tuum.
septima iam plenae deducitur orbita lunae,
cum de me et de te compita nulla tacent:

interea nobis non numquam ianua mollis,
non numquam lecti copia facta tui.
nec mihi muneribus nox ulla est emptā beatīs:
quidquid eram, hoc animi gratia magna tui.
cum te tam multi peterent, tu me una petisti:
possum ego naturae non meminisse tuae?
tum me vel trāgicae vexetis Erinyes, et me
inferno damnes, Aeace, iudicio,
atque inter Tityi volucris mea poena vegetur,
tumque ego Sisyphio saxa labore geram!

19 But if neither the glory of thy name nor thy beauty kept me true, yet would the mildness of thy yoke do so. The seventh full moon has spun its course since every street corner hath been speaking of me and thee, and all this time not seldom hath thy door been kind, not seldom have I been admitted to thy bed. Yet not a night have I bought with sumptuous gifts; whate'er I have been in thine eyes, I owe to thy goodwill; great is my debt. Many sought thee, but thou hast sought me only; can I forget the kindness of thy nature? If I do, may ye, Furies of tragedy, plague me, and thou, Aeacus, pass on me the doom of hell. May my penalty be one of Tityus' ranging vultures, and may I carry rocks with labour worthy Sisyphus.

nec tu supplicibus me sis venerata tabellis:
ultima talis erit quae mea prima fides.
hoc mihi perpetuo ius est, quod solus amator
nec cito desisto nec temere incipio.

33 But do thou beseech me no more with suppliant tablets: my loyalty shall be at the close what it was when it began. Herein forever am I justified: alone of lovers I neither rashly begin nor rashly end my love.

XXI

A QVANTVM de me Panthi tibi pagina finxit,
tantum illi Pantho ne sit amica Venus!
sed tibi iam videor Dodona verior augur.
uxorem ille tuus pulcher amator habet!
tot noctes periere: nihil pudet? aspice, cantat
liber: tu nimium credula, sola iaces.
et nunc inter eos tu sermo es, te ille superbus
dicit se invito saepe fuisse domi.
dispeream, si quicquam aliud quam gloria de te
quaeritur: has laudes ille maritus habet.

XXI

AH, deep as the falsehoods Panthus has told thee of me be Venus' displeasure against Panthus. Yet, today thou deemst me a prophet truer than Dodona's shrine. That goodly lover of thine hath taken him a wife! Have so many nights been spent in vain? Hast thou no shame? See, he is free and sings for joy; thou once too credulous now liest lonely; and now the twain speak amongst themselves of thee; he scornfully says that thou oft didst visit his house against his will. May I perish if he aims at aught else than to triumph for his conquest of thee: such is the praise that he the husband wins.

Colchida sic hospes quondam decepit Iason:
eiecta est (tenuit namque Creusa) domo.
sic a Dulichio iuvene est elusa Calypso:
vidit amatorem pandere vela suum.
a nimium faciles aurem praebere puellae,
discite desertae non temere esse bonae!

11 So of old the stranger Jason deceived the maid of Colchis: she was cast forth from her home, for Creusa held her room. So was Calypso tricked by the Dulichian youth: she saw her lover spread his sails for flight. Ye maids, o'erprone to lend an ear to lovers, learn, left forlorn, not rashly to be kind.

huic quoque, qui restat, iam pridem quaeritur alter
experta in primo, stulta, cavere potes.
nos quocumque loco, nos omni tempore tecum
sive aegra pariter sive valellte sumus.

17 Yet for days thou hast been seeking another, who shall be faithful! Fool, the lesson thou hadst from the first should have taught thee caution! My heart, where'er I be, whate'er the hour, in sickness and in health, is with thee still.

XXIIa

Scis here mi multas pariter placuisse puellas;
scis mihi, Demophoon, multa venire mala.
nulla meis frustra lustrantur compita plantis;
o nimis exitio nata theatra meo,
sive aliquis molli diducit candida gestu
bracchia, seu varios incinit ore modos!
interea nostri quaerunt sibi vulnus ocelli,
candida non tecto pectore si qua sedet,
sive vagi crines puris in frontibus errant,
Indica quos medio vertice gemma tenet.
quae si forte aliquid vultu mihi dura negarat,
frigida de tota fronte cadebat aqua.

XXII

THOU knowst that yesterday many a beauty pleased my impartial eyes; thou knowst, Demophoon, that thence springs many an ill for me. No street is there that my feet range in vain. Alas! the theatre was made too oft to be my doom, whether some beauty spreads out white arms with voluptuous motion, or pours from her lips a varied strain of song. And all the while mine eyes seek their own hurt, if some fair one sits with breast unveiled, or if her wandering locks stray o'er a snowy brow, clasped at the crown with an Indian gem. And if perchance by her look she said me nay in aught, cold streams of sweat streamed from all my brow.

quaeris, Demophoon, cur sim tam mollis in omnis?
quod quaeris, 'quare' non habet ullus amor.
cur aliquis sacris laniat sua bracchia cultris
et Phrygis insanos caeditur ad numeros?
uni cuique dedit vitium natura creato:
mi fortuna aliquid semper amare dedit.
me licet et Thamyrae cantoris fata sequantur,
numquam ad formosas, inuide, caecus ero.

¹³ Dost thou ask, Demophoon, why my heart is so tender to one and all? Love knows not the meaning of thy question "Why?" Why do some gash their arms with sacred knives, and cut their limbs to the sound of the Phrygian pipe? To each at birth nature allotted a vice; to me fortune allotted the doom that I should ever be in love. Though the fate of Thamyras the singer come upon me, never, my grudging friend, will I be blind to beauty.

sed tibi si exilis videor tenuatus in artus,

falleris: haud umquam est culta labore Venus.
percontere licet: saepe est experta puella
officium tota nocte valere meum.
Iuppiter Alcmenae geminas requieverat Arctos,
et caelum noctu bis sine rege fuit;
nec tamen idcirco languens ad fulmina venit:
nullus amor vires eripit ipse suas.
quid? cum e complexu Briseidos iret Achilles,
num fugere minus Thessala tela Phryges?
quid? ferus Andromachae lecto cum surgeret Hector?
bella Mycenaeae non timuere rates?
ille vel hic classis poterant vel perdere muros:
hic ego Pelides, hic ferus Hector ego.
aspice uti caelo modo sol modo luna ministret:
sic etiam nobis una puella parum est.
altera me cupidis teneat foveatque lacertis,
altera si quando non sinit esse locum;
aut si forte irata meo sit facta ministro,
ut sciat esse aliam, quae velit esse mea!
nam melius duo defendunt retinacula navim,
tutius et geminos anxia mater alit.

21 But if to thee my limbs seem shrunk and thin, thou errest; it has ne'er been a hardship to me to serve Venus. 'Tis a lawful question; often a girl has found my passion could outlast the hours of night. Jove for Alcmena's sake made the stars of the Bear to slumber two nights long, and heaven twice was kingless through the dark; yet he was not therefore faint when he returned to the thunderbolt. Never doth love exhaust its own strength. What befell when Achilles came from Briseis' embrace? Did the Phrygians fly the less from the Thessalian's shafts? When fierce Hector rose from Andromache's bed, did not Mycenae's fleet tremble at the battle? Either hero could overthrow or ships or walls; I will be Achilles, or fierce Hector in the strife of love. suffice. If one receive me not, let another hold me and cherish me in passionate embrace; or if she be angered with my service of her, let her know that there is another who will gladly be mine. For a ship is safer when two cables hold it, and an anxious mother, if she rear twins, has less to dread.

XXIIb

AVT si es dura, nega: sin es non dura, venito!
quid iuvat haec nullo ponere verba loco?
hic unus dolor est ex omnibus acer amanti,
speranti subito si qua venire negat.
quanta illum toto versant suspiria lecto,
cum recipi, quae non venerit, ipsa vetat?
et rursus puerum quaerendo audita fatigat,
quem, quae scire timet, quaerere fata iubet.

XXIIA

SAY “ No!” if thou art unkind; or, if kind thou art, then come! But why take delight in waste of random words? This grief alone of all doth rack the lover’s heart, if his mistress fails his hopes and comes not to the tryst. What sighs shake his frame as he tosses o’er all his couch, when the thought that now some unknown lover is admitted torments him even to death! Again and again he wearies his slave by asking, what he has heard already, and bidding him seek news of the fate he dreads to learn.

XXIII

CVI fugienda fuit indocti semita vulgi,
ipsa petita lacu nunc mihi dulcis aqua est.
ingenuus quisquam alterius dat munera servo,
ut promissa suae verba ferat dominae?
et quaerit totiens ‘Quaenam nunc porticus illam
integit?’ et ‘Campo quomovet illa pedes?’

XXIII

THAT once thought fit to shun this path trod by the vulgar herd, now find pleasure even in a draught from the common tank. Will any free-born man give money to another’s slave to bring him the promised message of his mistress, and ask forever, “What shady colonnade now shields her from the sun?” or “Whither wend her footsteps on the Campus Martius?”

deinde, ubi pertuleris, quos dicit fama labores
Herculis, ut scribat ‘Muneris ecquid habes?’
cernere uti possis vultum custodis amari,
captus et immunda saepe latere casa?
quam care semel in toto nox vertitur anno!
a pereant, si quos ianua clausa iuvat!

7 And then, when thou hast endured all the Herculean labours whereof fame tells, to receive a letter saying, “Hast thou any present for me?” or to win the privilege of facing a scowling guardian, or oft lie hid a prisoner in some foul hovel, how costly is the night of joy that comes but once in the whole year! Perish the lovers that prefer the secrecy of closed doors!

contra, reiecto quae libera vadit amictu,
custodum et nullo saepta timore, placet?
cui saepe immundo Sacra conteritur Via socco,
nec sinit esse moram, si quis adire velit;
differet haec numquam, nec poscet garrula, quod
astriectus ploret saepe dedisse pater,
nec dicet ‘Timeo, propera iam surgere, quaeso:
infelix, hodie vir mihi rure venit.’
et quas Euphrates et quas mihi misit Orontes,
me iuerint: nolim furta pudica tori;
libertas quoniam nulli iam restat amanti:
nullus liber erit, si quis amare volet.

13 On the other hand, she that walks at large, her cloak cast back from her

head, and gladdens the eye, hedged in by no threatening guardian, she who treads the Sacred Way in loose shoes besmirched with mire, and suffers no delay if any accost her, she will never put thee off, nor ask in chattering voice for that which thy niggard father will complain he has given so oft. She will not say: "I am afraid: haste thee, rise, I pray thee: unhappy man, 'tis to-day my husband returns from the country." Let the girls, that Euphrates and Orontes have sent for my delight, be all my joy: I hate those shamefaced thefts of love. Since no lover hath any freedom left him, no man that would be free will seek to love.

XXIVa

‘TV loqueris, cum sis iam noto fabula libro
et tua sit toto Cynthia lecta foro?’

cui non his verbis aspergat tempora sudor?
aut pudor ingenuus, aut reticendus amor
quod si tam facilis spiraret Cynthia nobis,
non ego nequitiae dicerer esse caput,
nec sic per totam infamis traducerer urbem,
urerer et quamvis, nomine verba darem.

XXIV

“DOST thou talk thus, when thy book has become famous and made thee the talk of all the town, and thy Cynthia is read in all the forum?” Whose brow, that heard such words as these, would not be bathed in sweat, whether for honest modesty or for the shameful secret of his love? And yet if Cynthia smiled on me, as once she smiled, I should not now be called the crown of wantonness; my name would not now be dragged in dishonour through all the town, and though my heart still burned with no seemly fire, still would I cheat the world.

quare ne tibi sit mirum me quaerere vilis:
parcius infamant: num tibi causa levis?

* * * * *

et modo pavonis caudae flabella superbae
et manibus dura frigus habere pila,
et cupit iratum talos me poscere eburnos,
quaeque nitent Sacra vilia dona Via.
a peream, si me ista movent dispendia, sed me
fallaci dominae iam pudet esse iocum!

9 Wherefore wonder not that now I seek common women; they are more sparing in slander. Seems that a trifling reason in your eyes?... [*And they are so expensive. Cynthia now asks me for some costly jewel;*] now demands a fan made from some proud peacock’s tail, and would cool her hands by holding a hard ball of crystal; she angers me by bidding me demand ivory dice for her, and such worthless gifts as glitter in the Sacred Way. And yet, confound me if I grudge the expense! But now I am ashamed to be the laughing-stock of my faithless mistress!

XXIVb

HOC erat in primis quod me gaudere iubebas?
tam te formosam non pudet esse levem?
una aut altera nox nondum est in amore peracta,
et dicor lecto iam gravis esse tuo.
me modo laudabas et carmina nostra legebas:
ille tuus pennas tam cito vertit amor?

XXIVA

CYNTHIA, was this the hope thou didst bid me cherish when our love began?
Art not thou ashamed, being so fair, to be so fickle? Not yet have we spent
one or two nights in love, and already thou tellest me I am irksome to thy
couch. But now thou didst praise me and didst read my songs; does thy love
so soon turn his wings to fly elsewhere?

contendat mecum ingenio, contendat et arte,
in primis una discat amare domo:
si libitum tibi erit, Lernaean pugnet ad hydras
et tibi ab Hesperio mala dracone ferat,
taetra venena libens et naufragus ebibat undas,
et numquam pro te deneget esse miser:
(quos utinam in nobis, vita, experiare labores!)
iam tibi de timidis iste protervus erit,
qui nunc se in tumidum iactando venit honorem:
discidium vobis proximus annus erit.
at me non aetas mutabit tota Sibyllae,
non labor Alcidae, non niger ille dies.
tu mea compones et dices ‘Ossa, Properti,
haec tua sunt? Eheu tu mihi certus eras,
certus eras eheu, quamvis nec sanguine avito
nobilis et quamvis non ita dives eras.’
nil ego non patiar, numquam me iniuria mutat:
ferre ego formosam nullum onus esse puto.

23 Let thy lover strive against me in wit and poetic skill, and first of all things
let him learn to confine his love to one house only; if it be thy pleasure, let
him fight with Lernaean hydras, and fetch thee apples from the guardianship
of the Hesperian dragon; let him drink gladly of foul poisons, or,
shipwrecked, the sea wave, and never refuse to be wretched for thy sake (ah
that thou wouldst prove *me*, my beloved, with such tasks as these!), and soon
thou shalt find him a trembling coward that is now so forward, that by boasts
of prowess has attained his proud place of honour in thy heart; next year shall

see you parted. But a Sibyl's whole lifetime shall never alter my love, no, nor Alcides' toil, nor the dark hour of death. Thou shalt compose my ashes, and shalt say: "These are thy bones, Propertius; ah! but *thou* wast true to me! Ah! thou wast true, though sprung from no noble ancestry nor so rich as that other." I will suffer all things for thee; thy wrongs ne'er change my love; to endure one so fair is to me no burden.

credo ego non paucos ista periisse figura,
credo ego sed multos non habuisse fidem.
parvo dilexit spatio Minoida Theseus,
Phyllida Demophoon, hospes uterque malus.
iam tibi Iasonia nota est Medea carina
et modo servato sola relictā viro.

41 Many, I trow, have been smitten by thy fair form; but many, I trow, have broken troth with thee. It was but for a brief space that Theseus loved the daughter of Minos, that Demophoon adored Phyllis, a faithless pair of guests. Thou knowest well Medea borne on Jason's bark, and then left forlorn by the husband she but lately saved.

dura est quae multis simulatum fingit amorem,
et se plus uni si qua parare potest.
noli nobilibus, noli conferre beatis:
vix venit, extremo qui legat ossa die.
hi tibi nos erimus: sed tu potius precor ut me
demissis plangas pectora nuda comis.

47 Cruel is she that feigns false love for many, and has the heart to deck herself for many eyes. Compare me not with the noble and wealthy: scarce one of them shall come to gather up thine ashes at the end of all. I shall perform that duty for them; but rather I pray that thou mayest bewail me with bared bosom and thine hair unbound.

XXV

VNICA nata meo pulcherrima cura dolori,
excludit quoniam sors mea 'saepe veni,'
ista meis fiet notissima forma libellis,
Calve, tua venia, pace, Catulle, tua.

XXV

O THOU beyond all women born to be, most fair, the burden of mine anguish, since mine ill fate debars me from the words "Come and come often!" my books shall make thy beauty known above all other; only do thou, Calvus, and thou, Catullus, grant me that this may be.

miles depositis annosus secubat armis,
grandaevique negant ducere aratra boves,
putris et in vacua requiescit navis harena,
et vetus in templo bellica parma vacat:
at me ab amore tuo deducet nulla senectus,
sive ego Tithonus sive ego Nestor ero.
nonne fuit satius duro servire tyranno
et gemere in tauro, saeve Perille, tuo?
Gorgonis et satius fuit obdurescere vultu,
Caucasias etiam si pateremur avis.
sed tamen obsistam. teritur robigine mucro
ferreus et parvo saepe liquore silex:
at nullo dominae teritur sub crimine amor, qui
restat et immerita sustinet aure minas.
ultra contemptus rogat, et peccasse fatetur
laesus, et invitis ipse redit pedibus.

5 The soldier bowed with years sleeps no longer by the weapons he hath laid aside; oxen grown old refuse to draw the plough; the crumbling ship rests on the empty sands, and idle on the temple wall hangs the warrior's ancient shield. But never shall old age sunder me from love of thee, though I be old as Tithonus or as Nestor old. Were it not better to be a cruel tyrant's slave and groan within thy bull, savage Perillus? Better were it to turn to stone before the Gorgon's gaze or to endure the vultures of Caucasus. Yet will I persist. The blade of steel is eaten by rust, and drops of water oft wear down the flint. But the threshold of no mistress can wear down that love that abides firm and endures to listen to threats it has never deserved. Nay, the lover even answers disdain with supplications, and wrong with the confession that 'twas himself that sinned, and oft returns he with reluctant feet.

tu quoque, qui pleno fastus assumis amore,
credule, nulla diu femina pondus habet.
an quisquam in mediis persolvit vota procellis.
cum saepe in portu fracta carina natet?
aut prius infecto deposcit praemia cursu,
septima quam metam triverit arte rota?
mendaces ludunt flatus in amore secundi:
si qua venit sero, magna ruina venit.
tu tamen interea, quamvis te diligat illa,
in tacito cohibe gaudia clausa sinu.
namque in amore suo semper sua maxima cuique
nescio quo pacto verba nocere solent.
quamvis te persaepe vocet, semel ire memento:
invidiam quod habet, non solet esse diu.

21 Thou too, credulous lover, that waxest proud because thy love is at the full, know that no woman has solid worth for long. Does any man perform his vows in mid-tempest, when many a ship swims shattered even in port? Or does any man demand the prize ere first for the seventh time the wheel hath grazed the goal? Deceitful is the play of the prospering gales of love; the passion that comes late in time brings with it mighty ruin. Yet do thou meanwhile, though she love thee, keep thy joys close within thy silent breast. For in love 'tis ever his own words that, how I know not, do the lover greatest hurt. Though oft she summon thee, have a care to go but once: that which is envied endures but for a little while.

at si saecula forent antiquis grata puellis,
essem ego quod nunc tu: tempore vincor ego.
non tamen ista meos mutabunt saecula mores:
unus quisque sua noverit ire via.

35 But should the times return that pleased the maids of old, I should be what thou now art; 'tis this vile age has conquered me. Yet these ill times shall never alter my heart: let each man have the wit to go his own way.

at, vos qui officia in multos revocatis amores,
quantus sic cruciat lumina vestra dolor!
vidistis pleno teneram candore puellam,
vidistis fuscam, ducit uterque color;
vidistis quandam Argiva prodire figura,
vidistis nostras, utraque forma rapit;
illaque plebeio vel sit sandycis amictu:
haec atque illa mali vulneris una via est.
cum satis una tuis insomnia portet ocellis,
una sat est cuivis femina multa mala.

39 But ye that bid a man serve many loves, if thus ye live, what agony torments your eyes! Ye see a tender maid of whitest hue, or again another of darker brilliance: either hue attracts the eye. Ye see a girl whose form betrays the Greek, or, again, our Roman beauties; either beauty allures. Though she be clothed in plebeian garb or in robes of scarlet, 'tis by one and the same path that either cruel wound is dealt. Since one love can keep thine eyes from sleep long time enough, one woman were a host of ills for any man.

XXVIa

VIDI te in somnis fracta, mea vita, carina
Ionio lassas ducere rore manus,
et quaecumque in me fueras mentita fateri,
nec iam umore gravis tollere posse comas,
qualem purpureis agitatam fluctibus Hellen,
aurea quam molli tergore vexit ovis.
quam timui, ne forte tuum mare nomen haberet,
atque tua labens navita fleret aqua!
quae tum ego Neptuno, quae tum cum Castore fratri,
quaeque tibi excepi, iam dea, Leucothoe!
at tu vix primas extollens gurgite palmas
saepe meum nomen iam peritura vocas.

XXVI

IN my dreams I saw thee, light of my life, shipwrecked strike out with weary hands through the Ionian waves. I saw thee confess all thy falsehood toward me and sink, unable to lift thine hair weighed down with brine, like Helle tossed upon the purple waves, whom once the sheep of gold bore on its sort back. How I feared, lest perchance that sea should take thy name, and the mariner might weep for thee as he sailed thy waves! What vows to Neptune did I then make, what vows to Castor and his brother and thee, Leucothoe, once mortal, now a goddess! But thou, scarce raising thy finger-tips over the surface of the deep, didst oft, as one that soon must perish, call upon my name.

quod si forte tuos vidisset Glaucus ocellos,
esses Ionii facta puella maris,
et tibi ob invidiam Nereides increpitarent,
candida Nesaeae, caerulea Cymothoe.
sed tibi subsidio delphinum currere vidi,
qui, puto, Arioniam vexerat ante lyram.
iamque ego conabar summo me mittere saxo,
cum mihi discussit talia visa metus.

13 But if perchance Glaucus had espied thine eyes, thou hadst become a maid of the Ionian sea, and the Nereids would have chidden thee for envy, white Nesaeae and azure Cymothoe. But I saw a dolphin hasten to thine aid, the same methinks that once bore Arion's lyre. I was even then striving to cast myself from the rocky height when terror dispelled the vision.

XXVIb

NUNC admirentur quod tam mihi pulchra puella
serviat et tota dicar in urbe potens!
non, si Cambysae redeant et flumina Croesi,
dicat ‘ De nostro surge, poeta, toro.’
nam mea cum recitat, dicit se odisse beatos:
carmina tam sancte nulla puella colit.
multum in amore fides, multum constantia prodest:
qui dare multa potest, multa et amare potest
* * * * *

XXVIA

Now let men wonder that so fair a maid is my slave, and that all the city tells
of my power! Though a Cambyzes should return and the rivers of Croesus,
never would she say, “Rise, poet, from my bed.” For when she repeats my
verse, she says that she hates wealthy suitors; no other maid does such
reverent honour unto song. Fidelity in love is of much avail, of much avail is
constancy; he that can make many a gift can have full many a love.

seu mare per longum mea cogitet ire puella,
hanc sequar et fidos una aget aura duos.
unum litus erit sopitis unaque tecto
arbor, et ex una saepe bibemus aqua;
et tabula una duos poterit componere amantis,
prora cubile mihi seu mihi puppis erit.
omnia perpetiar: saevus licet urgeat Euris ;
velaque in incertum frigidus Auster agat;
quicumque et venti miserum vexastis Vlixem
et Danaum Euboico litore mille ratis;
et qui movistis duo litora, cum ratis Argo
dux erat ignoto missa columba mari.
illa meis tantum non umquam desit ocellis,
incendat navem Iuppiter ipse licet.
certe isdem nudi pariter iactabimur oris.
me licet unda ferat, te modo terra tegat.

29 Does my love think of sailing long leagues of sea, I will follow her. One
breeze shall waft us on, a faithful pair, one shore shall give us rest when we
sink in slumber, one tree overshadow us, and oft shall we drink from the
selfsame spring. One plank shall yield a couch to lovers twain, whether my
bed be strewn by prow or stern. I will endure all things, though the wild East
Wind drive our bark and the South’s chill blast sweep our sails, whither we

know not; though all ye winds should blow that once tormented the hapless Ulysses and wrecked the thousand ships of Greece on Euboea's shore, and ye also that parted the two shores, when the dove was sent to Argus to guide his bark over an unknown sea. If only she be never absent from my sight, let Jove himself fire our ship! For surely our naked corpses will be cast together upon the same shore; let the wave sweep me away, if only thou find burial in earth.

sed non Neptunus tanto crudelis amori,
Neptunus fratri par in amore Iovi:
testis Amymone, latices dum ferret, in arvis
compressa, et Lernae pulsa tridente palus.
iam deus amplexu votum persolvit, at illi
aurea divinas urna profudit aquas.
crudelem et Borean rapta Orithyia negavit:
hic deus et terras et maria alta domat
crede mihi, nobis mitescet Scylla, nec umquam
alternante vacans vasta Charybdis aqua;
ipsaque sidera erunt nullis obscura tenebris,
purus et Orion, purus et Haedus erit.
quod mihi si ponenda tuo sit corpore vita,
exitus hic nobis non inhonestus erit.

45 But Neptune frowns not on love strong as ours; Neptune was Jove his brother's equal in the field of love. Witness Amymone, that in the meadows yielded to his embrace, that so she might find the fountain; witness Lerna's marsh smitten by the trident. Then did the god redeem his promise at the price of his embrace, and straightway for her an urn of gold poured forth a stream divine. Orithyia also denied that Boreas, the ravisher, was cruel; this god tames both earth and the deeps of ocean. Believe me, Scylla will grow kind for us, and wild Charybdis also, that ceases never from her ebb and flow. Nor shall any darkness obscure the stars. Clear shall Orion be, and clear the Kid. Nay, what if I should breathe my last upon thy body! No dishonour will be mine in such an end as this.

XXVII

AT VOS incertam, mortales, funeris horam
quaeritis, et qua sit mors aditura via;
quaeritis et caelo Phoenicum inventa sereno,
quae sit stella homini commoda quaeque mala!
seu pedibus Parthos sequimur seu classe Britannos,
et maris et terrae caeca pericla viae;
rursus et obiectum flemus caput esse tumultu
cum Mavors dubias miscet utrimque manus;
* * * * *

praeterea domibus flammam domibusque ruinas,
neu subeant labris pocula nigra tuis.
solus amans novit, quando periturus et a qua
morte, neque hic Boreae flabra neque arma timet.
iam licet et Stygia sedeat sub harundine remex,
cernat et infernae tristia vela ratis:
si modo clamantis revocaverit aura puellae,
concessum nulla lege redibit iter.

XXVII

YET do ye mortals inquire after the uncertain hour of death, and of the path by which your doom shall draw anigh, and in the unclouded heaven ye seek by the art the Phoenicians found of old what star is good, what star is ill for man. Whether on foot we follow the flying Parthian or with our fleet attack the Briton, blind are the perils both by land and sea. And again thou weepest that thy life is threatened by the storm of war, when Mars on this side and on that mingles the wavering ranks; thou darest also fire for thy house and ruin, and tremblest lest thou put cups of dark poison to thy lips. The lover only knows when and by what death he shall perish, and fears nor weapons nor blasts of the North Wind. Yea, even though he sit at the oar among the reeds of Styx and gaze on the dismal sails of the boat of hell, if the faint whisper of his mistress' voice cry out and call him back from the dead, he will return over that road that the eternal ordinance hath sealed.

XXVIIIa

IVPPITER, affectae tandem miserere puellae:
tam formosa tuum mortua crimen erit.
venit enim tempus, quo torridus aestuat aer,
incipit et sicco fervere terra Cane.
sed non tam ardoris culpa est neque crimina caeli
quam totiens sanctos non habuisse deos.
hoc perdit miseras, hoc perdidit ante puellas:
quidquid iurarunt, ventus et unda rapit.

XXVIII

JUPITER, at length have pity on my mistress, stricken sore; the death of one so fair will be accounted to thee for a crime. For the season has come when the scorching air seethes with heat and earth begins to glow beneath the parching Dog-star. But 'tis not so much the fault of the heat, nor hath heaven so much the blame for her illness, as that so oft she hath spurned the sanctity of the gods. This is it that undoes hapless girls, aye, and hath undone many; wind and water sweep away their every oath.

num sibi collatam doluit Venus? illa peraeque
prae se formosis invidiosa dea est.
an contempta tibi Iunonis templa Pelasgae?
Palladis aut oculos ausa negare bonos?
semper, formosae, non nostis parcere verbis.
hoc tibi lingua nocens, hoc tibi forma dedit.
sed tibi vexatae per multa pericula vitae
extremo venit mollior hora die.
Io versa caput primos mugiverat annos:
nunc dea, quae Nili flumina vacca bibit.
Ino etiam prima terris aetate vagata est:
hanc miser implorat navita Leucothoen.
Andromede monstris fuerat devota marinis:
haec eadem Persei nobilis uxor erat.
Callisto Arcadios erraverat ursa per agros:
haec nocturna suo sidere vela regit.

9 Was Venus vexed that thou wast compared with her? She is a jealous goddess to all alike, that vie with her in loveliness. Or didst thou spurn the temple of Pelasgian Juno, or deny that Pallas' eyes were fair? Ye beauties, never have ye learned to spare your words; Cynthia, thou owest this to thine offending tongue and to thy beauty. But anguished as thou hast been through many a deadly peril, at last hath come an hour of greater ease. So Io wore a

strange guise and lowed all her earlier years; but now she is a goddess, that once drank Nilus' waters in likeness of a cow. Ino also wandered o'er the earth in her prime; but now she is called Leucothoe, and 'tis on her the hapless sailor calls for aid. Andromeda was doomed to the monsters of the deep, yet even she became the far-famed wife of Perseus. Callisto wandered as a bear over the fields of Arcadia; now with her own star's light she guides the sails of mariners through the dark.

quod si forte tibi properarint fata quietem,
illa sepulturae fata beata tuae,
narrabis Semelae, quo sit formosa periclo,
credet et illa, suo docta puella malo;
et tibi Maeonias omnis heroidas inter
primus erit nulla non tribuente locus.
nunc, utcumque potes, fato gere saucia morem:
et deus et durus vertitur ipse dies.
hoc tibi vel poterit coniunx ignoscere Iuno:
frangitur et Iuno, si qua puella perit.

25 Yet if it chance that the Fates hasten down on thee the eternal rest, the Fates of funeral made blest for thee, thou shalt tell Semele what dangers beauty brings; and she, taught by her own misfortune, will believe thee: and among all the Maeonian heroines thou by consent of all shalt have the foremost place. Now as best thou may, bear thyself reverently towards destiny on thy couch of pain; heaven and the cruel hour of death alike may change. Even Juno, the jealous wife, will forgive thee for thy beauty; even Juno is touched with pity for a maiden's death.

deficiunt magico torti sub carmine rhombi,
et iacet exstincto laurus adusta foco;
et iam Luna negat totiens descendere caelo,
nigraque funestum concinit omen avis,
una ratis fati nostros portabit amores
caerula ad infernos velificata lacus.
sed non unius quaeso, miserere duorum!
vivam, si vivet : si cadet ilia, cadam.
pro quibus optatis sacro me carmine damno:
scribam ego " Per magnum est salva puella lovem";
ante tuosque pedes ilia ipsa operata sedebit,
narrabitque sedens longa pericla sua.

35 Now cease the wheels whirled to the magic chant, the altar fire is dead and the laurel lies in ashes. Now the moon refuses to descend so oft from heaven, and the bird of night sings ominous of death. One murky boat of destiny shall bear our loves together, setting sail to the pools of Hell. But pity not one only,

I pray thee, Jupiter; pity the twain of us. If she lives, I will live; if she dies, I too will die. Wherefore if my prayer be granted I bind myself with this solemn verse, to write: THE MIGHT OF JOVE HATH SAVED MY MISTRESS; and she herself after she hath sacrificed to thee will sit before thy feet, and seated there will tell of the long perils she has passed.

XXVIIIb

HAEC tua, Persephone, maneat clementia, nec tu,
Persephona coniunx, saevior esse velis.
sunt apud infernos tot milia formosarum:
pulchra sit in superis, si licet, una locis!
vobiscum est Iope, vobiscum candida Tyro,
vobiscum Europe nec proba Pasiphae,
et quot Troia tulit vetus et quot Achaia formas,
et Thebae et Priami diruta regna senis:
et quaecumque erat in numero Romana puella,
occidit: has omnis ignis avarus habet.
nec forma aeternum aut cuiquam est fortuna perennis:
longius aut propius mors sua quemque manet.

XXVIII A

PERSEPHONE, may thy mercy endure, nor mayest thou, that hast Persephone for spouse, be over-cruel. There are so many thousand beauties among the dead; let one fair one, if so it may be, abide on earth. With you is Iope, with you snowy Tyro, with you Europe and impious Pasiphae, and all the beauties that Troy and Achaea bore of old, Troy the fallen realm of Phoebus and the old man Priam. And all the fair, that Rome may rank with these, have perished: all these the greedy pyre hath taken for its own. Neither beauty nor fortune abideth everlastingly for any; sooner or later death awaiteth all.

tu quoniam es, mea lux, magno dimissa periclo,
munera Dianae debita redde choros,
redde etiam excubias divae nunc, ante iuvencae;
votivas noctes, ei mihi solve decem!

59 Since then, light of mine eyes, thou hast escaped from mighty peril, render Diana the dance thou owest for offering; and as is due, keep vigil in honour of her who, once a heifer, is now a goddess, and on my behalf pay her ten nights of worship.

XXIXa

HESTERNA, mea lux, cum potus nocte vagarer,
nec me servorum duceret ulla manus,
obvia nescio quot pueri mihi turba minuta
venerat (hos vetuit me numerare timor);
quorum alii faculas, alii retinere sagittas,
pars etiam visa est vincla parare mihi.
sed nudi fuerant. quorum lascivior unus,
'Arripite hunc,' inquit, 'iam bene nostis eum
hic erat, hunc mulier nobis irata locavit.'
dixit, et in collo iam mihi nodus erat.

...

hic alter iubet in medium propellere, at alter,
'Intereat, qui nos non putat esse deos!
haec te non meritum totas exspectat in horas:
at tu nescio quas quaeris, inepte, fores.
quae cum Sidoniae nocturna ligamina mitrae
solverit atque oculos moverit illa gravis,
afflabunt tibi non Arabum de gramine odores,
sed quos ipse suis fecit Amor manibus.
parcite iam, fratres, iam certos spondet amores;
et iam ad mandatam venimus ecce domum.'
atque ita me iniecto dixerunt rursus amictu:
'I nunc et noctes disce manere domi.'

XXIX

YESTERNIGHT, light of mine eyes, when I wandered heavy with wine and
with never a servant's hand to lead me home, a crowd of tiny boys met me;
how many I know not, for fear forbade me count them. Some carried little
torches and others arrows, while some seemed even to make ready fetters for
me. Yet naked were they all. Then one that was more wanton than the rest
cried: "Seize him, for ye know him well of old. This is he that the angry
woman delivered to us." He spake, and straightway a noose was about my
head. Another then bade them thrust me into their midst, while a third cried:
"Perish the man that deems us not divine! Whole hours hath she waited thee,
though little thou deservest it, while thou, fool, didst seek another's door.
When she has loosened the strings of her nightcap of Sidonian purple and
turns on thee her slumber-laden eyes, then will sweet odours breathe upon
thee such as the herbs of Araby ne'er gave, but Love himself made with his
own hands. Spare him now, brothers; now he pledges that his love shall be
true: and lo! we have come to the house whither we were bidden." Thus did
they lead me back to my mistress' house. "Go now," they cried, "and learn to

stay at home of nights.”

XXIXb

MANE erat, et volui, si sola quiesceret illa,
visere: at in lecto Cynthia sola fuit.
obstipui: non illa mihi formosior umquam
visa, neque ostrina cum fuit in tunica,
ibat et hinc castae narratum somnia Vestae,
neu sibi neve mihi quae nocitura forent:
talis visa mihi somno dimissa recenti.
heu quantum per se candida forma valet!
'Quid tu matutinus,' ait 'speculator amicae,
me similem vestris moribus esse putas?
non ego tam facilis: sat erit mihi cognitus unus,
vel tu vel si quis verior esse potest.
apparent non ulla toro vestigia presso,
signa volutantis nec iacuisse duos.
aspice ut in toto nullus mihi corpore surgat
spiritus admisso notus adulterio.'
dixit, et opposita propellens savia dextra
prosilit in laxa nixa pedem solea.
sic ego tarn sancti custos deludor amoris:
ex illo felix nox mihi nulla fuit.

XXIXA

'T'WAS morn and I wished to see if alone she took her rest, and behold Cynthia was in her bed alone. I stood amazed; for never seemed she to mine eyes more fair, not even when, clad in purple tunic, she went to lay her dreams before chaste Vesta, for fear some ill might threaten herself and me. So seemed she to me, as she woke from her fresh slumber. Ah, how great is the power of beauty unadorned! "What!" quoth she, "thou that spiest thus early on thy mistress, deemst thou that my ways are like to thine? I am not so fickle: 'tis enough for me to know one lover such as thee, or one perchance of truer love than thine. There are no signs of impress on the couch, the marks of lovers taking their delight, no signs that two have lain therein. See! from my bosom springs no deep-drawn breath, that, as thou knowest, might tell thee that I had been untrue." She spake, and with her right hand resisted and thrust away my kisses, and leapt forth from the bed, loose slippers on her feet. So was I rebuffed, that sought to watch o'er her, that kept her love so pure; since then no happy night has e'er been mine.

XXX

QVO fugis a demens? nulla est fuga: tu licet usque
ad Tanain fugias, usque sequetur Amor.
non si Pegaseo vecteris in aere dorso,
nec tibi si Persei moverit ala pedes;
vel si te sectae rapiant talaribus aerae,
nil tibi Mercurii proderit alta via
instat semper Amor supra caput, instat amanti,
et gravis ipse super libera colla sedet.
excubat ille acer custos et tollere numquam
te patietur humo lumina capta semel.
et iam si pecces, deus exorabilis ille est
si modo praesentis viderit esse preces.
ISTA senes licet accusent convivium duri:
nos modo propositum, vita, teramus iter
illorum antiquis onerantur legibus aures:
hic locus est in quo, tibia docta, sones,
quae non iure vado Maeandri iacta natasti,
turpia cum faceret Palladis ora tumor.
non tamen immerito! Phrygias nunc ire per undas
et petere Hyrcani litora nota maris,
spargere et alterna communis caede Penatis
et ferre ad patrios praemia dira Lares!

XXX

HARD-HEARTED, dost thou now make ready to cross the Phrygian waves, and on shipboard seek the shores of the Hyrcanian sea? [to sprinkle our common household gods with mutual slaughter and bring dread prizes to the home of thy fathers?]

Whither fliest thou, mad heart? There is no escape. Fly as far as Tanais; Love will hunt thee down. Thou shalt not escape, though thou be borne aloft on the back of Pegasus, nor though the pinions of Perseus wing thy feet. Or should the cloven breezes sweep thee along on feathered sandals, yet will the lofty path of Mercury avail thee naught. Love swoops ever above thy head; Love swoops down upon the lover, and sits a heavy burden on the neck that once was free. He is a watcher that slumbers not nor sleeps, nor ever will he suffer thee to raise thine eyes from off the ground when once he has enslaved them; and yet shouldst thou go astray, he is a god whom prayers may appease, if he but see that they are prompt to rise. Let stem old men denounce those revels of love; only let us, my life, pursue our chosen path. Their ears are burdened with the precepts of antiquity; but this is the place where thou, skilled pipe, shouldst sound, thou that of old didst float along Maeander's shallows, where

unjustly thou wast cast when thou didst swell the cheeks of Pallas and mar the fairness of her face.

una contentum pudeat me vivere amica?

hoc si crimen erit, crimen Amoris erit:
mi nemo obiciat. libeat tibi, Cynthia, mecum
rorida muscosis antra tenere iugis.

illic aspicias scopulis haerere Sorores
et canere antiqui dulcia furta Iovis,
ut Semela est combustus, ut est deperditus Io,
denique ut ad Troiae tecta volarit avis.

quod si nemo exstat qui vicerit Alitis arma,
communis culpa cur reus unus agor?
nec tu Virginibus reverentia moveris ora:

hic quoque non nescit quid sit amare chorus;
si tamen Oeagri quaedam compressa figura
Bistoniis olim rupibus accubuit.

hic ubi me prima statuent in parte choreae,
et medius docta cuspide Bacchus erit,
tum capiti sacros patiar pendere corymbos:
nam sine te nostrum non valet ingenium.

23 Shall I feel shame to live content in the service of one mistress? If this be a crime, to Love's door shall the crime be laid; let no one charge me therewith! And, Cynthia, be it thy joy to dwell with me in dewy grottoes on the mossy hills. There shalt thou see the Sisters clinging to the crags, while they chant the sweet loves of Jove in olden time, how he was consumed with fire for Semele, how madly he loved Io, and then how in likeness of a bird he flew to the abodes of Troy. (But if none hath e'er had strength to o'ercome the might of the winged one, why am I alone accused of the crime that all must share?) Nor shalt thou, Cynthia, grieve the demure faces of the Holy Maids; even their choir knows what it is to love, if it be true that for all their chastity a certain Muse lay upon the rocks of Bistonia locked in the arms of one that seemed Oeagrus. And there, when they shall place thee in the foremost rank of their dance, and Bacchus stands in the midst with his wand of skill, then will I suffer the holy ivy berries to hang about my head; for without thee my wit availeth naught.

XXXI

QVAERIS, cur veniam tibi tardior? aurea Phoebi
porticus a magno Caesare aperta fuit.
tantam erat in speciem Poenis digesta columnis,
inter quas Danaï femina turba senis.
hic equidem Phoebus visus mihi pulchrior ipso
marmoreus tacita carmen hiare lyra;
atque aram circum steterant armenta Myronis,
quattuor artificis, vivida signa, boves.
tum medium claro surgebat marmore templum,
et patria Phoebus carius Ortygia:
in quo Solis erat supra fastigia currus;
et valvæ, Libyci nobile dentis opus,
altera deiectos Parnasi vertice Gallos,
altera maerebat funera Tantalidos.
deinde inter matrem deus ipse interque sororem
Pythius in longa carmina veste sonat.

XXXI

THOU askest why I am late in coming to thee. To-day was the golden colonnade of Phoebus opened by mighty Caesar; so vast it was to view, laid out with Punic columns, between which stood the many daughters of the old man Danaus. Next in the midst of all the temple rose built of shining marble and dearer to Phoebus than his Ortygian home. And on the topmost roof were two chariots of the Sun, and the doors were of Libyan ivory wrought in wondrous wise. One told the fearful tale of the Gauls hurled down from off Parnassus' peak, and one the death of the daughter of Tantalus. And last between his mother and his sister stood the Pythian god himself, clad in long raiment, his voice uplifted in song. Fairer he seemed to me than Phoebus' self, as he sang with silent lyre and parted lips of stone. And round about the altar stood Myron's kine, four counterfeit oxen, statues that seemed to live.

XXXII

QUI videt, is peccat: qui te non viderit ergo,
non cupiet: facti lumina crimen habent.
nam quid Praenesti dubias, o Cynthia, sortis,
quid petis Aeaei moenia Telegoni?
cur ita te Herculeum deportant esseda Tibur?
Appia cur totiens te via Lanuvium?

XXXII

WHO sees thee sins: he then that hath not seen thee will not desire thee: 'tis the eyes must bear the blame. Else why at Praeneste seekst thou oracles of double import? Why seekst thou the walls of Aeaeian Telegonus? Why does thy chariot bear thee so oft to Herculean Tibur? Why so oft does the Appian Way lead thee to Lanuvium?

hoc utinam spatiere loco, quodcumque vacabis,
Cynthia' sed tibi me credere turba vetat,
cum videt accensis devotam currere taedis
in nemus et Triviae lumina ferre deae.
scilicet umbrosis sordet Pompeia columnis
porticus, aulaeis nobilis Attalicas,
et platanis creber pariter surgentibus ordo,
flumina sopito quaeque Marone cadunt,
et leviter nymphis tota crepitantibus urbe
cum subito Triton ore recondit aquam.

7 Ah that thou wouldst walk here in all thine hours of leisure! but the world forbids me trust thee, when it beholds thee hurry in frenzy with kindled torches to the Arician grove, and bear lights in honour of the goddess Trivia. Forsooth, thou carest naught for Pompey's colonnade, with its shady columns, bright-hung with gold-embroidered curtains; naught for the avenue thick-planted with plane-trees rising in trim rows; nor the waters that flow from Maro's slumbering form and run, their Naiads babbling through all the streets of Rome, till at the last, with sudden plunge, they vanish in the Triton's mouth.

falleris, ista tui furtum via monstrat amoris:
non urbem, demens, lumina nostra fugis!
nil agis, insidias in me componis inanis,
tendis iners docto retia nota mihi.
sed de me minus est: famae iactura pudicae
tanta tibi miserae, quanta meretur, erit.

nuper enim de te nostras me laedit ad auris
rumor, et in tota non bonus urbe fuit.

17 Thou deceiv'st thyself; thy wanderings reveal some secret passion; 'tis not the city, 'tis my eyes thou flyest. Thou strivest in vain; empty are the wiles thou spinnest against me; with little skill thou spreadst familiar snares for me, whom experience has taught. But for myself it matters little; the loss of thine honest name will be no less great than it deserves to be. For of late rumour spake ill of thee in mine ears, and a tale of evil ran through all the city.

sed tu non debes inimicae credere linguae:
semper formosis fabula poena fuit.
non tua deprenso damnata est fama veneno:
testis eris puras, Phoebe, videre manus.
sin autem longo nox una aut altera lusu
consumpta est, non me crimina parva movent.
Tyndaris externo patriam mutavit amore,
et sine decreto viva reducta domum est.
ipsa Venus fertur corrupta libidine Martis,
nec minus in caelo semper honesta fuit.
quamvis Ida Parim pastorem dicat amasse
atque inter pecudes accubuisse deam,
hoc et Hamadryadum spectavit turba sororum
Silenique senes et pater ipse chori;
cum quibus Idaeo legisti poma sub antro,
supposita excipiens, Nai, caduca manu.

25 And yet thou shouldst not trust these bitter words; scandal has ever been the doom of beauty. Thine honour has ne'er been blasted by the crime of poisoning; thou, Phoebus, wilt bear witness that her hands are unsullied. And if thou hast spent one night or two in long-drawn wantoning, such petty crimes vex me not a whit. The daughter of Tyndareus left her fatherland for the love of a stranger, and yet was brought home alive without condemnation. Venus herself is said to have been seduced by the lust of Mars, yet none the less had she honour alway in heaven. Though Ida's mount tell how a goddess loved the shepherd Paris, and lay with him among his flocks, yet all this the band of sister Hamadryads beheld, and the old Sileni and the father of their company himself; and with them thou, Naiad, didst gather in the glens of Ida wild apples falling to thy hand upstretched beneath the boughs.

an quisquam in tanto stuprorum examine quaerit
'Cur haec tam dives? quis dedit? unde dedit?'
o nimium nostro felicem tempore Romam,
si contra mores una puella facit!
haec eadem ante illam iam impune et Lesbia fecit:

quae sequitur, certe est invidiosa minus.
qui quaerit Tatios veteres duosque Sabinos,
hic posuit nostra nuper in urbe pedem.
tu prius et fluctus poteris siccare marinos,
altaque mortali deligere astra manu,
quam facere, ut nostrae nolint peccare puellae:
hic mos Saturno regna tenente fuit,
et cum Deucalionis aquae fluxere per orbem,
et post antiquas Deucalionis aquas.
dic mihi, quis potuit lectum servare pudicum,
quae dea cum solo vivere sola deo?
uxorem quondam magni Minois, ut aiunt,
corruptit torui candida forma bovis;
nec minus aerato Danae circumdata muro
non potuit magno casta negare Iovi.
quod si tu Graias es tuque imitata Latinas,
semper vive meo libera iudicio!

41 After a host of sinners such as these does any ask: "Why is she so rich?"—"Who gave? Whence came his gifts?" O Rome in these our days, thy happiness is full to overflowing, if one girl act not as her fellows do. All these things did Lesbia before Cynthia, wherefore Lesbia's follower is of a surety less hateful. He that hopes still to find the ancient Tatius, and the strict Sabine, has but lately set foot in our city. Sooner shalt thou have power to dry the waters of the deep and pluck down the lofty stars with mortal hand, than bring it to pass that our maids should refuse to sin. Such was the fashion in the reign of Saturn, and when Deucalion's waves overflowed the world; but after Deucalion's flood in the days of old, tell me, who was ever able to keep his bed chaste, what goddess could ever bide alone with one god only? The wife of great Minos, once, 'tis said, was seduced by the snowy form of a fierce bull, nor was Danae's girl in her tower of bronze less unable to keep her chastity and deny mighty Jove. But if thou hast taken the women of Greece and of Rome for patterns, live ever in freedom; I blame thee not.

XXXIII

TRISTIA iam redeunt iterum sollemnia nobis:

Cynthia iam noctes est operata decem.
atque utinam pereant, Nilo quae sacra tepente
misit matronis Inachis Ausoniis!
quae dea tam cupidos totiens divisit amantis,
quaecumque illa fuit, semper amara fuit.
tu certe Iovis occultis in amoribus, Io,
sensisti multas quid sit inire vias,
cum te iussit habere puellam cornua Iuno
et pecoris duro perdere verba sono.
a quotiens quernis laesisti frondibus ora,
mandisti et stabulis arbuta pasta tuis!
an, quoniam agrestem detraxit ab ore figuram
Iuppiter, idcirco facta superba dea es?
an tibi non satis est fuscis Aegyptus alumnis?
cur tibi tam longa Roma petita via?
quidve tibi prodest viduas dormire puellas?
sed tibi, crede mihi, cornua rursus erunt,
aut nos e nostra te, saeva, fugabimus urbe:
cum Tiberi Nilo gratia nulla fuit.

XXXIII

ONCE more those dismal rites have returned to plague us now for ten nights hath Cynthia sacrificed. And a curse upon the rites which the daughter of Inachus hath sent from the warm Nile to the matrons of Italy! The goddess that so oft hath sundered such ardent lovers, whoe'er she may have been, was always a bitter goddess. Yet, Io, in truth thou didst learn in thy secret loves with Jove what it is to tread many paths of wandering, when Juno bade thee wear horns upon thy girlish brow and lose thy speech in the harsh bellowsings of kine. Ah! how oft didst thou gall thy mouth with oak-leaves, and in thy stall didst chew once more the arbutus, on which thou hadst fed! Hast thou become so haughty a goddess since Jupiter took away from thee thy wild shape? Hast thou not worshippers enough among the swart Egyptians? Why didst thou come such a long journey to Rome? What profits it thee that maids should sleep alone? Nay, believe me, thy horns will sprout again, or we will chase thee, cruel goddess, from our city! There ne'er was love lost 'twixt Tiber and Nile.

at tu, quae nostro nimium placata dolore es,
noctibus his vacui ter faciamus iter.

21 But thou, Cynthia, since my woes have more than appeased thee, let us, whom these nights kept idle, thrice make love's journey together.

Non audis et verba sinis mea ludere, cum iam
flectant Icarii sidera tarda boves.
lenta bibis: mediae nequeunt te frangere noctes.
an nondum est talos mittere lassa manus?
a pereat, quicumque meracas repperit uvas
corruptique bonas nectare primus aquas!

23 Thou hearest me not and lettest my words become a mockery, though Icarus' oxen are wheeling their slow-moving stars to the setting; thou drinkst unmoved; has midnight no power to weary thee? or is thy hand never tired of casting the dice? A curse on him that first introduced the pure juice of the grape and first spoilt wholesome water by mixing wine therein!

Icare, Cecropiis merito iugulate colonis,
pampineus nosti quam sit amarus odor!
tuque o Eurytion vino Centaure peristi,
nec non Ismario tu, Polypheme, mero.
vino forma perit, vino corrumpitur aetas,
vino saepe suum nescit amica virum.

29 Icarus, justly wast thou slain by the farmers of Cecrops' land; thou hast found how rueful is the scent of the vine. Thou also, centaur Eurytion, didst perish through wine-bibbing, and thou, Polyphemus, wast undone by the Ismarian grape. Wine marreth beauty, wine spoils our prime; and thanks to wine a mistress oft knows not her lover.

me miserum, ut multo nihil est mutata Lyaeo!
iam bibe: formosa es: nil tibi vina nocent,
cum tua praependent demissae in pocula sertae,
et mea deducta carmina voce legis.
largius effuso madeat tibi mensa Falerno,
spumet et aurato mollius in calice.
nulla tamen lecto recipit se sola libenter:
est quiddam, quod vos quaerere cogat Amor.
semper in absentis felicior aestus amantis:
elevat assiduos copia longa viros.

35 Woe is me: deep draughts have changed thee not a whit: drink on; thou art beautiful, the wine does thee no hurt, when garlands hang over thy brow and droop into thy cups, and thou readest my verses with utterance soft and low. Let the board be drowned still deeper in floods of Faleman and more lusciously foam the wine in thy cup of gold! Yet no woman ever betakes her

willingly to a lonely bed; there is a somewhat that Love compels all to seek.
Woman's heart is kinder always towards absent lovers; long possession takes
from the worth of the persistent wooer.

XXXIV

CVR quisquam faciem dominae iam credat Amori?

sic erepta mihi paene puella mea est.
expertus dico, nemo est in amore fidelis:
formosam raro non sibi quisque petit.
polluit ille deus cognatos, solvit amicos,
et bene concordis tristia ad arma vocat.
hospes in hospitium Menelao venit adulter:
Colchis et ignotum nonne secuta virum est?

XXXIV

WHY should any one henceforth entrust his mistress' beauty to the care of Love? Thus was my beloved nearly stolen from me. I speak from experience; no man is ever faithful in love, and rarely does any, beholding beauty, seek not to make it his own. Love pollutes kinship, parts friends, and summons them, that are well agreed, to bitter strife. The adulterer, that was made welcome by Menelaus, was a stranger; and did not the woman of Colchis follow a lover whom she knew not?

Lynceu, tune meam potuisti, perfide, curam
tangere? nonne tuae tum cecidere manus?
quid si non constans illa et tam certa fuisset?
posses in tanto vivere flagitio?
tu mihi vel ferro pectus vel perde veneno:
a domina tantum te modo tolle mea.
te socium vitae, te corporis esse licebit,
te dominum admitto rebus, amice, meis:
lecto te solum, lecto te deprecor uno:
rivalem possum non ego ferre Iovem.
ipse meas solus quod nil est, aemulor umbras,
stultus, quod stulto saepe timore tremo.
una tamen causa est, qua crimina tanta remitto,
errabant multo quod tua verba mero.
sed numquam vitae fallet me ruga severae:
omnes iam norunt quam sit amare bonum.

9 Lynceus, hadst thou the heart to touch my beloved? Did not thy hands, faithless friend, fall powerless then? What if she had not been so constant and so true? Couldst thou have lived in such guilt? Take my life with poison or the sword, only take thyself away from my mistress. Thou mayest be the comrade of my life and part never from my side; my friend, I make thee lord of all my fortune; 'tis only as partner in my love that I would have thee never: I cannot

endure a rival, though he were Jove himself. I am jealous of mine own shadow, a thing of naught, fool that I am to tremble with causeless fear. One plea alone can make me pardon such a crime: deep draughts of wine had caused thy tongue to stray. Yet never shall thy brow, wrinkled with stem morality, deceive me: the world is old enough for all to know how good a thing is love.

Lyncevs ipse meus seros insanit amores!
solum te nostros laetor adire deos.
quid tua Socraticis tibi nunc sapientia libris
proderit aut rerum dicere posse vias?
aut quid Erechthei tibi prosunt carmina lecta?
nil iuvat in magno vester amore senex.
tu satius memorem Musis imitere Philitan
et non inflati somnia Callimachi.
nam rursus licet Aetoli referas Acheloi,
fluxerit ut magno fractus amore liquor,
atque etiam ut Phrygio fallax Maeandria campo
errat et ipsa suas decipit unda vias,
qualis et Adrasti fuerit vocalis Arion,
tristis ad Archemori funera victor equus:
non Amphiareae prosint tibi fata quadrigae
aut Capanei magno grata ruina Iovi.
desine et Aeschyleo componere verba coturno,
desine, et ad mollis membra resolve choros.
incipie iam angusto versus includere torno,
inque tuos ignis, dure poeta, veni.
tu non Antimacho, non tutior ibis Homero:
despicit et magnos recta puella deos.

25 Late though it be, at last Lynceus, my friend, is mad with love! Of this only am I glad, that at last thou worshippest the gods we lovers serve. What will avail thee now thy wisdom drawn from Socratic books, what the power to set forth the cause of things? What avails thee the songs of the Athenian lyre? Thine ancient bard availeth naught against o'er-mastering love. Do thou rather imitate in thy song Coan Philetas, and the dreams of restrained Callimachus. Now, though thou shouldst tell once more how the stream of Aetolian Achelous flowed shattered by the might of love, and withal how the deceitful wave of Maeander wanders in the Phrygian plain and perplexes its own channels, and how, mourning at the funeral of Archemorus, Adrastus' victorious steed Arion spake aloud, naught will avail thee the fate of the chariot of Amphiaraus, nor the overthrow of Capaneus that made glad the heart of Jove. Cease to frame verse shod with the buskin of Aeschylus, and bend thy limbs in the soft choric dance. Begin now to turn thy verses on a narrower lathe, and sing of thine own flames, hard-hearted poet. Thou shalt

not be safer in thy goings than Antimachus or Homer: for a comely girl despises even the power of the gods.

sed non ante gravis taurus succumbit aratro,
cornua quam validis haeserit in laqueis,
nec tu iam duros per te patieris amores:
trux tamen a nobis ante domandus eris.
harum nulla solet rationem quaerere mundi,
nec cur fraternis Luna laboret equis,
nec si post Stygias aliquid restabit erumpnas,
nec si consulto fulmina missa tonent.
aspice me, cui parva domi fortuna relictæ est
nullus et antiquo Marte triumphus avi,
ut regnem mixtas inter conviva puellas
hoc ego, quo tibi nunc elevor, ingenio!

47 Yet the stubborn bull yields not to the yoke of the plough, e'er his horns have been caught in the stout noose. Nor wilt thou of thyself be able to endure the hardships of love; first thou must have thy fierce spirit tamed by me. Never will girl inquire concerning the system of the universe, nor ask why the labours of the moon depend on her brother's steeds, nor if in truth there is a judge beyond the waves of Styx, nor if the crashing thunderbolts be hurled by an aiming hand. Look on me, to whom but a scanty fortune hath been left at home, whose ancestors ne'er triumphed for battles long ago, see how I reign at the banquet in the midst of a crowd of girls, thanks to the wit for which thou now makest light of me!

me iuvat hesternis positum languere corollis,
quem tetigit iactu certus ad ossa deus.
Actia Vergilium custodis litora Phœbi,
Caesaris et fortis dicere posse ratis,
qui nunc Aeneae Troiani suscitât arma
iactaque Lavinis moenia litoribus.
cedite Romani scriptorcs, cedite Grai!
nescio quid maius nascitur Iliade.
tu canis umbrosi subter pineta Galaesi
Thyrsin et attritis Daphnin harundinibus,
utque decem possint corrumpere mala puellas
missus et impressis haedus ab uberibus.
felix, qui vilis pomis mercaris amores!
huic licet ingratae Tityrus ipse canat.
felix intactum Corydon qui temptat Alexin
agricolæ domini carpere delicias!
quamvis ille sua lassus requiescat avena,
laudatur facilis inter Hamadryadas.

tu canis Ascraei veteris praecepta poetae,
quo seges in campo, quo viret uva iugo.
tale facis carmen docta testudine quale
Cynthius impositis temperat articulis.
non tamen haec ulli venient ingrata legenti,
sive in amore rudis sive peritus erit.
nec minor hic animis, ut sit minor ore, canorus
anseris indocto carmine cessit olor.

59 Be it mine to lie languidly among the wreaths of yesterday, for the god hath stricken me with aim unerring even to the bone. Be it for Vergil to sing the shores of Actium o'er which Phoebus watches, and Caesar's gallant ships of war; Vergil that now wakes to life the arms of Trojan Aeneas and the walls he founded on the Lavinian shore. Yield ye, bards of Rome, yield ye, singers of Greece! Something greater than the Iliad now springs to birth! Vergil, thou singest beneath the pine-woods of shady Galaesus of Thyr sis, and Daphnis with the well-worn pipe of reed, and how ten apples or a kid fresh from the udder of its dam may win the love of a girl. Happy thou that thus cheaply buyest thy love with apples; to such a love may even Tityrus sing, unkind though she be. Happy, too, Corydon, who seeks to win Alexis, the darling of the farmer, his master, Alexis yet unwon; even though he weary and rest from his piping, yet is he praised by the wanton Hamadryads. Thou singest also the precepts of Ascr a's poet old, telling in what plains the corn grows green, and on what hills the vine. Such music makest thou as the Cynthian god modulates with fingers pressed upon his well-skilled lyre. Yet these songs of thine will fail to please none that reads, whether he be skilled in love or all unlearned; and the melodious "swan," less lofty of accent, yet no less inspired when he sings the songs of love, sinks not to tuneless cackle like the "goose."

haec quoque perfecto ludebat Iasone Varro,
Varro Leucadiae maxima flamma suae;
haec quoque lascivi cantarunt scripta Catulli,
Lesbia quis ipsa notior est Helena;
haec etiam docti confessa est pagina Calvi,
cum caneret miserae funera Quintiliae.
et modo formosa quam multa Lycoride Gallus
mortuus inferna vulnera lavit aqua!
Cynthia quin etiam versu laudata Properti,
hos inter si me ponere Fama volet.

85 Such sportive themes also did Varro sing when his tale of Jason was all told; Varro, Leucadia's mightiest flame. Such are the songs that wanton Catullus wrote, whose Lesbia is better known than Helen. Such passion also the pages of learned Calvus did confess, when he sang of the death of hapless Quintilia; and dead Gallus too, that of late laved in the streams of Hell the

many wounds dealt him by fair Lycoris. Nay, Cynthia also has been glorified by Propertius — if Fame shall grant me a place mid such as they.

LIBER TERTIVS — BOOK III

I

Callimachi Manes et Coi sacra Philitae,
in vestrum, quaeso, me sinite ire nemus.
primus ego ingredior puro de fonte sacerdos
Itala per Graios orgia ferre choros.
dicite, quo pariter carmen tenuastis in antro
quove pede ingressi? quamve bibistis aquam?

I

SHADE of Callimachus and sacred rites of Philetas, suffer me, I pray, to enter your grove. I am the first with priestly service from an unsullied spring to carry Italian mysteries among the dances of Greece. Tell me, in what grotto did ye weave your songs together? With what step did ye enter? What sacred fountain did ye drink?

ah valeat, Phoebum quicumque moratur in armis!
exactus tenui pumice versus eat,
quo me Fama levat terra sublimis, et a me
nata coronatis Musa triumphat equis,
et mecum in curru parvi vectantur Amores,
scriptorumque meas turba secuta rotas.
quid frustra immissis mecum certatis habenis?
non datur ad Musas currere lata via.
multi, Roma, tuas laudes annalibus addent,
qui finem imperii Bactra futura canent.
sed, quod pace legas, opus hoc de monte Sororum
detulit intacta pagina nostra via.

7 Away with the man who keeps Phoebus tarrying among the weapons of war! Let verse run smoothly, polished with fine pumice. 'Tis by such verse as this that Fame lifts me aloft from earth, and the Muse, my daughter, triumphs with garlanded steeds, and tiny Loves ride with me in my chariot, and a throng of writers follows my wheels. Why strive ye against me vainly with loosened rein? Narrow is the path that leadeth to the Muses. Many, O Rome, shall add fresh glories to thine annals, singing that Bactra shall be thine empire's bound; but this work of mine my pages have brought down from the Muses' mount by an untrodden way, that thou mayest read it in the midst of peace.

molliā, Pegasides, date vestro sēta poetae:
non faciet capiti dura corona meo.
at mihi quod vivo detraxerit invida turba,
post obitum duplici faenore reddet Honos;

omnia post obitum fingit maiora vetustas:
maius ab exsequiis nomen in ora venit.
nam quis equo pulsas abiegno nosceret arces,
fluminaque Haemonio comminus isse viro,
Idaeum Simoenta Iovis cum prole Scamandro,
Hectora per campos ter maculasse rotas?
Deiphobumque Helenumque et Pulydamantis in armis
qualemcumque Parim vix sua nosset humus.
exiguo sermone fores nunc, Ilion, et tu
Troia bis Oetaei numine capta dei.
nec non ille tui casus memorator Homerus
posteritate suum crescere sensit opus;
meque inter seros laudabit Roma nepotes:
illum post cineres auguror ipse diem.
ne mea contempto lapis indicet ossa sepulcro
provisumst Lycio vota probante deo.

19 Pegasid Muses, give soft garlands to your poet: no hard crown will suit my brow. But that whereof the envious throng have robbed me in life, Glory after death shall repay with double interest. After death lapse of years makes all things seem greater; after the rites of burial a name rings greater on the lips of men. Else who would know aught of the citadel shattered by the horse of fir-wood, or how rivers strove in mortal conflict with Haemonia's hero? Who would know aught of Idaean Simois and Scamander sprung from Jove, or that the chariot-wheel thrice dragged Hector foully o'er the plain? Scarce would their own land know Deiphobus, Helenus, and Pulydamas, and Paris that sorry warrior. Little talk now would there be of thee, Ilion, and of thee, Troy, twice captured by the power of Oeta's god. Nay, even Homer, that told thy fall, hath seen his work grow in fame through lapse of after-years Me too shall Rome praise in the voices of late-born generations; myself I foresee that day beyond the fatal pyre. No man shall spurn the grave where the headstone marks my bones! So ordaineth Lycia's god, for he hath approved my vows.

II

Carminis interea nostri redeamus in orbem,
gaudeat ut solito tacta puella sono.
Orphea delenisse feras et concita dicunt
flumina Threicia sustinuisse Iyra;
saxa Cithaeronis Thebanam agitata per artem
sponte sua in muri membra coisse ferunt;
quin etiam, Polypheme, fera Galatea sub Aetna
ad tua rorantis carmina flexit equos:

II

MEANWHILE let us return to our wonted round of song; let the heart of my mistress be moved with joy at the old familiar music. They say that Orpheus with his Thracian lyre tamed wild beasts and stayed rushing rivers, and that Cithaeron's rocks were driven to Thebes by the minstrel's art and of their own will gathered to frame a wall. Nay, Galatea too beneath wild Etna turned her steeds that dripped with brine to the sound of thy songs, Polyphemus.

miremur, nobis et Baccho et Apolline dextro,
turba puellarum si mea verba colit?
quod non Taenariis domus est mihi fulta columnis,
nec camera auratas inter eburna trabes,
nec mea Phaeacas aequant pomaria silvas,
non operosa rigat Marcus antra liquor;
at Musae comites et carmina cara legenti,
nec defessa choris Calliopea meis.

9 What marvel, when Bacchus and Apollo smile on me, that a host of maidens should adore my words? My house is not stayed on Taenarian columns; I have no ivory chamber with gilded beams; no orchards have I to vie with Phaeacia's trees, nor hath art built me grottoes watered by the Marcian fount. But the Muses are my comrades, and my songs are dear to them that read, nor ever is Calliope aweary with my dancing.

fortunata, meo si qua's celebrata libello!
carmina erunt formae tot monumenta tuae.
nam neque pyramidum sumptus ad sidera ducti,
nec Iovis Elei caelum imitata domus,
nec Mausolei dives fortuna sepulcri
mortis ab extrema condicione vacant.
aut illis flamma aut imber subducet honores,
annorum aut tacito pondere victa ruent.

at non ingenio quaesitum nomen ab aevo
excidet: ingenio stat sine morte decus.

¹⁷ Happy she that book of mine hath praised! My songs shall be so many
memorials of thy beauty. For neither the Pyramids built skyward at such cost,
nor the house of Jove at Elis that matches heaven, nor the wealth of
Mausolus' tomb are exempt from the end imposed by death. Their glory is
stolen away by fire or rain, or the strokes of time whelm them to ruin crushed
by their own weight. But the fame that my wit hath won shall never perish: for
wit renown endureth deathless.

III

Visus eram molli recubans Heliconis in umbra,
Bellerophonteï qua fluit umor equi,
reges, Alba, tuos et regum facta tuorum,
tantum operis, nervis hiscere posse meis;
parvaeque iam magnis admoram fontibus ora
(unde pater sitiens Ennius ante bibit,
et cecinit Curios fratres et Horatia pila,
regiaque Aemilia vecta tropaea rate,
victricisque moras Fabii pugnamque sinistram
Cannensem et versos ad pia vota deos,
Hannibalemque Lares Romana sede fugantis,
anseris et tutum voce fuisse Iovem),

III

METHOUGHT I lay in the soft shades of Helicon, where flows the fountain
of Bellerophon's steed, and deemed I had the power with sinews such as mine
to sing of thy kings, O Alba, and the deeds of thy kings, a mighty task.
Already I had set my puny lips to those mighty fountains, whence father
Ennius once slaked his thirst and sang of the Curian brothers and the javelins
of the Horatii and the royal trophies borne in Aemilius' bark, of the victorious
delays of Fabius, the fatal fight of Cannae and the gods that turned to answer
pious prayers, of the Lares frightening Hannibal from their Roman home, and of
Jove saved by the cackling goose.

cum me Castalia specularans ex arbore Phoebus
sic ait aurata nixus ad antra lyra:
'quid tibi cum tali, demens, est flumine? quis te
carminis heroi tangere iussit opus?
non hinc ulla tibi sperandast fama, Properti:
mollia sunt parvis prata terenda rotis;
ut tuus in scamno iactetur saepe libellus,
quem legat exspectans sola puella virum.
cur tua praescriptos evectast pagina gyros?
non est ingenii cumba gravanda tui.
alter remus aquas alter tibi radat harenas,
tutus eris: medio maxima turba marist.'
dixerat, et plectro sedem mihi monstrat eburno,
quo nova muscoso semita facta solost.

13 But of a sudden Phoebus espied me from his Castalian grove and spake
thus, leaning on his golden lyre nigh to a cavern: "Madman, what hast thou to

do with such a stream? Who bade thee essay the task of heroic song? Not hence, Propertius, mayest thou hope for fame! Soft are the meads o'er which thy little wheels must roll, that oft thy book may be read by some lonely girl, that waits her absent lover, and oft be cast upon the stool at her feet. Why has thy page swerved from the ring prescribed for it? The shallop of thy wit can bear no heavy cargo! Let one oar skim the water, the other the sand; so shalt thou be safe: mighty is the turmoil in mid-sea." He spake, and with his ivory quill showed me a dwelling, where a new path had been made along the mossy floor.

hic erat affixis viridis spelunca lapillis,
pendebantque cavis tympana pumicibus,
orgia Musarum et Sileni patris imago
fictilis et calami, Pan Tegeae, tui;
et Veneris dominae volucres, mea turba, columbae
tingunt Gorgoneo punica rostra lacu;
diversaeque novem sortitae iura Puellae
exercent teneras in sua dona manus:
haec hederas legit in thyrsos, haec carmina nervis
aptat, at illa manu textit utraque rosam.

27 Here was a green cave, its walls lined with pebbles, and timbrels hung from its hollowed stones; there hung also the mystic instruments of the Muses and the clay image of father Silenus, and thy reeds, O Pan of Tegea; and doves, birds of my lady Venus, the birds I love, dipped their red bills in the Gorgon's fount, while here and there the Maidens nine, to each of whom the lot hath given her several realm, busied their soft hands about their diverse gifts. One gathered ivy for the thyrsus-wand, another tuned her song to the music of the lyre, a third with either hand wove wreaths of roses.

e quarum numero me contigit una dearum
(ut reor a facie, Calliopea fuit):
'contentus niveis semper vectabere cygnis,
nec te fortis equi ducet ad arma sonus.
nil tibi sit rauco praeconia classica cornu
flare, nec Aonium tingere Marte nemus;
aut quibus in campis Mariano proelia signo
stent et Teutonicas Roma refringat opes,
barbarus aut Suebo perfusus sanguine Rhenus
saucia maerenti corpora vectet aqua.

37 Then one of the number of these goddesses laid her hand upon me— 'twas Calliope, as I deem by her face: "Thou shalt alway be content to be drawn by snowy swans, nor shall the tramp of the war-horse lead thee to battle. Care not thou with hoarse trumpet-blast to blare forth martial advertisement nor to stain

Aonia's grove with war. Care not thou in what fields the battle is arrayed beneath Marius' standard, and Rome beats back the Teuton's power, nor where the wild Rhine, steeped with the Swabian's blood, bears mangled bodies down its sorrowing waves.

quippe coronatos alienum ad limen amantes

nocturnaeque canes ebria signa morae,

ut per te clausas sciat excantare puellas,

qui volet austeros arte ferire viros.'

taliam Calliope, lymphisque a fonte petitis

ora Philitea nostra rigavit aqua.

⁴⁷ "For thou shalt sing of garlanded lovers watching before another's threshold, and the tokens of drunken flight through the dark, that he who would cheat stem husbands by his cunning may through thee have power to charm forth his imprisoned love." So spake Calliope, and, drawing water from the fount, sprinkled my lips with the draught Philetas loved.

IV

Arma deus Caesar dices meditatur ad Indos,
et freta gemmiferi findere classe maris.
magna, Quiris, merces: parat ultima terra triumphos;
Tigris et Euphrates sub tua iura fluent;
sera, sed Ausoniis veniet provincia virgis;
assuescent Latio Partha tropaea Iovi.
ite agite, expertae bello, date lintea, prorae,
et solitum, armigeri, ducite munus, equi!
omina fausta cano. Crassos clademque piate!
ite et Romanae consulite historiae!

IV

CAESAR OUT god plans war against rich Ind and would cleave with his fleet the waters of the pearlbearing sea. Great is the prize, men of Rome: furthest earth prepares triumphs for thee, Tiber, and Euphrates shall flow beneath thy sway. Late shall that province come beneath Ausonia's rods, yet it shall surely come; Parthia's trophies shall become familiar with Latin Jupiter. Go now, ye prowls well skilled in war, unfurl your sails; ye war-horses, ply the task ye know so well! I sing you prospering omens. Avenge Crassus and his slaughter! Go forth and make fair the pages of Rome's story!

Mars pater, et sacrae fatalia lumina Vestae,
ante meos obitus sit precor illa dies,
qua videam spoliis oneratos Caesaris axes,
et subter captos arma sedere duces,
tela fugacis equi et bracati militis arcus,
ad vulgi plausus saepe resistere equos,
inque sinu carae nixus spectare puellae
incipiam et titulis oppida capta legam!

¹¹ O father Mars and ye fires of fate, that burn for holy Vesta, I implore you, may that day come ere I die, on which I shall see Caesars chariots laden with spoils and his steeds oft halting at sound of the people's cheers; then as I lie reclined on the bosom of my beloved I will read the names of captured cities, and will turn mine eyes to gaze at the shafts that were hurled by flying horsemen, at the bows of trousered warriors and the captive chiefs that sit beneath the arms that once they bore.

ipsa tuam serva prolem, Venus: hoc sit in aevum,
cernis ab Aenea quod superesse caput.
praeda sit haec illis, quorum meruere labores:

me sat erit Sacra plaudere posse Via.

¹⁹ Venus, keep safe thine offspring; may that life, that before thine eyes still preserves Aeneas' line, live through all ages! Be the spoil theirs whose toil has won it! Enough for me to be able to cheer them on the Sacred Way.

V

Pacis Amor deus est, pacem veneramur amantes:
 sat mihi cum domina proelia dura mea.
 nec mihi mille iugis Campania pinguis aratur,
 nec bibit e gemma divite nostra sitis,
 nec tamen invisio pectus mihi carpitur auro,
 nec mixta aera paro clade, Corinthe, tua.

V

LOVE is a god of peace: we lovers worship peace: enough for me the hard warfare I wage with my mistress. My soul is not so racked with lust for hateful gold, nor drinks my thirst from cups of precious stone, nor is fat Campania ploughed for me by a thousand yokes, nor do I get me bronzes from thy ruin, hapless Corinth.

o prima infelix fingenti terra Prometheo!
 ille parum caute pectoris egit opus.
 corpora disponens mentem non vidit in arto:
 recta animi primum debuit esse via.
 nunc maris in tantum vento iactamur, et hostem
 quaerimus, atque armis nectimus arma nova.
 haud ullas portabis opes Acherontis ad undas:
 nudus in inferna, stulte, vehere rate.
 victor cum victo pariter miscetur in umbris:
 consule cum Mario, capte Iugurtha, sedes.
 Lydus Dulichio non distat Croesus ab Iro:
 optima mors, carpta quae venit ante die.

7 Ah! primeval earth so unkind to Prometheus' fashioning hand! With too little care he moulded the human heart. He ordered men's bodies, but forgot the mind as he plied his art; straight before all else should have been the path of the soul. Now o'er such wide seas are we tempest-tossed; we seek out a foe, and pile fresh war on war. Yet no wealth shalt thou carry to the waves of Acheron: naked, thou fool, thou shalt be borne to the ship of Hell. There victor and vanquished shades are mingled in equality of death: captive Jugurtha, thou sittest beside the consul Marius; Lydian Croesus is as Dulichian Irus! That death is best that comes apace when we have had our joy of life.

me iuvat in prima coluisse Helicon iuventa
 Musarumque choris implicuisse manus;
 me iuvat et multo mentem vincire Lyaeo,

et caput in verna semper habere rosa.
atque ubi iam Venerem gravis interceperit aetas,
sparserit et nigras alba senecta comas,
tum mihi naturae libeat perdiscere mores,
quis deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum,
qua venit exoriens, qua deficit, unde coactis
cornibus in plenum menstrua luna redit,
unde salo superant venti, quid flamine captet
Eurus, et in nubes unde perennis aqua;
sit ventura dies mundi quae subruat arces,
purpureus pluvias cur bibit arcus aquas,
aut cur Perrhaebi tremuere cacumina Pindi,
solis et atratis luxerit orbis equis,
cur serus versare boves et plaustra Bootes,
Pleiadum spisso cur coit igne chorus,
curve suos fines altum non exeat aequor,
plenus et in partes quattuor annus eat;
sub terris sint iura deum et tormenta reorum,
num rota, num scopuli, num sitis inter aquas,
aut Alcmæoniae furiae aut ieiunia Phinei,
Tisiphones atro si furit angue caput,
num tribus infernum custodit faucibus antrum
Cerberus, et Tityo iugera pauca novem,
an ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
et timor haud ultra quam rogos esse potest.
exitus hic vitae superet mihi: vos, quibus arma
grata magis, Crassi signa referte domum.

19 My delight is it to have worshipped Helicon in my earliest youth and to have entwined my hands in the Muses' dance. Be it my delight also to bind my soul with deep Lyæan draughts and ever to have wreaths of spring roses about my brow. And when the burdening years have set a stay to love, and whitening age hath flecked my black locks, then be it my pleasure to learn the ways of nature, to learn what god rules by his wisdom this quarter of the world, how comes the rising moon, how wanes, and how each month its horns are orb'd again to the full; whence sweep the winds in triumph over the sea, what seeks the East Wind with his blast, and whence the clouds draw their unfailing water; whether a day shall come to o'erthrow the citadels of the world; why the bright bow drinks up the rain-water, why the peaks of Perrhaebian Pindus have trembled, why mourned the sun's disk with dark-robed steeds, why Bootes is late to turn his oxen and wain, why the band of Pleiads shine with close-set fires, why the deep outsteps not its bounds, and why the full year hath four seasons in its round; whether there be gods that rule underground and giants that suffer torment, and Tisiphone's brow be wild

with black snakes; whether Alcmaeon be plagued with Furies and Phineus with fasting, whether there be the wheel, the rolling rock, the thirst in the water's midst; whether Cerberus guards with triple throat the cave of Hell, and nine acres are all too few for Tityos; or if the tale that hath come down to wretched mortals be an empty dream and there is naught to dread beyond the pyre. Such is the close of life that waits for me: do ye to whom arms are dearest bring home the standards of Crassus!

VI

Dic mihi de nostra quae sensi vera puella:
sic tibi sint dominae, Lygdame, dempta iuga.
omnis enim debet sine vano nuntius esse,
maiolemque metu servus habere fidem.
nunc mihi, si qua tenes, ab origine dicere prima
incipi: suspensis auribus ista bibam.
num me laetitia tumefactum fallis inani,
haec referens, quae me credere velle putas?

VI

TELL me truly what thou thinkest of my love: so, Lygdamus, be the yoke of thy mistress taken from thy neck. Dost thou cheat me and make me swell with baseless joy, telling me such news as thou thinkst I would fain believe? Every messenger should be blameless of lying, and a slave should be all the truer by reason of his fear. Now set forth thy tale to me from the first beginning, if thou rememberest aught; I will listen with eager ears.

sicin eram incomptis vidisti flere capillis?
illius ex oculis multa cadebat aqua?
nec speculum in strato vidisti, Lygdame, lecto,
scriniaque ad lecti clausa iacere pedes,
ac maestam teneris vestem pendere lacertis?
ornabat niveas nullane gemma manus?
tristis erat domus, et tristes sua pensa ministrae
carpebant, medio nebat et ipsa loco,
umidaque impressa siccabat lumina lana,
rettulit et querulo iurgia nostra sono?
'haec te teste mihi promissast, Lygdame, merces?
est poena et servo rumpere teste fidem.
ille potest nullo miseram me linquere facto,
et qualem nolo dicere habere domi?
gaudet me vacuo solam tabescere lecto?
si placet, insultet, Lygdame, morte mea.
non me moribus illa, sed herbis improba vicit
staminea rhombi ducitur ille rota.
illum turgentis sanie portenta rubetae
et lecta exsuctis anguibus ossa trahunt,
et strigis inventae per busta iacentia plumae,
cinctaque funesto lanea vitta toro.
si non vana canunt mea somnia, Lygdame, testor,
poena erit ante meos sera sed ampla pedes;

putris et in vacuo textetur aranea lecto:
noctibus illorum dormiet ipsa Venus.'

9 Did her tears rain even so when thou beheldest her weep with hair dishevelled? Didst thou see no mirror, Lygdamus, on her couch? Did no jewelled ring adorn her snowy hands? Didst thou see a sad-hued robe hang from her soft arms, and did her toilet caskets lie closed at the bed's foot? Was the house sad, and sad her handmaids as they plied their tasks, and was she knitting in their midst? Did she press the wool to her eyes to dry their moisture, and repeat my chidings with plaintive tone?—"Is this the reward he promised me in thy hearing, Lygdamus? Perjury may be punished, though the witness be but a slave. Can he leave me thus to weep with never an act of love, and keep in his house one such as I would not name? He rejoices that I pine forlorn in my empty bed. If it please him, Lygdamus, let him mock me even in death. 'Twas by no winning ways, but by magic herbs, that she, the wretch, hath conquered me: he is led captive by the magic wheel whirled on its string. He is drawn to her by the monstrous charms of the swelling bramble-toad and by the bones she has gathered from dried serpents, by the owl-feathers found on low-lying tombs, and the woollen fillet bound about the doomed man. I call thee to witness, Lygdamus; if my dreams lie not, he shall yield me vengeance, late, yet ample, as he grovels at my feet. The spider shall weave her mouldering threads about his empty couch, and Venus herself shall slumber on the night of their embrace."

quae tibi si veris animis est questa puella,
hac eadem rursus, Lygdame, curre via,
et mea cum multis lacrimis mandata reporta,
iram, non fraudes esse in amore meo,
me quoque consimili impositum torquerier igni:
iurabo bis sex integer esse dies.
quod mihi si e tanto felix concordia bello
exstiterit, per me, Lygdame, liber eris.

35 If my love spake these words with truth in her soul, run back, Lygdamus, by the way thou earnest. Bear back this message from me with many tears, that my passion may have stooped to anger, but never to guile, that I am tormented by like flame to hers: I will swear that for twice six days I have known no woman. Then if blest peace shall spring from such fierce war, as far as I may serve thee, Lygdamus, thou art free!

VII

Ergo sollicitae tu causa, pecunia, vitae!
per te immaturum mortis adimus iter;
tu vitiis hominum crudelia pabula praebes;
semina curarum de capite orta tuo.
tu Paetum ad Pharios tendentem lintea portus
obruis insano terque quaterque mari.

VII

THOU, therefore, money, art the cause that life is full of care! 'tis for thee we go down to death ere our time; 'tis thou that givest men's vices cruel nourishment, thou art the fount whence spring the seeds of woe: 'twas thou that thrice and four times didst whelm with raging seas Paetus that set his sails toward Pharos' haven.

nam dum te sequitur, primo miser excidit aevo
et nova longinquis piscibus esca natat.
quod si contentus patrio bove verteret agros,
verbaque duxisset pondus habere mea,
viveret ante suos dulcis conviva Penates,
pauper, at in terra nil nisi fleret opes.
noluit hoc Paetus, stridorem audire procellae
et duro teneras laedere fune manus,
sed thyio thalamo aut Oricia terebintho
effultum pluma versicolore caput.
hunc parvo ferri vidit nox improba ligno,
et miser invisam traxit hiatus aquam;
huic fluctus vivo radicitus abstulit unguis:
Paetus ut occideret, tot coiere mala.
flens tamen extremis dedit haec mandata querelis
cum moribunda niger clauderet ora liquor:
'di maris Aegaei quos sunt penes aequora, venti,
et quaecumque meum degravat unda caput,

7 Poor wretch, while he followed thee he was snatched away from life's first bloom, and floats strange food for fishes far away. His mother might not give burial due to the dust of him that loved her, nor lay him in earth amid the ashes of his kin. But the birds of the sea stand now above thy bones, and thou hast for sepulchre the whole Carpathian main. Ah! cruel North Wind, ravished Orithyia's dread, what great harvest of spoil couldst thou win from him? Or why, Neptune, delightest thou in shipwreck? Righteous men were they that voyaged in that hull. Paetus, why count'st thou o'er thy years? Why, as thou

swimmest, is thy dear mother's name upon thy lips? The wave hath no gods to hear thee. Thy cables were made fast to the rocks, but the storms of the night shore through their strands and swept them all away.

quo rapitis miseros primae lanuginis annos?
attulimus longas in freta vestra comas.
ah miser alcyonum scopulis affligar acutis!
in me caeruleo fuscina sumpta deost.
at saltem Italiae regionibus evehat aestus:
hoc de me sat erit si modo matris erit.'
subtrahit haec fantem torta vertigine fluctus;
ultima quae Paeto voxque diesque fuit.
Paete, quid aetatem numeras? quid cara natanti
mater in ore tibist? non habet unda deos.
et mater non iusta piaae dare debita terrae
nec pote cognatos inter humare rogos,
sed tua nunc volucres astant super ossa marinae,
nunc tibi pro tumulo Carpathium omne marest.
infelix Aquilo, raptae timor Orithyiae,
quae spolia ex illo tanta fuere tibi?
aut quidnam fracta gaudes, Neptune, carina?
portabat sanctos alveus ille viros.

25 Give back his body to earth, his life lies lost in the deep; sands without worth, drift at your will and cover Paetus. And oft as the mariner passes Paetus' tomb let him say: "Thou canst bring terror even to the brave!" Go to now, build curving keels, weave engines of death: 'tis from man's hands come deaths like this. Earth was too small for death, we have added the waves: by our craft have we enlarged the cruel paths of fortune. Should the anchor hold thee, whom thy home could not hold? What shouldst thou say he merits, that finds his native land too small? Whate'er thou buildest is sport of the winds; no keel hath e'er grown old; even the haven keeps not faith. Nature with guile hath made the sea a path for greed: scarce once may success be thine. There are shores that bear witness to Agamemnon's woe, where the doom of Argynnus brands the waves of Mimas; for the loss of this boy Atrides would not launch his ships and for this tarrying was Iphigenia slain. The rocks of Caphareus brake a triumphant fleet, when shipwrecked Greece was engulfed by the wild brine. Ulysses wept the loss of his comrades one by one; against the sea alone his wiles had no power.

o centum aequoreae Nereo genitore puellae,
et tu, materno tacta dolore, Theti;
vos decuit lasso supponere brachia mento:
non poterat vestras ille gravare manus.
reddite corpus, aquae! positast in gurgite vita;

Paetum sponte tua, vilis harena, tegas;
et quotiens Paeti transibit nauta sepulcrum,
dicat 'et audaci tu timor esse potes.'
ite, rates curvate et leti texite causas:
ista per humanas mors venit acta manus.
terra parum fuerat fatis, adiecimus undas:
fortunae miseras auximus arte vias.
ancora te teneat, quem non tenuere penates?
quid meritum dicas, cui sua terra parumst?
ventorumst, quodcumque paras: haud ulla carina
consenuit, fallit portus et ipse fidem.
nam tibi nocturnis ad saxa ligata procellis
omnia detricto vincula fune cadunt.
sunt Agamemnonias testantia litora curas,
quae notat Argynni poena Athamantiadae.
[hoc iuvene amisso classem non solvit Atrides,
pro qua mactatast Iphigenia mora.]
natura insidians pontum substravit avaris:
ut tibi succedat, vix semel esse potest.

43 But if Paetus had been content to plough his fields with his father's kine, and had counted my words of weight, still would he live to feast in merriment before his household gods; poor though he were, yet on dry land would he have naught to bewEEP, save only lack of wealth. Paetus could not endure to hear the shrieking gale, nor to wound his delicate hands with the hard cordage; his rather to lie in a chamber of Chian marble or on a couch of Orician terebinth, his head propped on down of rainbow hues. Yet from him while still he lived did the wave rend his nails, and right loth, poor wretch, his gasping throat gulped down the waters: yet him did the wild night see borne on a slender plank: so many ills conspired for the death of Paetus. Natheless with his last lamentations he gave this charge and wept, when the dark wave was closing his dying lips: "Ye gods of the Aegean that have power over the waters, ye winds and every wave that weighs down my head, whither snatch ye the hapless years of my first bloom? Was there guilt on the hands that I brought to your seas? Ah! woe is me! The sharp rocks where the seamew nests shall batter me! The god of the blue deep hath smitten me with his trident. Yet at least may the tide cast me up on Italian shores: little though there be left of me, 'twill suffice if but it reach my mother." Even as he spake these words the wave with twisting eddy dragged him down; thus passed from Paetus speech and life together.

saxa triumphalis fregere Capherea puppes,
naufraga cum vasto Graecia tracta salost.
paulatim socium iacturam flevit Ulixes,
in mare cui soliti non valere doli.

at tu, saeve Aquilo, numquam mea vela videbis:
ante fores dominae condar oportet iners.

⁶⁷ Ye hundred daughters of Nereus, maids of the sea, and thou Thetis, whom a mother's love once drew from out the deep, ye should have placed your arms beneath his weary chin: he was no heavy burden for your hands. But thou, fierce wind of the North, never shalt thou see my sails; mine rather before my mistress' doors to lay me down, adventuring naught.

VIIIA

Dulcis ad hesternas fuerat mihi rixa lucernas
vocis et insanae tot maledicta tuae.
tu vero nostros audax invade capillos
et mea formosis unguibus ora nota,
tu minitare oculos subiecta exurere flamma,
fac mea rescisso pectora nuda sinu!
cum furibunda mero mensam propellis et in me
proicis insana cymbia plena manu,
nimirum veri dantur mihi signa caloris:
nam sine amore gravi femina nulla dolet.
quae mulier rabida iactat convicia lingua,
haec Veneris magnae volvitur ante pedes.
custodum grege seu circa se stipat euntem,
seu sequitur medias, maenas ut icta, vias,
seu timidam crebro dementia somnia terrent,
seu miseram in tabula picta puella movet,
his ego tormentis animi sum verus haruspex,
has didici certo saepe in amore notas.
non est certa fides, quam non in iurgia vertas:
hostibus eveniat lenta puella meis.

VIII

RIGHT glad am I of our brawl by the lamplight yestereve and all the railings
of thy frenzied tongue, when mad with wine thou didst thrust away the table
and cast goblets of wine at me with angry hand. Nay, be bold! Assail my hair
and scar my face with thy fair talons! Threaten to hold fire beneath mine eyes
and burn them from their sockets! Tear my raiment and leave my bosom bare!
love be strong. She, that hurls taunts with raving tongue, lies grovelling at the
feet of mighty Venus; she throngs herself close with flocks of guardians, or
rushes down the street like some frenzied Maenad; or wild dreams fright her
timid soul continually, or the painted portrait of some girl fills her with woe.
From all these torments of soul I draw sure auguries: these have I learned to
be the signs of constant passion. No love is constant that cannot be provoked
to quarrel: be girls that naught may move the fate of them that hate me.

in morso aequales videant mea vulnera collo:
me doceat livor mecum habuisse meam.
aut in amore dolere volo aut audire dolentem,
sive meas lacrimas sive videre tuas,
tectata superciliis si quando verba remittis,
aut tua cum digitis scripta silenda notas.

odi ego quos numquam pungunt suspiria somnos:
semper in irata pallidus esse velim.
dulcior ignis erat Paridi, cum Graia per arma
Tynaridi poterat gaudia ferre suae:
dum vincunt Danai, dum restat barbarus Hector,
ille Helenae in gremio maxima bella gerit.
aut tecum aut pro te mihi cum rivalibus arma
semper erunt: in te pax mihi nulla placet.

21 Let my comrades see the wounds where her teeth have tom my neck; let dark bruises show that my love hath been with me. I would have sorrow myself in love, or else hear thine; I would see thy tears or else mine own, that fall if ever thou sendest secret messages with nodding brow, or with thy fingers writest words thou wouldst not speak aloud. I hate those sighs that never break through sleep: 'tis for an angry mistress I would ever be pale with longing. Sweeter to Paris was his passion's fire, when he must cleave his way through the hosts of Greece ere he could bring joy to his love, the daughter of Tyndareus. While the Danaans conquered, while savage Hector barred their path, he waged a mightier war in Helen's arms. Either with thee or for thee with my rival will I wage truceless war: where thou art, peace hath for me no pleasure.

VIIIB

gaude, quod nullast aequae formosa: doleres,
si qua foret: nunc sis iure superba licet.
at tibi, qui nostro nexisti retia lecto,

VIIIA

REJOICE that none is fair as thou! Thou wouldst grieve if there were any. But
now thou hast just cause for pride.

sit socer aeternum nec sine matre domus!
cui nunc si qua datast furandae copia noctis,
offensa illa mihi, non tibi amica, dedit.

³⁷ But for thee, that didst spread a snare for our love, may thy wife's father
live for ever and thy house ne'er have peace from her mother! If ever thou
wast granted the boon of one stolen night, 'twas anger against me, not love for
thee, that made her grant it.

IX

Maecenas, eques Etrusco de sanguine regum,
intra fortunam qui cupis esse tuam,
quid me scribendi tam vastum mittis in aequor?
non sunt apta meae grandia vela rati.

IX

MAECENAS, knight sprung from the blood of Tuscan kings, that wouldst
fain abide within thy fortune's scope, why dost thou launch me on so wide a
sea of song? Such spreading canvas suits not a bark like mine.

turpest, quod nequeas, capiti committere pondus
et pressum inflexo mox dare terga genu.
omnia non pariter rerum sunt omnibus apta,
palma nec ex aequo ducitur ulla iugo.
gloria Lysippost animosa effingere signa;
exactis Calamis se mihi iactat equis;
in Veneris tabula summam sibi poscit Apelles;
Parrhasius parva vindicat arte locum;
argumenta magis sunt Mentoris addita formae;
at Myos exiguum flectit acanthus iter;
Phidiacus signo se Iuppiter ornat eburno;
Praxitelen propria vendit ab urbe lapis.
est quibus Eleae concurrat palma quadrigae,
est quibus in celeris gloria nata pedes;
hic satus ad pacem, hic castrensibus utilis armis:
naturae sequitur semina quisque suae.

5 It brings but shame to take upon thine head a burden that thou canst not bear,
and soon to bow the knee and turn in flight. All things are not meet alike for
all men; from different heights the palm of fame is won. 'Tis Lysippus' glory
to mould statues with all the fire of life; Calamis, methinks, boasts the
perfection of his carven steeds; Apelles claims his highest glory from his
painting of Venus; Parrhasius asserts his place by his miniature art; groups
rather are the themes of Mentor's mould; in the works of Mys the acanthus
winds on its brief way; the Jove of Phidias arrays himself in a statue of ivory;
the marble in Triops' city gives Praxiteles glory. Some race their victorious
chariots at Elis; for the swift feet of some was glory born; one was begotten
for peace, another is meet for the weapons of war; each man follows the seeds
of his own nature.

at tua, Maecenas, vitae praecepta recepi,

cogor et exemplis te superare tuis.
cum tibi Romano dominas in honore secures
et liceat medio ponere iura foro;
vel tibi Medorum pugnacis ire per hastas,
atque onerare tuam fixa per arma domum;
et tibi ad effectum vires det Caesar, et omni
tempore tam faciles insinuentur opes;
parcis et in tenuis humilem te colligis umbras:
velorum plenos subtrahis ipse sinus.
crede mihi, magnos aequabunt ista Camillos
iudicia, et venies tu quoque in ora virum.
non ego velifera tumidum mare findo carina:
tota sub exiguo flumine nostra morast.
non flebo in cineres arcem sedisse paternos
Cadmi, nec semper proelia clade pari;
nec referam Sca eas et Pergama, Apollinis arces,
et Danaum decimo vere redisse rates,
moenia cum Graio Neptunia pressit aratro
victor Palladiae ligneus artis equus.
inter Callimachi sat erit placuisse libellos
et cecinisse modis, Coe+ poeta, tuis.
haec urant pueros, haec urant scripta puellas
meque deum clament et mihi sacra ferant!
te duce vel Iovis arma canam caeloque minantem
Coeum et Phlegraeis Eurymedonta iugis;

21 But I, Maecenas, have taken to heart thy rule of life, and am driven to vanquish thee with thine own example. Though as a magistrate of Rome thou mightest plant thine imperious axes where thou wouldst and deal justice in the Forum's midst; though thou mightest pass through the fierce Medians' spears and load thy house with trophies of arms; though Caesar gives thee strength for success, and at all seasons ready wealth pours into thy purse, yet holdest thou back and dost withdraw in lowly wise to modest shades, and of thine own choice furlest the swelling canvas of thy sails. Believe me, thy resolve shall rival the great deeds of Camillus, and thou also shalt be a name upon the lips of men, and thy footsteps shall accompany the fame of Caesar; thy loyalty, Maecenas, shall be thy true trophy of triumph. I cleave not the swelling sea with sail-borne keel: I do but loiter in the shelter of a little stream. I will not tell in tearful strain how Cadmus' citadel sank into ashes beneath the Father's fire, nor of the seven fights, each closed with like disaster; I will not tell of the Scaean gate and Pergama, Apollo's citadel, nor how the Danaan ships returned in the tenth spring, when the wooden horse, wrought by the cunning of Pallas, won the day and made the walls, that Neptune built, to be razed by the Greek plough. Enough for me to have found

acceptance among the books of Callimachus and to have sung, O Dorian poet, in strains like thine. Let my writings kindle boys and girls to love! Let them acclaim me as a god and bring me sacrifice!

eductosque pares silvestri ex ubere reges,
ordiar et caeso moenia firma Remo,
celsaque Romanis decerpta palatia tauris,
crescet et ingenium sub tua iussa meum;
prosequar et currus utroque ab litore ovantis,
Parthorum astutae tela remissa fugae,
claustraque Pelusi Romano subruta ferro,
Antonique gravis in sua fata manus.
mollia tu coepatae fautor cape lora iuventae,
dexteraque immissis da mihi signa rotis.

47 Be thou my leader, then will I sing of the arms of Jove, of Coeus threatening heaven and Eurymedon on Phlegra's hills: then will I set forth to tell of the kings that were reared together at the wild beast's teat, of the walls that were established by the slaying of Remus, and of the lofty Palatine grazed by the steers of Rome; and my wit shall grow to the height of thy commands. I will hymn thy chariots that triumph from the East and from the West, the shafts now idle of the Parthian's crafty flight, the camp of Pelusium o'erthrown by the sword of Rome, and Antony whose own hands wrought his doom.

hoc mihi, Maecenas, laudis concedis, et a test
quod ferar in partis ipse fuisse tuas.

57 Do thou but grant thy kindly favour, take the reins that guide my youthful course and give me favouring applause when my wheels speed forth in the race. This is the glory thou grantest me, Maecenas, and to thee 'tis due that men shall say that I, even I, have followed thine example.

X

Mirabar, quidnam visissent mane Camenae,
ante meum stantes sole rubente torum.
natalis nostrae signum misere puellae
et manibus faustos ter crepuere sonos.
transeat hic sine nube dies, stent aere venti,
ponat et in sicco molliter unda minas.
aspiciam nullos hodierna luce dolentis,
et Niobae lacrimas supprimat ipse lapis;
alcyonum positis requiescant ora querelis;
inrepet absumptum nec sua mater Ityn.

X

I WONDERED what omen the Muses had sent me as they stood before my couch in the red sunlight of dawn. They sent me a token that 'twas the birthday of my mistress, and thrice with propitious sound they clapped their hands. May this day pass to its close without a cloud, may the winds be motionless in heaven, and may the threatening wave sink to calm on the dry shore. To-day may I see none that mourn, and may even the rock that is Niobe withhold its tears. May the sea-birds' mouths have rest, hushed from their wailing, and the mother of Itys cease to moan his death.

tuque, o cara mihi, felicibus edita pennis,
surge et poscentis iusta precare deos.
at primum pura somnum tibi discute lympha,
et nitidas presso pollice finge comas;
dein qua primum oculos cepisti veste Properti
indue, nec vacuum flore relinque caput;
et pete, qua polles, ut sit tibi forma perennis,
inque meum semper stent tua regna caput.
inde coronatas ubi ture piaveris aras,
luxerit et tota flamma secunda domo,
sit mensae ratio, noxque inter pocula currat,
et crocino nares murreus ungat onyx.
tibia continuis succumbat rauca choreis,
et sint nequitiae libera verba tuae,
dulciaque ingratos adimant convivia somnos;
publica vicinae perstrepat aura viae:
sit sors et nobis talorum interprete iactu,
quem gravius pennis verberet ille puer.
cum fuerit multis exacta trientibus hora,
noctis et instituet sacra ministra Venus,

annua solvamus thalamo sollemnia nostro,
natalisque tui sic peragamus iter.

11 And do thou, beloved, born under happy auguries, rise and pray to the gods that demand their due offering. First with pure water wash sleep from off thee, and with thy finger's impress tire thy shining hair. Next don that robe wherein thou first didst snare the eyes of Propertius, and let thy brows not lack a crown of flowers. And pray that the beauty that is thy might may endure alway, and that thou mayest be the queen of my heart for ever. Then when thou hast appeased the wreathed altars with incense and their fire hath flashed its blessing through all the house, give thy thoughts to feasting. Let night speed mid the wine-cup, and let the casket of yellow onyx make glad our nostrils with oil of saffron; let the hoarse pipe blow for the midnight dance till it give o'er for weariness, and let thy wanton words come fast and free. Let the merry banquet keep unwelcome slumbers far, and let the air of the neighbouring street ring loud that all may hear. Let us cast lots, let the fall of the dice reveal to us those whom the boy god lashes with heavy pinions. And then when the hours have been sped by many a goblet and Venus appoints those mysteries that wait on night, let us with all solemnity perform the anniversary's rite in our chamber, and thus complete the path of thy natal day.

XI

Quid mirare, meam si versat femina vitam
et trahit addictum sub sua iura virum,
criminaque ignavi capitis mihi turpia fingis,
quod nequeam fracto rumpere vincla iugo?
ventorum melius praesagit navita morem,
vulneribus didicit miles habere metum.
ista ego praeterita iactavi verba iuventa:
tu nunc exemplo disce timere meo.

XI

WHY marvellest thou that a woman sways my life and drags my manhood
captive beneath her rule? Why falsely dost thou hurl at me the foul taunt of
cowardice, because I cannot snap my chains and break my yoke. 'Tis the
mariner best foretells his coming doom, 'tis wounds that teach the soldier fear.
I once spake boasts like thine in my past youth: now let my example teach
thee to be afraid.

Colchis flagrantis adamantina sub iuga tauros
egit et armigera proelia sevit humo,
custodisque feros clausit serpentis hiatus,
iret ut Aesonias aurea lana domos.
ausa ferox ab equo quondam oppugnare sagittis
Maeotis Danaum Penthesilea rates;
aurea cui postquam nudavit cassida frontem,
vicit victorem candida forma virum.
Omphale in tantum formae processit honorem,
Lydia Gygaeo tincta puella lacu,
ut, qui pacato statuisset in orbe columnas,
tam dura traheret mollia pensa manu.
Persarum statuit Babylona Semiramis urbem,
ut solidum cocto tolleret aggere opus,
et duo in adversum mitti per moenia currus
nec possent tacto stringere ab axe latus;
duxit et Euphraten medium, quam condidit, arcis,
iussit et imperio subdere Bactra caput.

9 The witch of Colchis drove the fiery bulls beneath the adamantine yoke and
sowed battles in the warrior-bearing earth, and closed the fierce, gaping jaws
of the guardian snake, that the fleece of gold might go to Aeson's halls.
Maeotian Penthesilea once dared on horseback to assail the Danaan ships with
her arrows, even she whose bright beauty conquered the conquering hero,

when the helm of gold laid bare her brow. Omphale, the maid of Lydia, bathed in the Gygean lake, rose to such renown of beauty that he, who had set up his pillars in the world he had tamed to peace, with homy hands plucked soft tasks of wool. Semiramis stablished Babylon, the Persian's city, in such wise that it rose a solid mass with wall of brick, and two chariots might be sent to meet each other nor graze their sides with touching axles; and through the midst of the citadel which she founded she led Euphrates, and bade Bactra bow its head to her sway.

nam quid ego heroas, quid raptem in crimina divos?

Iuppiter infamat seque suamque domum.
quid, modo quae nostris opprobria nexerit armis,
et, famulos inter femina trita suos,
coniugii obsceni pretium Romana poposcit
moenia et addictos in sua regna Patres?
noxia Alexandria, dolis aptissima tellus,
et totiens nostro Memphi cruenta malo,
tris ubi Pompeio detraxit harena triumphos —
tollet nulla dies hanc tibi, Roma, notam.
issent Phlegraeo melius tibi funera campo,
vel tua si socero colla daturus eras.
scilicet incesti meretrix regina Canopi,
una Philippeo sanguine adusta nota,
ausa Iovi nostro latrantem opponere Anubim,
et Tiberim Nili cogere ferre minas,
Romanamque tubam crepitanti pellere sistro,
baridos et contis rostra Liburna sequi,
foedaque Tarpeio conopia tendere saxo,
iura dare et statuas inter et arma Mari!
quid nunc Tarquinii fractas iuvat esse secures,
nomine quem simili vita superba notat,
si mulier patienda fuit? cane, Roma, triumphum
et longum Augusto salva precare diem!
fugisti tamen in timidi vaga flumina Nili:
accepere tuae Romula vincla manus.
brachia spectasti sacris admorsa colubris,
et trahere occultum membra soporis iter.
'Non hoc, Roma, fui tanto tibi cive verenda!'
dixit et assiduo lingua sepulta mero.
septem urbs alta iugis, toto quae praesidet orbi,
non humana deicienda manu.
haec di condiderunt, haec di quoque moenia servant:
vix timeat salvo Caesare Roma Iovem.

on himself and on his house. Why should I tell of her that of late heaped insults on our arms, that woman who found lovers even among her slaves, and claimed the walls of Rome and the Senate enslaved to her tyranny as a fee from her foul paramour? Guilty Alexandria, land most skilled in guile, and Memphis so often bloodstained with our woe, where the sand robbed Pompey of his three triumphs! No day shall ever free thee of this stain, O Rome! Better for thee, Pompey, had thy funeral gone forth on the Phlegrean plain, or hadst thou been doomed to bow thy neck to thy wife's father! Forsooth the harlot queen of unchaste Canopus, the one disgrace branded on Rome by the race of Philip, dared to match barking Anubis against our Roman Jove, to force Tiber to endure the threats of Nile, to drive out the Roman trumpet with rattling sistrum and with poled barge to pursue the Liburnian galley, to stretch her foul curtains on the Tarpeian rock, and to give judgment amid the arms and statues of Marius. The city high-throned on the seven hills, the queen of all the world, was terrified by a woman's might and feared her threats! What boots it now to have broken the axes of Tarquin, whose proud life brands him with the name of "proud," if we must needs endure a woman's tyranny? Rome, take thy triumph and, saved from doom, implore long life for Augustus. Yet didst thou fly, O queen, to the wandering streams of timorous Nile! Thy hands received the chains of Rome. I saw her arms bitten by the sacred asps, I saw her limbs drink in slumber as it worked its secret way. "Thou needst not have feared me, Rome, with such a citizen to guard thee!" so spake even the tongue that deep draughts of wine had enslaved.

nunc ubi Scipiadae classes, ubi signa Camilli,
aut modo Pompeia, Bospori, capta manu?
Hannibalis spolia et victi monumenta Syphacis,
et Pyrrhi ad nostros gloria fracta pedes?
Curtius expletis statuit monumenta lacunis,
admisso Decius proelia rupit equo,
Coclitis abscissos testatur semita pontes,
est cui cognomen corvus habere dedit:
Leucadius versas acies memorabit Apollo:
tanti operis bellum sustulit una dies.
at tu, sive petes portus seu, navita, linques,
Caesaris in toto sis memor Ionio.

61 Curtius closed the gulf and made himself an everlasting memorial: Decius brake the battle-line with charging steed; the path of Codes still tells of the cutting of the bridge: and one there is who won his name from a raven. The gods founded these walls, and the gods protect them; while Caesar lives scarce should Rome fear the wrath of Jove! Now where are Scipio's fleets, where the standards of Camillus, or thou, O Bosporus, so lately captured by the might of Pompey? Where are the spoils of Hannibal and the trophies of conquered Syphax, and Pyrrhus' glory broken beneath our feet? Leucadian

Apollo shall tell how the hosts were turned to flight: one day of war swept away so vast an armament! But do thou, O mariner, whether thou seekest or leavest the haven, remember Caesar o'er all the Ionian main.

XII

Postume, plorantem potuisti linquere Gallam,
miles et Augusti fortia signa sequi?
tantine ulla fuit spoliati gloria Parthi,
ne faceres Galla multa rogante tua?
si fas est, omnes pariter pereatis avari,
et quisquis fido praetulit arma toro!

XII

POSTUMUS, hadst thou the heart to leave Galla weeping and to follow the gallant standards of Augustus to the wars? Was any glory from Parthia's spoils worth aught to thee, when thy Galla oft prayed thee not to go? If it be lawful, may all ye that are greedy for gold perish alike, and with you the man that loves arms more than a faithful bride!

tu tamen iniecta tectus, vesane, lacerna
potabis galea fessus Araxis aquam.
illa quidem interea fama tabescet inani,
haec tua ne virtus fiat amara tibi,
neve tua Medae laetentur caede sagittae,
ferreus armato neu cataphractus equo,
neve aliquid de te flendum referatur in urna:
sic redeunt, illis qui cecidere locis.

7 Yet thou, madman, with thy cloak cast about thee for covering shalt drink the water of Araxes from thy helmet when thou art weary; and she meanwhile will pine at each idle rumour, for fear lest thy valour cost thee dear, or lest the Median arrows rejoice in thy death or the mailed soldier on his gilded steed; or lest some scanty relics of thee be brought home in an urn for her to weep; thus they return that perish in those lands.

ter quater in casta felix, o Postume, Galla!
moribus his alia coniuge dignus eras.
quid faciet nullo munita puella timore,
cum sit luxuriae Roma magistra suae?
sed securus eas: Gallam non munera vincent,
duritiaeque tuae non erit illa memor.
nam quocumque die salvum te fata remittent,
pendebit collo Galla pudica tuo.
Postumus alter erit miranda coniuge Ulixes:
non illi longae tot nocuere morae,
castra decem annorum, et Ciconum mors, Ismara capta,

exustaeque tuae nox, Polypheme, genae,
et Circae fraudes, lotosque herbaeque tenaces,
Scyllaque et alternas scissa Charybdis aquas,
Lampetis Ithacis veribus mugisse iuencos
(paverat hos Phoebus filia Lampetie),
et thalamum Aeaeae flentis fugisse puellae,
totque hiemis noctes totque natasse dies,
nigrantisque domos animarum intrasse silentium,
Sirenum surdo remige adisse lacus,
et veteres arcus leto renovasse procorum,
errorisque sui sic statuiste modum.
nec frustra, quia casta domi persederat uxor.
vincit Penelopes Aelia Galla fidem.

15 Thrice and four times blest, O Postumus, art thou in Galla's chastity! With a heart like thine thou wast worthy of a different spouse! What will a woman do with no fear for safeguard, when there is Rome to teach its luxury? But go without fear; no gifts shall conquer Galla and she will not remember thy cruelty. For whensoever fate sends thee home in safety, chaste Galla shall hang about thy neck. Postumus shall be another Ulysses with a wife to wake men's wonder: no hurt did Ulysses suffer from his long tarrying, no hurt from the ten years' leaguer, from Ismara the Ciconians' mount, from Calpe, and thereafter the burning of thine eye, O Polyphemus; no hurt from the guile of Circe, the lotos with its binding spell, nor from Scylla and Charybdis, cloven with alternate ebb and flow, nor when Lampetie's oxen bellowed on the Ithacan spits (Lampetie, Phoebus' daughter, had pastured them for her sire), nor when he fled from the couch of Aeaea's weeping queen, or swam the deep so many nights and days, entered the dark halls of the silent ghosts, and with deaf oarsmen drew nigh the Siren's pools, revived his ancient bow with the suitors' slaughter, and thus set a term to his wanderings. And not in vain, for his wife had remained true to him at home. Aelia Galla shall surpass Penelope's fidelity.

XIII

Quaeritis, unde avidis nox sit pretiosa puellis,
et Venere exhaustae damna querantur opes.
certa quidem tantis causa et manifesta ruinis:
luxuriae nimium libera facta viast.
Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis,
et venit e Rubro concha Erycina salo,
et Tyros ostrinos praebet Cadmea colores,
cinnamon et multi pistor odoris Arabs.
haec etiam clausas expugnant arma pudicas
quaeque gerunt fastus, Icarioti, tuos.
matrona incedit census induta nepotum
et spolia opprobrii nostra per ora trahit.
nullast poscendi, nullast reverentia dandi,
aut si quast, pretio tollitur ipsa mora.

XIII

YE ask, wherefore the greed of women makes their love so costly, and wherefore our empty coffers cry out that Venus has been their bane. Clear and undoubted is the cause of such vast ruin; the path of luxury has grown overfree. The Indian ant sends gold from the caves of the mine, the nautilus shell comes from the Red Sea; Cadmean Tyre sends hues of purple, and the Arab shepherd rich-scented cinnamon. These weapons storm the hearts even of close-guarded virgins and such as are cold as thou, O daughter of Icarius. Matrons go forth arrayed in spendthrifts' fortunes and flaunt the spoils of infamy before our eyes. No shame is there in asking or in giving; or if any there be, even reluctance is banished at a price.

felix Eois lex funeris una maritis,
quos Aurora suis rubra colorat equis!
namque ubi mortifero iactast fax ultima lecto,
uxorum fuis stat pia turba comis,
et certamen habent leti, quae viva sequatur
coniugium: pudor est non licuisse mori.
ardent victrices et flammae pectora praebent,
imponuntque suis ora perusta viris.
hoc genus infidum nuptarum, hic nulla puella
nec fida Euadne nec pia Penelope.

15 Blest is that peerless law for the burial of Eastern husbands, whom the crimson dawn colours with her steeds! For when the last torch is set to the dead man's bier his wives stand round, a pious company with streaming hair,

and struggle for death one with another, who living shall follow her dead lord; 'tis shame to be debarred from death. The victors burn and offer their breasts to the flame and lay charred faces on their husband's body. But here the race of brides is faithless; here doth no woman show Evadne's faith or Penelope's loyalty.

felix agrestum quondam pacata iuventus,
divitiae quorum messis et arbor erant!
illis munus erat decussa Cydonia ramo,
et dare puniceis plena canistra rubis,
nunc violas tondere manu, nunc mixta referre
lilia vimineos lucida per calathos,
et portare suis vestitas frondibus uvas
aut variam plumae versicoloris avem.
his tum blanditiis furtiva per antra puellae
oscula silvicolis empta dedere viris.
hinnulei pellis stratos operibat amantes,
altaque nativo creverat herba toro,
pinus et incumbens laetas circumdabat umbras;
nec fuerat nudas poena videre deas.
corniger Arcadii vacuum pastoris in aulam
dux aries saturas ipse reduxit oves;
dique deaeque omnes, quibus est tutela per agros,
praebebant vestri verba benigna foci:
'et leporem, quicumque venis, venaberis, hospes,
et si forte meo tramite quaeris avem:
et me Pana tibi comitem de rupe vocato,
sive petes calamo praemia, sive cane.'

25 Happy the young that dwelt in peace of old, whose wealth was in harvest and orchard. Their offerings were Cydonian apples shaken from the bough; they gave baskets filled with purple brambles, now with their hands plucked violets, now brought home shining lilies mingled together in the maidens' paniers, and carried grapes clad in their own leaves or some dappled bird of rainbow plumage. Bought by such wooing as this were the kisses that girls gave their silvan lovers in secret caves. A roe-deer's skin was enough to cover two lovers, and the grass grew tall to make them nature's couch. The pine bowed o'er them and cast its rich shade about them; nor was it a sin to see goddesses naked: the horned ram of his own accord led back his ewes sated with grazing to the empty fold of the shepherd god. All gods and goddesses that guard the countryside spake kindly words to the hearths of men. "Stranger, whoe'er thou art that comest, thou shalt hunt the hare in my paths or the bird, if bird thou seekest: and whether thou pursuest thy prize with lime-rod or with hound, call me Pan from the crag to be thy comrade."

at nunc desertis cessant sacraria lucis:
aurum omnes victa iam pietate colunt.
auro pulsa fides, auro venalia iura,
aurum lex sequitur, mox sine lege pudor.

47 But now the shrines lie neglected in deserted groves: piety is vanquished and all men worship gold. Gold has banished faith, gold has made judgment to be bought and sold, gold rules the law, and, law once gone, rules chastity as well.

torrida sacrilegum testantur limina Brennum,
dum petit intonsi Pythia regna dei:
at mox laurigero concussus vertice diras
Gallica Parnasus sparsit in arma nives.
te scelus accepto Thracis Polymestoris auro
nutrit in hospitio non, Polydore, pio.
tu quoque ut auratos gereres, Eriphyla, lacertos,
delapsis nusquamst Amphiarau+s equis.

51 Portals of burning fire bear witness to the sacrilege of Brennus, when he assailed the Pythian realms of the god unshorn: and soon Parnassus shook its laurel-bearing peak and scattered dread snows over the arms of Gaul. Thee, Polydorus, did guilty Polymestor, lord of Thrace, won by the lure of gold, nurture with treacherous hospitality. That thou too, Eriphyla, mightest deck thy shoulders with gold, the steeds of Amphiarus are sunken and earth knows him no more.

proloquar (atque utinam patriae sim verus haruspex!):
frangitur ipsa suis Roma superba bonis.
certa loquor, sed nulla fides; neque vilia quondam
verax Pergameis maenas habenda mali:
sola Parim Phrygiae fatum componere, sola
fallacem Troiae serpere dixit equum.
ille furor patriae fuit utilis, ille parenti:
expertast veros irrita lingua deos.

59 I will speak out; and may my country find me a true seer! Rome is being shattered by her own prosperity. I speak sure truth, but none believe me; for neither was the frenzied maid of Ilium ever to be deemed a true seer amid the woes of Troy: she only cried that Paris was building Phrygia's doom, she only that, freighted with treachery, the horse stole on her home. Her madness carried profit for her country and for her sire. The tongue that none believed proved that the gods were true.

XIV

Multa tuae, Sparte, miramur iura palaestrae,
sed mage virginei tot bona gymnasii,
quod non infamis exercet corpore ludos
inter luctantis nuda puella viros,
cum pila velocis fallit per bracchia iactus,
inrepat et versi clavis adunca trochi,
pulverulentaque ad extremas stat femina metas,
et patitur duro vulnera pancratio:
nunc ligat ad caestum gaudentia bracchia loris,
missile nunc disci pondus in orbe rotat,
et modo Taygeti, crinis aspersa pruina,
sectatur patrios per iuga longa canes:
gyrum pulsat equis, niveum latus ense revincit,
virgineumque cavo protegit aere caput,
qualis Amazonidum nudatis bellica mammis
Thermodontiacis turba lavatur aquis;
qualis et Eurotae Pollux et Castor harenis,
hic victor pugnīs, ille futurus equis,
inter quos Helene nudis capere arma papillis
fertur nec fratres erubuisse deos.

XIV

AT many of the laws of thy wrestling-grounds do I marvel, O Sparta, but most at the plenteous blessings of the schools where thy women train, inasmuch as a girl may without blame disport her body naked among wrestling men, when the swift-thrown ball cheats the player's grasp and the hooked rod clanks against the rolling hoop, and dust-besprinkled the woman stands at the race's furthest goal and endures wounds in the cruel boxing-match. Now she binds the glove to her hands that rejoice in its thongs, now whirls in a circle the discus' flying weight; now with hoar-frost sprinkling her hair she follows her father's hounds o'er the long ridges of Taygetus, now tramples the ring with her steeds, girds the sword to her snowy flank and shields her virgin head with hollow bronze, like the warrior throng of Amazons who bathe bare-bosomed in Thermodon's stream, or as Pollux and Castor on Eurotas' sands, the one destined to conquer with his fists, the other with his steeds: amid these twain, men say, Helen bared her breasts and carried arms, nor called a blush to her brother's cheek.

lex igitur Spartana vetat secedere amantes,
et licet in triviis ad latus esse suae,
nec timor aut ullast clausae tutela puellae,

nec gravis austeri poena cavenda viri.
nullo praemisso de rebus tute loquaris
ipse tuis: longae nulla repulsa morae.
nec Tyriae vestes errantia lumina fallunt,
est neque odoratae cura molesta comae.

21 Thus Sparta's law forbids lovers to hold aloof and grants to each to walk by his mistress' side in the open streets; there none fear for her honour nor keep her under watch and ward: there none need dread the bitter vengeance of some stem husband. Thou needst no herald; thyself thou mayst speak of thine own business; no long delay shall affront thee. No raiment of Tyrian purple beguiles the wandering eyes of lovers, nor shall thy mistress vex thee with long tiring of her scented hair.

at nostra ingenti vadit circumdata turba,
nec digitum angustast inseruisse via;
nec quae sit facies nec quae sint verba rogandi
invenias: caecum versat amator iter.
quod si iura fores pugnasque imitata Laconum,
carior hoc esses tu mihi, Roma, bono.

29 But here my love goes girt by a vast crowd, leaving no narrow passage whereby so much as a finger may reach her. Nor canst thou discover what mien to wear nor with what words to proffer thy request: shrouded in darkness is the path o'er which the lover ponders. But if thou, O Rome, wouldst but follow the laws and wrestling of the Spartans, then wouldst thou be the dearer to me for this blessing.

XV

Sic ego non ullos iam norim in amore tumultus
nec veniat sine te nox vigilanda mihi,
fabula nulla tuas de nobis concitet aures;
te solam et lignis funeris ustus amem.
ut mihi praetexti pudor est relevatus amictus
et data libertas noscere amoris iter,
illa rudis animos per noctes conscia primas
imbuit, heu nullis capta Lycinna datis!
tertius (haud multo minus est) cum ducitur annus,
vix memini nobis verba coisse decem.
cuncta tuus sepelivit amor, nec femina post te
ulla dedit collo dulcia vincla meo.
at tu non meritam parcas vexare Lycinnam:
nescit vestra ruens ira referre pedem.
testis erit Dirce tam vano crimine saeva,
Nycteos Antiopen accubuisse Lyco.
ah quotiens pulchros vulsit regina capillos,
molliaque immitis fixit in ora manus!
ah quotiens famulam pensis oneravit iniquis,
et caput in dura ponere iussit humo!
saepe illam immundis passast habitare tenebris,
vilem ieiunae saepe negavit aquam.
Iuppiter, Antiopae nusquam succurris habenti
tot mala? corrumpit dura catena manus.
si deus es, tibi turpe tuam servire puellam:
invocet Antiope quem nisi vincta Iovem?
sola tamen, quaecumque aderant in corpore vires,
regalis manicas rupit utraque manu.
inde Cithaeronis timido pede currit in arces.
nox erat, et sparso triste cubile gelu.
saepe vago Asopi sonitu permota fluentis
credebat dominae pone venire pedes.
et durum Zethum et lacrimis Amphiona mollem
expertast stabulis mater abacta suis.
ac veluti, magnos cum ponunt aequora motus,
Eurus et adversus desinit ire Noto,
litore sollicito sonitus rarescit harenae,
sic cadit inflexo lapsa puella genu.
sera, tamen pietas: natis est cognitus error.
digne Iovis natos qui tueare senex,
tu reddis pueris matrem; puerique trahendam

XV

So — may I know no further storms in my love, nor may ever the night come whereon I must lie wakeful without thee! When the modesty of my boyhood's garb was hidden away, and freedom was given me to know the paths of love, 'twas she, Lycinna, won, ah me! by no gifts of mine, that initiated my innocent soul on those first nights wherein she shared my love. 'Tis now the third year since then, but little less, and I can scarce remember that ten words have passed between us. All things thy love has buried, nor since thee has any woman cast sweet chains about my neck.

[*Spare Lycinna, lest vengeance fall on thee!*] Dirce shall be my witness, Dirce maddened with anger by the tale none might gainsay, that Antiope, daughter of Nycteus, had lain with Lycus. Ah! how often did the queen burn her fair tresses and clutch her tender face with relentless hands! How often she loaded her handmaid with unjust tasks and bade her lay her head upon the hard ground! Often she suffered her to dwell in foul darkness, oft she refused even worthless water to allay her thirst. Jove, wilt thou never aid Antiope so deep in woe? The hard chains gall her hands. If thou art a god, 'tis shame that she whom thou didst love should be a slave; on whom should Antiope call from her fetters save on Jove? Yet unaided, summoning all her body's strength, with either hand she brake the tyrant chains. Then with trembling feet she ran to the heights of Cithaeron. 'Twas night, and her couch was bitter with scattered frost. Oft scared by the wandering sound of the rushing Asopus, she deemed that the feet of her mistress were pursuing.

Her tears found Zethus unmoved and Amphion pitiful, when she, their mother, was driven from the steading that was of right her own. And as when the waves give over their huge heavings, what time the East Wind ceases to strive with the wind of the South-West, and so the shore is stilled and the sound of the wave-swept sand grows less and less, so gradually sank she down on her bended knee. At length, though late, they showed their love; her sons knew their error. Worthy wert thou, old man, to tend the sons of Jove; thou didst restore the mother to her boys, and they bound Dirce beneath the head of a fierce bull to be dragged to death. Antiope, recognise the power of Jove! Dirce, now thy proud boast, is drawn along to find death in many a spot. The fields of Zethus are red with blood, and Amphion sang the paean of victory on thy rocks, O Aracynthus.

Antiope, cognosce Iovem: tibi gloria Dirce
ducitur in multis mortem habitura locis.
prata cruentantur Zethi, victorque canebat
paeana Amphion rupe, Aracynthe, tua.

knows no turning back. And may no tale concerning us ever alarm thine ears;
may I love thee only even when the funeral pile hath consumed me.

XVI

Nox media, et dominae mihi venit epistula nostrae:

Tibure me missa iussit adesse mora,
candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres,
et cadit in patulos nymphea Aniena lacus.
quid faciam? obductis committam mene tenebris
ut timeam audacis in mea membra manus?
at si distulero haec nostro mandata timore,
nocturno fletus saevior hoste mihi.
peccaram semel, et totum sum pulsus in annum:
in me mansuetas non habet illa manus.

XVI

‘T’WAS midnight when a letter came to me from my mistress bidding me come without delay to Tibur, where the white hills heave up their towers to right and left and Anio’s waters plunge into spreading pools. What should I do? Trust myself to the dark that shrouded all and tremble lest my limbs should be gripped by ruffian hands? Yet if I should put off obedience out of fear, her tears would be more terrible than any midnight foe. Once had I sinned, and was rejected for a whole year long. Against me her hands are merciless.

nec tamen est quisquam, sacros qui laedat amantes:

Scironis medias his licet ire vias.
quisquis amator erit, Scythicis licet ambulet oris,
nemo adeo ut feriat barbarus esse volet.
sanguine tam parvo quis enim spargatur amantis
improbis, et cuius sit comes ipsa Venus?
luna ministrat iter, demonstrant astra salebras,
ipse Amor accensas praecutit ante faces,
saeva canum rabies morsus avertit hiantis:
huic generi quovis tempore tuta viast.

¹¹ Yet there is none would hurt a lover: lovers are sacred: lovers might travel Sciron’s road unscathed. A lover, though he walk on Scythia’s shores, will find none so savage as to have heart to harm him. The moon lights his path; the stars show forth the rough places, and Love himself waves the flaming torch before him; the fierce watchdog turns aside his gaping fangs. For such as him the road is safe at any hour. Who is so cruel as to embrue his hands in a lover’s worthless blood, above all when Venus herself bears him company?

quod si certa meos sequerentur funera cursus,

tali mors pretio vel sit emenda mihi.
afferet haec unguenta mihi sertisque sepulcrum
ornabit custos ad mea busta sedens.
di faciant, mea ne terra locet ossa frequenti
qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter!
post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantum.
me tegat arborea devia terra coma,
aut humer ignotae cumulis vallatus harenae:
non iuvat in media nomen habere via.

21 But did I know that if I perished I should surely receive due rites of burial, death would be worth the purchase at such price. She will bring unguents to my pyre and adorn my tomb with wreaths, she will sit beside my grave and keep watch there. God grant she place not my bones in some crowded spot, where the rabble journeys on the busy highway. Thus after death are lovers' tombs dishonoured. Let me be shadowed by leafy trees in some field far from the roadside; else let me be buried walled in by heaps of nameless sand. I would not that my name should be recorded amid the bustle of the street.

XVII

Nunc, o Bacche, tuis humiles advolvimur aris:
da mihi pacato vela secunda, pater.
tu potes insanae Veneris compescere fastus,
curarumque tuo fit medicina mero.
per te iunguntur, per te solvuntur amantes:
tu vitium ex animo dilue, Bacche, meo.
te quoque enim non esse rudem testatur in astris
lyncibus ad caelum vecta Ariadna tuis.
hoc mihi, quod veteres custodit in ossibus ignes,
funera sanabunt aut tua vina malum.
semper enim vacuos nox sobria torquet amantes;
spesque timorque animos versat utroque modo.

XVII

Now, O Bacchus, I cast me down before thine altars in lowly supplication; O father, give me peace and prosper my sails. Though Venus be frenzied, thou canst quell her scorn, and woes find healing from thy wine. By thee are lovers yoked, by thee set free; do thou, O Bacchus, wash this weakness from my soul. Thou also art not unversed in love; to that Ariadne rapt heavenward in thy lynx-drawn car bears witness among the stars. This curse that for many a year hath kept a fire ablaze within my bones only death or thy wine shall heal. For a sober night is always torment to lonely lovers, and hope and fear rack their spirits this way and that.

quod si, Bacche, tuis per fervida tempora donis
accersitus erit somnus in ossa mea,
ipse seram vites pangamque ex ordine colles,
quos carpant nullae me vigilante ferae.
dum modo purpureo spument mihi dolia musto,
et nova pressantis inquinet uva pedes,
quod superest vitae per te et tua cornua vivam,
virtutisque tuae, Bacche, poeta ferar.

¹³ But if, O Bacchus, by thy gifts making my brain to burn thou shalt bring sleep to rest my bones, then will I sow vines and plant my hills with rows, and will watch that no beasts of the wild make havoc thereon. If only I may crown my vats with purple must and the new grape may dye my feet that tread the wine-press, then through all my life to come thou and thine horns shall give me life and men shall call me the poet of thy virtue, O Bacchus.

dicam ego maternos Aetnaeo fulmine partus,

Indica Nysaeis arma fugata choris,
vesanumque nova nequiquam in vite Lycurgum,
Pentheos in triplicis funera rapta greges,
curvae Tyrrhenos delphinum corpora nautas
in vada pampinea desiluisse rate,
et tibi per mediam bene olentia flumina Diam,
unde tuum potant Naxia turba merum.
candida laxatis onerato colla corymbis
cinget Bassaricas Lydia mitra comas,
levis odorato cervix manabit olivo,
et feries nudos veste fluente pedes.
mollia Dircaeae pulsabunt tympana Thebae,
capripedes calamo Panes hiantes canent,
vertice turrigero iuxta dea magna Cybebe
tundet ad Idaeos cymbala rauca choros.
ante fores templi, crateres antistes et auro
libatum fundens in tua sacra merum,

21 I will sing how the thunderbolt of Etna's forge blasted thy mother and brought thee to the birth, how the warriors of Ind were driven in flight by Nysa's dancers, how Lycurgus maddened in vain over the new-found vine, how Pentheus' death brought joy to the three companies of Maenads, how the Tuscan sailors, turned to curved dolphin-shapes, leapt into the sea from the vine-clad ship, and how fragrant streams flowed for thee through Dia's midst and the folk of Naxos drank thy wine therefrom. While thy white neck bows beneath the trailing ivy-clusters, the Lydian turban shall crown thy hair, O Bassareus. Thy smooth throat shall stream with scented oil of olive, and thy flowing robe shall strike thy naked feet. Dircean Thebes shall beat the womanish timbrel for thee, and goat-footed Pans shall make music on the pipes of reed. Hard by the great goddess, Cybelle, her head tower-crowned, shall clash the harsh cymbals to the Idaean dance. Before the temple gates shall stand the bowl, and the priest shall draw wine therefrom with golden ladle and pour it on thy sacrifice.

haec ego non humili referam memoranda coturno,
qualis Pindarico spiritus ore tonat:
tu modo servitio vacuum me siste superbo,
atque hoc sollicitum vince sopore caput.

39 Of all this will I sing, things meet for no lowly accent, but with such voice as thundered from the lips of Pindar. Do thou only set me free from this haughty tyranny and vanquish mine anguished soul with slumber.

XVIII

Clausus ab umbroso qua tundit pontus Averno
fumida Baiarum stagna tepentis aquae,
qua iacet et Troiae tubicen Misenus harena,
et sonat Herculeo structa labore via;
hic ubi, mortalis dexter cum quaereret urbes,
cymbala Thebano concrepuere deo —
at nunc invisae magno cum crimine Baiae,
quis deus in vestra constitit hostis aqua? —
Marcellus Stygias vultum demisit in undas,
errat et inferno spiritus ille lacu.

XVIII

WHERE the sea, shut out from dark-shadowed Avernus, beats with its laughing wave on Baiae's warm and steaming pools, where Misenus, trumpeter of Troy, lies in his sandy tomb, and the way built by the toil of Hercules is loud with the sea-billow; where the cymbals clashed in honour of the Theban god, when with kindly intent he visited the cities of men — but now, ah, hateful Baiae, dark with deep guilt, what baleful god stands by your waters? — here he sank smitten down to the Stygian wave, and that noble spirit wanders o'er your mere.

quid genus aut virtus aut optima profuit illi
mater, et amplexum Caesaris esse focos?
aut modo tam pleno fluitantia vela theatro,
et per mirantis omina festa manus?
occidit, et misero steterat vicesimus annus:
tot bona tam parvo clausit in orbe dies.

¹¹ What availed him birth or virtue or his mother's piety? What availed him his union with the house of Caesar, or the waving awnings of the theatre so thronged but yesterday, or all that his mother's hands had wrought for him? He is dead, cut short unhappy in his twentieth year. Such glory compassed in such narrow room!

i nunc, tolle animos et tecum finge triumphos,
stantiaque in plausum tota theatra iuvent;
Attalicas supera vestes, atque ostra smaragdis
gemmea sint Indis: ignibus ista dabis.
sed tamen huc omnes, huc primus et ultimus ordo:
est mala, sed cunctis ista terenda viast.
exoranda canis tria sunt latrantia colla,

scandendast torvi publica cumba senis.
nec forma aeternum aut cuiquamst fortuna perennis:
longius aut propius mors sua quemque manet.
ille licet ferro cautus se condat et aere,
mors tamen inclusum protrahit inde caput.

17 Go to now, exalt thy soul with pride and dream of triumphs, rejoice when whole theatres spring to their feet to cheer, outdo the cloth-of-gold of Attalus, at the great games let all be bright with gems! All these glories thou shalt yield up to the fires of death. And yet hither at last come all, come noble and come base; bitter is the way, but all must tread it; all must assuage the triple throat of the baying hound, and climb the boat of that grim greybeard that waits for all. Though a man seek to save himself by walls of iron and of brass, yet death shall drag forth his head from its sheltering place. Beauty saved not Nireus, nor might Achilles; nor was Croesus succoured by wealth born of Pactolus stream.

Nirea non facies, non vis exemit Achillem,
Croesum aut, Pactoli quas parit umor, opes.

29 Such grief once wasted the perplexed Achivi, when Atrides' new passion cost them dear.]

at tibi nauta, pias hominum quo traicit umbras,
huc animae portet corpus inane tuae:
qua Siculae victor telluris Claudius et qua
Caesar, ab humana cessit in astra via.

31 But to thee, O ferryman of pious souls, let them bear this body void of its spirit; his soul hath soared starward far from the paths of men by the road that Claudius, victor of Sicily, and Caesar trod.

XIX

Obicitur totiens a te mihi nostra libido:
crede mihi, vobis imperat ista magis.
vos, ubi contempti rupistis frena pudoris,
nescitis captae mentis habere modum.
flamma per incensas citius sedetur aristas,
fluminaque ad fontis sint reditura caput,
et placidum Syrtes portum et bona litora nautis
praebeat hospitio saeva Malea suo,
quam possit vestros quisquam reprehendere cursus
et rabidae stimulos frangere nequitiae.

XIX

OFT thou reproachest me with the lust that rules us men. Believe me, 'tis rather of your womankind that lust is lord. Ye, when ye have burst the reins of despised modesty, ne'er set a limit to the frenzy of your heart. Sooner shall the flame be quenched amid the burning com, and streams return to the fountain whence they sprang, sooner shall the Syrtes yield a calm haven and wild Malea give the mariner kindly welcome on its shores, than any man shall have power to check you in your course or break the goads of your headlong wantonness.

testis, Cretaei fastus quae passa iuveni
induit abiegnae cornua falsa bovis;
testis Thessalico flagrans Salmonis Enipeo,
quae voluit liquido tota subire deo.
crimen et illa fuit, patria succensa senecta
arboris in frondes condita Myrrha novae.
nam quid Medae referam, quo tempore matris
iram natorum caede piavit amor?
quidve Clytaemestrae, propter quam tota Mycenis
infamis stupro stat Pelopea domus?
tuque, o, Minoa venumdata, Scylla, figura
tondes purpurea regna paterna coma.
hanc igitur dotem virgo desponderat hosti!
Nise, tuas portas fraude reclusit amor.
at vos, innuptae, felicius urite taedas:
pendet Cretaea tracta puella rate.
non tamen immerito Minos sedet arbiter Orci:
victor erat quamvis, aequus in hoste fuit.

false horns of the fir-wood cow. Witness Salmoneus' daughter that burned with passion for Thessalian Enipeus, and was ready to yield all her body to the watery god. Myrrha too is a reproach to your sex, that, fired with love for her aged sire, was transformed and hidden in the leaves of a strange tree. For why should I tell of Medea, when the mother, dearly though she loved her children, appeased her anger by their slaughter? Or why should I tell of Clytemestra, that in Mycenae brought shame on all the house of Pelops by her adultery?

And thou, Scylla, that didst sell thyself for the beauty of Minos, thou didst shear away thy father's realm when thou shorest his purple lock. Such was the dower that the maiden pledged to the foe! Nisus, 'twas love that opened thy gates by guile. But may ye, unwedded maids, burn your marriage torches with happier omen: for, see, she hangs to the Cretan bark and is dragged through the sea. Yet Minos deserves his place as the judge of Hell: though victor he showed justice to his conquered foe.

XX

Credis eum iam posse tuae meminisse figurae,
vidisti a lecto quem dare vela tuo?
durus, qui lucro potuit mutare puellam!
tantine, ut lacrimas, Africa tota fuit?
at tu stulta adeo's? tu fingis inania verba:
forsitan ille alio pectus amore terat.

XX

DEEMST thou that he whom thou hast seen set sail from thine embraces can give a thought to the remembrance of thy beauty? Cruel the man that had the heart to leave his mistress for the sake of gain! When such tears as thine were shed was all Africa worth the winning? But thou, foolish girl, dreamst of the gods by whom he swore, and of the light words he spake. Perchance e'en now he vexes his heart with another passion.

est tibi forma potens, sunt castae Palladis artes,
splendidaque a docto fama refulget avo,
fortunata domus, modo sit tibi fidus amicus.
fidus ero: in nostros curre, puella, toros!
tu quoque, qui aestivos spatiosius exigis ignes,
Phoebe, moraturae contrahe lucis iter.

7 Thy beauty hath power, thine are the chaste arts of Pallas, and glorious is the renown shed on thee by thy learned grandsire. Rich enough is thine house, if thy lover be but true! I will be true: do thou, my love, hasten to my couch!

nox mihi prima venit! primae da tempora nocti!
longius in primo, Luna, morare toro.
quam multae ante meis cedent sermonibus horae
dulcia quam nobis concitet arma Venus!
foedera sunt ponenda prius signandaque iura
et scribenda mihi lex in amore novo.
haec Amor ipse suo constringet pignora signo:
testis sidereae torta corona deae.
namque ubi non certo vincitur foedere lectus,
non habet ultores nox vigilanda deos,
et quibus imposuit, solvit mox vincla libido:
contineant nobis omina prima fidem.
ergo, qui tactis haec foedera ruperit aris,
pollueritque novo sacra marita toro,
illi sint quicumque solent in amore dolores,

et caput argutae praebeat historiae,
nec flenti dominae patefiant nocte fenestrae:
semper amet, fructu semper amoris egens.

¹³ The first night of love is come for me. Grant me, Moon and Sun, the full space of that first night. Moon, linger longer than thy wont o'er our first embraces. Thou too, Phoebus, that o'ermuch prolongst thy summer fires, shorten the course of thy laggard light. First must the terms be made, the pact be sealed, the contract written, that shall rule my new love. Love himself with his own signet seals up our troth; the whirling crown of the starry goddess is witness. How many an hour shall first yield to my tale of love ere Venus spur us to her sweet warfare! For if Love's bed be not bound by compact sure the lover's nights of sleepless watching find no gods to avenge them, and lust soon breaks the fetters it imposed: but for us may our love's first omens keep fast our troth. Wherefore for him that breaks the pledge that he swore on heaven's altars, and pollutes the rites of wedlock by turning to other loves, for him be all the woes love knows so well, and let shrill-tongued gossip fasten on him, nor, though he weep, may the window of his mistress be unbarred to him by night; let him love without ceasing, yet ever lack the fruition of love.

XXI

Magnum iter ad doctas proficisci cogor Athenas
ut me longa gravi solvat amore via.
crescit enim assidue spectando cura puellae:
ipse alimenta sibi maxima praebet amor.
omnia sunt temptata mihi, quacumque fugari
posset: at exsomnia me premit ipse deus.
vix tamen aut semel admittit, cum saepe negarit:
seu venit, extremo dormit amicta toro.
unum erit auxilium: mutatis Cynthia terris
quantum oculis, animo tam procul ibit amor.

XXI

I AM constrained to set forth on a mighty journey to learned Athens, that long travel may free me from the burden of love. For my passion for my mistress grows with gazing on her: love itself is love's chief nourishment. I have tried all means whereby Love may be put to flight: but the god afflicts me from every side. Yet scarce ever, or only once and again, will she admit me, while oft she says me nay: or if she comes to me, she sleeps fully clad on the bed's edge. There is no help but this: if I seek another land, love will fly as far from my soul as Cynthia from mine eyes. —

nunc agite, o socii, propellite in aequora navem,
remorumque pares ducite sorte vices,
iungiteque extremo felicia lintea malo:
iam liquidum nautis aura secundat iter.
Romanae turres et vos valeatis, amici,
qualiscumque mihi tuque, puella, vale!

¹¹ Come now, my comrades, launch forth our ship to sea and draw lots in couples for your turn at the oar. Hoist the fair-omened sails to the mast's top; now the breeze forwards the mariner's course across the wave. Ye towers of Rome and ye my friends, farewell, and thou, my love, whate'er thou hast been for me, farewell!

ergo ego nunc rudis Hadriaci vehar aequoris hospes,
cogar et undisonos nunc prece adire deos.
deinde per Ionium vectus cum fessa Lechaeo
sedarit placida vela phaselus aqua,
quod superest, sufferre, pedes, properate laborem,
Isthmos qua terris arcet utrumque mare.
inde ubi Piraei capient me litora portus,

scandam ego Theseae bracchia longa viae.
illic vel stadiis animum emendare Platonis
incipiam aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis;
persequar aut studium linguae, Demosthenis arma,
libaboque tuos, culte Menandre, sales;
aut certe tabulae capient mea lumina pictae,
sive ebore exactae, seu magis aere, manus.

17 Now therefore I shall be borne away, the Adriatic's unfamiliar guest, and now perforce approach with prayer gods of the roaring wave. Then when my bark has crossed the Ionian sea and lulled its sails in the calm waters of Lechaeum, for what remains of the journey hasten, my feet, to endure the toil where Isthmos with its fields beats back either sea. Then when the shores of Piraeus haven shall receive me I will climb the long arms of Theseus' road. There I will begin to clear my soul of error in Plato's Academe, or in thy gardens, learned Epicurus; or I will pursue the study of eloquence, the weapon of Demosthenes, and will cull the wit of thy books, learned Menander; or else bright pictures shall delight my eyes, or masterpieces wrought in ivory or bronze.

et spatia annorum et longa intervalla profundi
lenibunt tacito vulnera nostra sinu:
seu moriar, fato, non turpi fractus amore;
atque erit illa mihi mortis honesta dies.

31 Either length of years or the wide-sundering spaces of the deep shall heal the wounds hidden in my silent breast, or, if I die, it shall be fate, not dishonouring love, shall lay me low; and the day of my death shall bring me no disgrace.

XXII

Frigida tam multos placuit tibi Cyzicus annos,
Tulle, Propontiaca qua fluit isthmus aqua,
Dindymis et sacra fabricata in vite Cybebe,
raptorisque tulit quae via Ditis equos?
si te forte iuvant Helles Athamantidos urbes,
nec desiderio, Tulle, movere meo,

XXII

HAS cool Cyzicus, where the isthmus streams with wave of Propontis, and the goddess of Dindymus and Cybelle fashioned from carven tusks and the path trodden by the steeds of Dis the ravisher, have all these pleased thee for so many years, my Tullus? Though perchance the cities of Helle, daughter of Athamas, delight thee, yet, Tullus, be moved by my longing for thee.

si tibi olorigeri visendast ora Caystri,
et quae serpentis temperat unda vias;
tu licet aspicias caelum omne Atlanta gerentem,
sectaque Persea Phorcidos ora manu,
Geryonis stabula et luctantum in pulvere signa
Herculis Antaeique, Hesperidumque choros;
tuque tuo Colchum propellas remige Phasim,
Peliacaeque trabis totum iter ipse legas,
qua rudis Argoa natat inter saxa columba
in faciem prorae pinus adacta novae:
omnia Romanae cedent miracula terrae.
natura hic posuit, quidquid ubique fuit.
armis apta magis tellus quam commoda noxae:
Famam, Roma, tuae non pudet historiae.
nam quantum ferro tantum pietate potentes
stamus: victricis temperat ira manus.

7 Though one gaze on Atlas supporting all the sky, and the head of Phorcys' daughter severed by Perseus' hand, the stalls of Geryon, the marks of Hercules and Antaeus wrestling in the dust, and the dances of the Hesperides; though another churn the waters of Colchian Phasis with his oarsmen and follow the whole course of the timbers hewn on Pelion, where the pine-tree, wrought into the shape of an unfamiliar ship and still strange to the sea, glided between the crags with Argos' dove for guide; though he must visit Ortygia and the shores of Cayster and the land where Nile's waters run in sevenfold channels; yet all these marvels shall yield to the land of Rome: here hath nature placed whate'er is best in all the world. 'Tis a land made for war rather

than crime: Fame blushes not for thy story, O Rome. For we are stablished in power by loyal faith no less than by the sword: our anger restrains its conquering hands.

hic, Anio Tiburne, fluis, Clitumnus ab Umbro
tramite, et aeternum Marcus umor opus,
Albanus lacus et foliis Nemorensis abundans,
potaque Pollucis nympha salubris equo.
at non squamoso labuntur ventre cerastae,
Itala portentis nec furit unda novis;
non hic Andromedae resonant pro matre catenae,
nec tremis Ausonias, Phoebe fugate, dapes,
nec cuiquam absentes arserunt in caput ignes
exitium nato matre movente suo;
Pentheia non saevae venantur in arbore Bacchae,
nec solvit Danaas subdita cerva rates;
cornua nec valuit curvare in paelice Iuno
aut faciem turpi dedecorare bove;

arboreasque cruces Sinis, et non hospita Graias

23 Here flowest thou, Tibur's Anio, here is Clitumnus from his Umbrian path and the Marcian conduit that shall endure for ever. Here is Alba's lake and Nemi thick with leaves, and the healing spring whence drank the horse of Pollux. But here glide no homed asps with scaly bellies, nor are Italian waters wild with strange monsters. Here clang not Andromeda's fetters in payment for her mother's sin, nor, Phoebus, fliest thou in terror from Ausonian banquets; here for no man's destruction hath burned far-distant fire when a mother compassed her own son's ruin. No fierce Bacchanals hunt Pentheus in his tree, nor are Danaan fleets launched by the substitution of a doe. Juno hath had no power to make curved horns to grow from her rival's brow nor disfigure her features beneath the form of a cow. [*Here none tell of... nor of*] the trees where Sinis crucified strangers, nor of the rocks that gave bitter welcome to the Greeks, nor of the ships built only to meet their doom.

saxa, et curtatas in fera fata trabes.
haec tibi, Tulle, parens, haec est pulcherrima sedes,
hic tibi pro digna gente petendus honos,
hic tibi ad eloquium cives, hic ampla nepotum
spes et venturae coniugis aptus amor.

39 This, Tullus, is the land that bore thee, this thy fairest home; here shouldst thou seek honour that shall match thy lofty birth. Here are citizens for thine eloquence to sway, here is ample hope of offspring, and here awaits thee meet love from thy bride that shall be.

XXIII

Ergo tam doctae nobis periire tabellae,
scripta quibus pariter tot periire bona!
has quondam nostris manibus detriverat usus,
qui non signatas iussit habere fidem.
illae iam sine me norant placare puellas,
et quaedam sine me verba diserta loqui.
non illas fixum caras effecerat aurum:
vulgari buxo sordida cera fuit.
qualescumque mihi semper mansere fideles,
semper et effectus promeruerunt bonos.
forsitan haec illis fuerunt mandata tabellis:
‘irascor, quoniam’s, lente, moratus heri.
an tibi nescio quae visast formosior? an tu
non bona de nobis crimina ficta iacis?’
aut dixit: ‘venies hodie, cessabimus una:
hospitium tota nocte paravit Amor,’
et quaecumque volens reperit non stulta puella
garrula, cum blandis dicitur hora dolis.
me miserum, his aliquis rationem scribit avarus
et ponit duras inter ephemeridas!
quas si quis mihi rettulerit, donabitur auro:
quisenta velit?
i puer, et citus haec aliqua propone columna,
et dominum Esquiliis scribe habitare tuum.

XXIII

So then my tablets, my learned tablets are lost, and with them many a gracious writing too is lost. Long usage at my hands had worn them down and bade them be believed without the warrant of a seal. They knew how to appease my loves, though I was not by, and, though I was not by, could speak in words of eloquence. No golden fittings made them precious; they were only dingy wax on common boxwood. Yet poor though they were, they were ever faithful to me and ever won deserved success. Sometimes, it may be, these were the words entrusted to their care: “I am angry, because thou didst tarry yestereve, thou sluggard. Didst thou deem thou hadst found a fairer love? Or dost thou spread some vile slander against me?” Or perchance she said: “Thou wilt come to-day and we will take our ease together: Love has made ready a welcome for thee all night long.” These bare they, and all the shrewd words a chattering girl delights to find, when she appoints an hour for the stealthy joys of love. Alas! and now some greedy merchant writes his bill upon them and places them among his terrible ledgers! If any will return them to me he shall

have gold for his reward: who would keep hard blocks of wood when he might have wealth for them? Go, boy, and with all speed set forth these lines upon some pillar, and write that thy master dwells upon the Esquiline.

XXIV

Falsast ista tuae, mulier, fiducia formae,
olim oculis nimium facta superba meis.
noster amor talis tribuit tibi, Cynthia, laudes:
versibus insignem te pudet esse meis.
mixtam te varia laudavi saepe figura,
ut, quod non esses, esse putaret amor;
et color est totiens roseo collatus Eoo,
cum tibi quaesitus candor in ore foret:
quod mihi non patrii poterant avertere amici,
eluere aut vasto Thessala saga mari,
hoc ego — non ferro, non igne coactus, at ipsa
naufragus Aegaea (vera fatebor) aqua.
correptus saevo Veneris torrebar aeno;
vinctus eram versas in mea terga manus.
ecce coronatae portum tetigere carinae,
traiectae Syrtes, ancora iacta mihist.
nunc demum vasto fessi resipiscimus aestu,
vulneraque ad sanum nunc coiere mea.
Mens Bona, si qua dea's, tua me in sacraria dono!
exciderunt surdo tot mea vota Iovi.

XXIV

FALSE, woman, is the trust thou puttest in thy beauty; long since the partial judgment of mine eyes hath made thee overproud. Such praise of old my love bestowed on thee, and now it shames me that thou hast glory from my song. Oft did I praise the varied beauty of thy blending charms, and love deemed thee to be that which thou wert not. Oft was thy hue compared to the rosy star of dawn, though the splendour of thy face owed naught to nature. This madness my father's friends could not drive from me, nor any witch of Thessaly wash from me with the waves of the wild sea. All this — no fire or knife compelling — I confessed in utter truth, wrecked on a very ocean of trouble. Venus caught me and seethed me in the caldron of her cruelty; my hands were twisted and bound behind my back. But lo! my ships have found haven and wear wreaths of thanksgiving, the Syrtes are crossed and mine anchor cast. Now at last my senses return to me, aweary of the wild sea-tides; my wounds have closed, my flesh is healed. Good Sense, if any such goddess there be, I dedicate myself to the service of thy shrine, for Jove was deaf and took no heed of all my vows.

XXV

Risus eram positus inter convivia mensis,
et de me poterat quilibet esse loquax.
quinque tibi potui servire fideliter annos:
 ungue meam morso saepe querere fidem.
nil moveor lacrimis: ista sum captus ab arte;
 semper ab insidiis, Cynthia, flere soles.
flebo ego discedens, sed fletum iniuria vincit:
 tu bene conveniens non sinis ire iugum.
limina iam nostris valeant lacrimantia verbis,
 nec tamen irata ianua fracta manu.
at te celatis aetas gravis urgeat annis,
 et veniat formae ruga sinistra tuae!
vellere tum cupias albos a stirpe capillos,
 iam speculo rugas increpitante tibi,
exclusa inque vicem fastus patiare superbos,
 et quae fecisti facta queraris anus!
has tibi fatalis cecinit mea pagina diras:
 eventum formae disce timere tuae!

XXV

THEY made mock of me where the tables were set for feasting; the tongues of the vilest were suffered to make free with my name. For five years I had the heart to be thy faithful slave; oft shalt thou gnaw thy nails and mourn for my lost loyalty. Tears move me not a whit: 'twas tears ensnared me of old: Cynthia, thou never weepest save to deceive. I too shall weep as I depart, but my wrongs are stronger than grief; for thou lettest not the yoke sit easy on my shoulders. Farewell the threshold still weeping with my plaint, farewell that door ne'er broken by my hands for all its cruelty! But thee may weary age bow down with the years thou hast concealed, and may ill-favoured wrinkles come to mar thy beauty! Then mayest thou desire to tear out thy white hairs by the root, when the mirror mocks thee with thy wrinkles; mayest thou in thy turn be shut out from bliss and endure another's haughty scorn! Turned to an ancient crone, mayest thou lament what thou hast done! Such curses fraught with doom are the burden of my song for thee: learn to dread the end that awaits thy beauty!

LIBER QVARTVS — BOOK IV

IA

“hoc, quodcumque uides, hospes, qua maxima Roma est,
ante Phrygem Aenean collis et herba fuit;
atque ubi Nauali stant sacra Palatia Phoebo,
Euandri profugae concubuerunt boues.
fictilibus creuere deis haec aurea templa,
nec fuit opprobrium facta sine arte casa;
Tarpeiusque pater nuda de rupe tonabat,
et Tiberis nostris aduena bubus erat.
qua gradibus domus ista Remi se sustulit, olim
unus erat fratrum maxima regna focus.
curia, praetexto quae nunc nitet alta senatu,
pellitos habuit, rustica corda, Patres.
bucina cogebat priscos ad uerba Quiritis:
centum illi in prato saepe senatus erat.
nec sinuosa cauo pendebant uela theatro,
pulpita sollemnis non oluere crocos.
nulli cura fuit externos quaerere diuos,
cum tremere patrio pendula turba sacro,
annuaque accenso celebrante Parilia faeno,
qualia nunc curto lustra nouantur equo.
Vesta coronatis pauper gaudebat asellis,
ducebant macrae uilia sacra boues.
parua saginati lustrabant compita porci,
pastor et ad calamos exta litabat ouis.
uerbera pellitus saetosa mouebat arator,
unde licens Fabius sacra Lupercus habet.
nec rudis infestis miles radiabat in armis:
miscebant usta proelia nuda sude.
prima galeritus posuit praetoria Lycmon,
magnaue pars Tatio rerum erat inter ouis.
hinc Tities Ramnesque uiri Luceresque Soloni,
quattuor hinc albos Romulus egit equos.
quippe suburbanae parua minus urbe Bouillae
et, qui nunc nulli, maxima turba Gabi.
et stetit Alba potens, albae suis omine nata,
ac tibi Fidenas longa erat isse uia.
nil patrium nisi nomen habet Romanus alumnus:
sanguinis altricem non pudet esse lupam.

and hill before the coming of Phrygian Aeneas; and where stands the Palatine sacred to Phoebus of the Ships, there once lay the herd of Evander's exiled kine. From gods of clay sprang yonder golden temples; of old they spumed not to dwell in huts made by unskilled hands; the Tarpeian sire thundered from a bare crag, and Tiber still seemed strange to our cattle. Where Remus' house is perched yonder at the stairway's height the brothers of old counted their tiny hearth a mighty realm. The Senate-house, that towers on high filled with a shining throng of senators clad in the robe with purple hem, once held a rustic company, the city fathers robed in skins of beasts. The trumpet summoned the olden Quirites to debate: a hundred gathered in a meadow oft made a senate. No rippling awnings hung o'er the hollow theatre, nor reeked the stage with saffron, as 'tis wont to-day. Then no man sought to bring in strange gods, when the folk trembled in suspense before the ritual of their sires; but greatly they cared to celebrate the yearly feast of Pales with heaps of burning straw, making purification such as to-day we make with the blood of the maimed horse. Vesta was poor, and necklaced asses sufficed to make her glad, while lean kine dragged sacred emblems of little worth. The cross-roads, small as yet, were sprinkled with the blood of fatted swine, and the shepherd to the sound of pipes of reed made acceptable sacrifice with the entrails of sheep. The ploughman girt with skins plied his shaggy scourge; hence spring the rites of Fabian Lupercus. Their rude soldiers flashed not in threatening armour, but joined battle bare-breasted with stakes hardened in the fire. Lycmon wore but a wolf-skin helm when he pitched the first of general's tents, and the wealth of Tatius lay chiefly in his sheep. Thus rose the Titienses, the hero Ramnes, and the Luceres of Solonium; thus came it that Romulus drove the four white steeds of triumph. Of a truth Bovillae was less a suburb while Rome was yet so small, and Gabii, that now is naught, was then a crowded town. Then Alba, born of the white sow's omen, still stood in power, in the days when 'twas a long journey from Rome to Fidenae. The Roman of to-day has naught from his father save the name, nor would he deem that the she-wolf nurtured the blood from whence he sprang.

huc melius profugos misisti, Troia, Penatis;
heu quali uecta est Dardana puppis aue!
iam bene spondebant tunc omina, quod nihil illam
laeserat abiegni uenter apertus equi,
cum pater in nati trepidus ceruice pendit,
et uerita est umeros urere flamma pios.
tunc animi uenere Deci Brutique secures,
uexit et ipsa sui Caesaris arma Venus,
arma resurgentis portans uictricia Troiae:
felix terra tuos cepit, Iule, deos,
si modo Auernalis tremulae cortina Sibyllae
dixit Auentino rura pianda Remo,

aut si Pergameae sero rata carmina uatis
longaeuum ad Priami uera fuere caput:
“uertite equum, Danai! male uincitis! Ilia tellus
uiuēt, et huic cineri Iuppiter arma dabit.”

39 Hither, O Troy, for happier destiny didst thou send thine exiled gods; with blessed augury came hither the Dardan bark; even then the omens boded her well, since the womb of the horse of fir-wood had done her no hurt in that day when the father hung trembling on his son’s neck, and the flame feared to burn those pious shoulders. That day led hither the dauntless Decii and the consulship of Brutus, and Venus herself bore hither her Caesar’s arms, even the victorious arms of Troy reborn; with blessing, lulus, did the land receive thy gods, since the tripod of Avernus’ trembling Sibyl bade Remus sanctify the fields of Aventine, and late in time the strains of the prophetess of Troy proved true concerning ancient Priam. “Turn your steeds, ye Danaans!” she cried. “Ye conquer but in vain! Ilium’s land shall live and Jove shall arm her ashes!”

optima nutricum nostris lupa Martia rebus,
qualia creuerunt moenia lacte tuo!
moenia namque pio coner disponere uersu:
ei mihi, quod nostro est paruus in ore sonus!
sed tamen exiguo quodcumque e pectore riuī
fluxerit, hoc patriae seruiet omne meae.
Ennius hirsuta cingat sua dicta corona:
mi folia ex hedera porrige, Bacche, tua,
ut nostris tumefacta superbiat Vmbria libris,
Vmbria Romani patria Callimachi!
scandentis quisquis cernit de uallibus arces,
ingenio muros aestimet ille meo!
Roma, faue, tibi surgit opus, date candida ciues
omina, et inceptis dextera cantet auis!
sacra diesque canam et cognomina prisca locorum:
has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus.”

HOROS

55 O wolf of Mars, thou best of nurses for our state, what walls have sprung from thy milk! Of those walls let me sing in order due — alas! how weak is the voice of my lips. Yet howsoever slender the stream of song that flows from my puny heart, yet all of it shall be given to the service of my country. Let Ennius crown his songs with rude, shaggy wreath! To me, O Bacchus, give of thine ivy’s leaves, that my books may make Umbria swell with pride, Umbria the home of Rome’s Callimachus!
Let him that sees the towers of Asis climbing from the vale reckon the glory of its walls by the fame of my wit! Rome, smile on me! For thee my work is

built. Ye citizens, give me fair omen, and from the right hand let some bird of augury sing me success. I will cry, "Troy, thou shalt fall, and thou, Trojan Rome, shalt arise anew!" and I will sing of all Rome's long perils by land and sea. Of holy rites and their days will I sing, and of the ancient names of places. This must be the goal toward which my foaming steed shall press.

IB

“quo ruis imprudens, uage, dicere fata, Properti?
non sunt a dextro condita fila colo.
accersis lacrimas cantans, auersus Apollo:
poscis ab inuita uerba pigenda lyra.
certa feram certis auctoribus, aut ego uates
nescius aerata signa mouere pila.
me creat Archytae suboles Babylonius Orops
Horon, et a proauo ducta Conone domus.
di mihi sunt testes non degenerasse propinquos,
inque meis libris nil prius esse fide.
nunc pretium fecere deos et (fallitur auro
Iuppiter) obliquae signa iterata rotae
felicesque Iouis stellas Martisque rapaces
et graue Saturni sidus in omne caput;
quid moueant Pisces animosaque signa Leonis,
lotus et Hesperia quid Capricornus aqua.
[dicam: “Troia cades, et Troica Roma, resurges;”
et maris et terrae longa sepulcra canam.]

IA

WHITHER in heedless folly dost thou speed to sing the works of destiny, thou truant Propertius? The thread thou spinnest comes from no favouring distaff. Thy song shall bring thee sorrow; Apollo's face is turned from thee; thou askest of thine unwilling lyre such strains as thou shalt rue. I will tell thee sure truth with warrant sure; else am I a seer that knows not how to wheel the constellations on their orb of bronze. Horos is my name, and Babylonian Orops, child of Archytas, begat me, and my house hath Conon for ancestor. The gods be witness that I have not shamed my kin and that in my books there is naught set down save truth. Now have men turned the gods to profit and Jupiter is fooled by their gold; to profit have they turned the oft-scanned constellations of the slanting zodiac, the blessed star of Jove, the greedy star of Mars, the sign of Saturn that brings woe to one and all, the purport of the Fish and the fierce constellation of the Lion and Capricorn, bathed in the waters of the West.

dixi ego, cum geminos produceret Arria natos
(illa dabat natis arma uetante deo):
non posse ad patrios sua pila referre Penatis:
nempe meam firmant nunc duo busta fidem.
quippe Lupercus, equi dum saucia protegit ora,
heu sibi prolapso non bene cauit equo;

Gallus at, in castris dum credita signa tuetur,
 concidit ante aquilae rostra cruenta suae:
fatales pueri, duo funera matris auarae!
 uera, sed inuito, contigit ista fides.
idem ego, cum Cinarae traheret Lucina dolores,
 et facerent uteri pondera lenta moram,
“Iunonis facito uotum impetrabile” dixi:
 illa parit: libris est data palma meis!
hoc neque harenosum Libyae Iouis explicat antrum,
 aut sibi commissos fibra locuta deos,
aut si quis motas cornicis senserit alas,
 umbraue quae magicis mortua prodit aquis:
aspicienda uia est caeli uerusque per astra
 trames, et ab zonis quinque petenda fides.
exemplum graue erit Calchas: namque Aulide soluit
 ille bene haerentis ad pia saxa ratis;
idem Agamemnoniae ferrum ceruice puellae
 tinxit, et Atrides uela cruenta dedit;
nec rediere tamen Danai: tu diruta fletum
 supprime et Euboicos respice, Troia, sinus!
Nauplius ultores sub noctem porrigit ignis,
 et natat exuuiis Graecia pressa suis.
uictor Oiliade, rape nunc et dilige uatem,
 quam uetat auelli ueste Minerua sua!

89 When Arria was in travail with her twin sons I foretold — for she destined her sons for arms, though a god forbade — that they should never bring home their spears to the gods of their father’s home, and now lo! two tombs prove that my words were true. For the horseman Lupercus, as he shielded his wounded face, guarded himself but ill, alas! for his steed had fallen: while Gallus, as in the camp he defended the standards entrusted to his charge, fell dead before his eagle’s beak and bathed it in his blood. Doomed boys, both brought to your death by your mother’s greed, my words found true fulfilment — ah! would that they had not! I, too, when Lucina prolonged Cinara’s pains, and the slow burden of her womb delayed, cried: “Let her make a vow to Juno that shall win the ear of the goddess!” She was delivered: — my books won the day. Such truth is not unfolded by the cave of Libyan Jove amid the desert sands, nor by entrails that speak forth the will of heaven entrusted to their care; such truth he cannot tell that marks the crow’s beating wings, nor the spirit of the dead that rises from magic waters. The seer must gaze upon the path of heaven, on the road of truth that lies among the stars, and from the five zones seek assurance. Calchas bears grievous witness; for he loosed from Aulis the ships that clung to the kindly rocks, as still they should have clung; ’twas Calchas, too, that embrued the steel in the blood of Agamemnon’s

daughter and launched Atrides with blood upon his sails; yet never did the Danaans return; fallen Troy, check thy weeping and behold Euboea's bays! Nauplius uplifts his vengeful fires by night, and Greece swims sunken by the weight of her own spoils. Victorious son of Oileus, go, ravish thy prophetess and take her to thy love, though Minerva forbid thee to tear her from her robe!

hactenus historiae: nunc ad tua deuehar astra;
 incipere tu lacrimis aequus adesse nouis.
Umbria te notis antiqua Penatibus edit —
 mentior? an patriae tangitur ora tuae? —
qua nebulosa cauo rorat Mevania campo,
 et lacus aestiuus intepet Umber aquis,
scandentisque Asis consurgit uertice murus,
 murus ab ingenio notior ille tuo.
ossaque legisti non illa aetate legenda
 patris et in tenuis cogeris ipse lares:
nam tua cum multi uersarent rura iuuenti,
 abstulit excultas pertica tristis opes.
mox ubi bulla rudi dimissa est aurea collo,
 matris et ante deos libera sumpta toga,
tum tibi pauca suo de carmine dictat Apollo
 et uetat insano uerba tonare Foro.
at tu finge elegos, fallax opus: haec tua castra! -
 scribat ut exemplo cetera turba tuo.
militiam Veneris blandis patiere sub armis,
 et Veneris Pueris utilis hostis eris.
nam tibi uictrices quascumque labore parasti,
 eludit palmas una puella tuas:
et bene cum fixum mento discusseris uncum,
 nil erit hoc: rostro te premet ansa tuo.
illius arbitrio noctem lucemque uidebis:
 gutta quoque ex oculis non nisi iussa cadet.
nec mille excubiae nec te signata iuuabunt
 limina: persuasae fallere rima sat est.
nunc tua uel mediis puppis luctetur in undis,
 uel licet armatis hostis inermis eas,
uel tremefacta cauo tellus diducat hiatum:
 octipedis Cancrī terga sinistra time!”

119 Thus far shall history witness; now to thy stars I turn; prepare to lend patient hearing to a new tale of tears. Ancient Umbria bore thee in a home of high renown — do I lie? or do I touch thy country's borders? — where misty Mevania sheds its dew on the hollow plain and the waters of Umbria's lake send forth their summer steam, and the wall rises from the peak of climbing Asis, that wall made yet more glorious by thy wit. And all too young thou

didst gather to thy bosom thy father's bones and wert driven to a poorer home. Many were the steers that tilled thy fields, but the pitiless measuring-rod robbed thee of thy wealth of plough-land. Thereafter when the ball of gold was cast from thy young neck and the robe of manhood's freedom was donned before thy mother's gods, then did Apollo teach thee some little of his song and forbid thee to thunder forth thy speech in the mad tumult of the Forum. Nay then, be elegy thy task, a work full of guile — here lies thy warfare! — that other bards may write inspired by thee. Thou shalt endure the alluring strife of Venus' wars and shalt be a foeman meet for the shafts of Venus' boys. For whatever victories thy toil may win thee, there is one girl shall baffle thee ever; and though thou shake from thy mouth the hook that is fast therein, it will avail thee naught; the rod shall keep thee captive with its barb. Her whim shall order thy waking and thy sleeping, and the tear shall not fall from thine eyes save at her command. Nor shall a thousand guards aid thee, nor a thousand seals set on her doors; if she be resolved to cheat thee, a chink in the door will suffice her. And now whether thy bark be tossed in mid tempest or thou go'est unarmed amid an armoured foe, or earth tremble and yawn for thee with gaping chasm, fear thou the ill-omened back of the eight-footed Crab!

II

quid mirare meas tot in uno corpore formas,
accipe Vertumni signa paterna dei.
Tuscius ego Tuscis orior, nec paenitet inter
proelia Volsinios deseruisse focos.
haec me turba iuuat, nec templo laetor eburno:
Romanum satis est posse uidere Forum.

II

WHY marvellest thou that my one body should have so many shapes? Learn the tokens of the god Vertumnus' birth. A Tuscan I from Tuscans sprung, nor do I repent me that I left Volsinii's hearths amid the din of battle. This throng that is ever round me is my joy; I need no ivory temple for my delight; enough that I can see the Roman Forum.

hac quondam Tiberinus iter faciebat, et aiunt
remorum auditos per uada pulsa sonos:
at postquam ille suis tantum concessit alumnis,
Vertumnus uerso dicor ab amne deus.

seu, quia uertentis fructum praecepimus anni,
Vertumni rursus credidit esse sacrum.
prima mihi uariat liuentibus uua racemis,
et coma lactenti spicea fruge tumet;
hic dulcis cerasos, hic autumnalia pruna
cernis et aestiuo mora rubere die;
insitor hic soluit pomosa uota corona,
cum pirus inuito stipite mala tulit.

7 There once the Tiber went, and they say that the sound of oars was heard across the smitten shallows. But after he had yielded thus much ground to his nurslings I was called the god Vertumnus from the turning of the river. Or else because I receive the first-fruits of the year as it turns its round, for this reason also thou deemest that offering to be Vertumnus' due. For me the first grape changes colour with darkening cluster, and the spiked ear of corn swells with its milky fruit. Here thou seest sweet cherries glow, here autumn plums and summer mulberries. Here the grafter pays his vows with garland of fruit, when the pears unwilling stock hath borne him apples, mendax fama, noces: alius mihi nominis index:

de se narranti tu modo crede deo.
opportuna mea est cunctis natura figuris:
in quamcumque uoles uerte, decorus ero.

indue me Cois, fiam non dura puella:
meque uirum sumpta quis neget esse toga?
da falcem et torto frontem mihi comprime faeno:
iurabis nostra gramina secta manu.
arma tuli quondam et, memini, laudabar in illis:
corbis et imposito pondere messor eram.
sobrius ad lites: at cum est imposta corona,
clamabis capiti uina subisse meo.
cinge caput mitra, speciem furabor Iacchi;
furabor Phoebi, si modo plectra dabis.
cassibus impositis uenor: sed harundine sumpta
fautor plumoso sum deus aucupio.
est etiam aurigae species Vertumnus et eius
traicit alterno qui leue pondus equo.
suppetat hic, piscis calamo praedabor, et ibo
mundus demissis institor in tunicis.
pastorem ad baculum possum curuare uel idem
sirpiculis medio puluere ferre rosam.
nam quid ego adiciam, de quo mihi maxima fama est,
hortorum in manibus dona probata meis?
caeruleus cucumis tumidoque cucurbita uentre
me notat et iunco brassica uincta leui;
nec flos ullus hiat pratis, quin ille decenter
impositus fronti langueat ante meae.
at mihi, quod formas unus uertebar in omnis,
nomen ab euentu patria lingua dedit;

19 Lying rumour be silent; another warrant is there for my name; believe the god that tells his own tale. My nature suits with every form: turn me to what thou wilt, I shall still be comely. Clothe me in silks of Cos, I shall prove a graceful girl; and when I wear the toga who shall deny me to be a man? Give me a sickle and bind my brow with twisted hay, thou wilt swear that grass has been cut by my hands. Once I bore arms and, I mind me, won praise in war; but when the heavy basket was placed upon my back I was a reaper. Sober am I when law-suits call, yet when the wreath is on my brow thou wilt cry that the wine has stolen to my head. Gird my head with a turban, I will steal for me the semblance of Iacchus; I will steal the semblance of Phoebus if thou wilt but give me his lyre. With nets on my shoulder I go hunting; but when the fowler's reed is in my hand I am that god who speeds the snaring of feathered fowl. Vertumnus takes also the guise of a charioteer, and of him who transfers his nimble weight from horse to horse. Supply me and with a rod I will take spoil of fish, or will go my way a spruce pedlar with trailing tunic. I can stoop like a shepherd o'er his crook; I too can bring roses in baskets through the midst of summer's dust. For why should I add, since there lies my greatest fame, that the garden's choice gifts may be seen in my hands? The dark-green cucumber and the gourd with swelling belly and the cabbage tied with light rushes mark me out. Nor grows there any flower in the fields but is placed upon my brow and droops in comely fashion before my face. Nay, my name sprang from my deeds; 'twas because I turned to every shape that my native tongue bestowed it on me.

et tu, Roma, meis tribuisti praemia Tuscis,
(unde hodie Vicus nomina Tuscus habet),
tempore quo sociis uenit Lycomedius armis
atque Sabina feri contudit arma Tati.
uidi ego labentis acies et tela caduca,
atque hostis turpi terga dedisse fugae.

49 And thou, Rome, thou didst reward my Tuscan kin — from whom to-day the Tuscan street is named — what time the Lycomedian came with succouring host and crushed the Sabine warriors of fierce Tattius. I saw the breaking ranks, the weapons cast to earth, I saw the foe turn his back in base flight.

sed facias, diuum Sator, ut Romana per aeuum
transeat ante meos turba togata pedes.

55 But do thou, O Father of the gods, grant that the toga-clad throng of Rome may pass for ever before my feet.

sex superant uersus: te, qui ad uadimonia curris,
non moror: haec spatiis ultima creta meis.

57 Six lines remain; I would not delay you that hurry to answer your bail; this is the ending of my course.

stipes acernus eram, properanti falce dolatus,
ante Numam grata pauper in urbe deus.
at tibi, Mamurri, formae caelator aenae,
tellus artifices ne terat Osca manus,
qui me tam docilis potuisti fundere in usus.
unum opus est, operi non datur unus honos.

59 Once I was a maple stock, rough-hewn with hurried sickle; 'twas before Numa's days I dwelt, no wealthy god, in the city of my love. But may the rude earth ne'er bruise thy cunning hands, Mamurius, that didst grave my form in bronze and hadst the skill to cast me to such changeful use. Thy work is but one, yet manifold the honour that it wins.

III

haec Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotae,
cum totiens absis, si potes esse meus.
si qua tamen tibi lecturo pars oblita derit,
haec erit e lacrimis facta litura meis:
aut si qua incerto fallet te littera tractu,
signa meae dextrae iam morientis erunt.

III

THIS charge doth Arethusa send to her Lycotas, if I may call thee mine who art so often far from me. Yet if any part thou wouldst read be lost and blotted, the blot will have been made by my tears; or if any letter baffle thee with uncertain outline, 'twill be the token of my right hand that now faints in death.

te modo uiderunt iteratos Bactra per ortus,
te modo munito Sericus hostis equo,
hibernique Getae, pictoque Britannia curru,
ustus et Eoa decolor Indus aqua.

7 Thee now did Bactra behold in the twice-visited East, now the Neuric foe with armoured steed, the wintry Getans, and Britain of the painted car and the swart Indian washed by the Eastern wave.

haecne marita fides et parce auia noctes,
cum rudis urgenti bracchia uicta dedi?
quae mihi deductae fax omen praetulit, illa
traxit ab euerso lumina nigra rogo;
et Stygio sum sparsa lacu, nec recta capillis
uitta data est: nupsi non comitante deo.
omnibus heu portis pendent mea noxia uota:
textitur haec castris quarta lacerna tuis.
occidat, immerita qui carpsit ab arbore uallum
et struxit querulas rauca per ossa tubas,
dignior obliquo funem qui torqueat Ocnos,
aeternusque tuam pascit, aselle, famem!

11 Was this the meaning of thy wedded troth, of the night pledged to our kisses, when a stranger in love's warfare I yielded to thine onset? The torch that burned with ominous light before me as they led me to thy house drew its baleful flame from the ruins of some pyre; I was sprinkled with water from the pool of Styx, the wreath was set awry upon my hair: Hymen was not with me when I wedded. On every gate, alas! are hung my vows for thy safety, vows

that bring naught save woe, and 'tis now the fourth cloak I am weaving for thy warfare. Perish the man first plucked the soldier's stake from some unoffending tree, and wrought mournful trumpets from hoarse-echoing bones! Worthier he than Ocnus to twist the rope, sitting slantwise at the task, and to feed thy hungry maw, poor ass, to all eternity!

dic mihi, num teneros urit lorica lacertos?
num grauis imbellis atterit hasta manus?
haec noceant potius, quam dentibus ulla puella
det mihi plorandas per tua colla notas!
diceris et macie uultum tenuasse: sed opto
e desiderio sit color iste meo.

23 Tell me, does the breastplate gall thy soft arms? does the heavy spear chafe thy hands that were not meant for war? Sooner let spear and breastplate hurt thee than that any girl should mar thy neck with the marks of her teeth, marks that must bring me tears to weep! They say, too, that thy face is lean and drawn: only I pray that thy pallor spring but from longing for me.

at mihi cum noctes induxit uesper amaras,
si qua relictæ iacent, osculor arma tua;
tum queror in toto non sidere pallia lecto,
lucis et auctores non dare carmen auis.
noctibus hibernis castrensia pensa laboro
et Tyria in clauos uellera secta tuos;
et disco, qua parte fluat uincendus Araxes,
quot sine aqua Parthus milia currat equis;
cogor et e tabula pictos ediscere mundos,
qualis et haec docti sit positura dei,
quæ tellus sit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab aestu,
uentus in Italiam qui bene uela ferat.

29 Meanwhile I, when evening brings round for me the bitter night, kiss whatever of thy weapons lie left at home. Then I complain that the coverlet will never stay upon my couch, and that the birds that herald dawn are slow to sing. Through the nights of winter I toil to weave thee raiment for thy life in camp, and sew lengths of woollen cloth purple with Tyrian dye, only to meet the sword. I learn where flows the Araxes thou must conquer, and how many miles the Parthian charger can run without slaking his thirst. I am driven also to study from a map the painted world and to learn what is the position of the far-northern Dahan, what lands are stiff with frost, what crumbling with heat, and what is the wind that may waft thy sails safe home to Italy.

assidet una soror, curis et pallida nutrix
peierat hiberni temporis esse moras.

felix Hippolyte! nuda tulit arma papilla
et texit galea barbara molle caput.
Romanis utinam patuissent castra puellis!
essem militiae sarcina fida tuae,
nec me tardarent Scythiae iuga, cum Paper altas
Africus in glaciem frigore nectit aquas.
omnis amor magnus, sed aperto in coniuge maior:
hanc Venus, ut uiuat, uentilat ipsa facem.

41 My sister only waits on my sorrows, and my nurse, turning pale, swears falsely 'tis winter's season that delays thee. Happy Hippolyte! bare-breasted she bore arms and savage-hearted hid her soft locks beneath the helm. Would that the camps of Rome had opened their gates to women; then had I been the faithful burden of thy warfare. Nor would Scythia's hills delay me when Father Jove binds the deep waters to ice with keener cold. Love is mighty ever, but mightier far for an acknowledged husband; this flame Venus herself fans that it may live.

nam mihi quo Poenis ter purpura fulgeat ostris
crystallusque meas ornet aquosa manus?
omnia surda tacent, rarisque assueta kalendis
uix aperit clausos una puella Lares,
Claugidos et catulae uox est mihi grata querentis:
illa tui partem uindicat una tori.
flore sacella tego, uerbenis compita uelo,
et crepat ad ueteres herba Sabina focos.
siue in finitimo gemuit stans noctua tigno,
seu uoluit tangi parca lucerna mero,
illa dies hornis caedem denuntiat agnis,
succinctique calent ad noua lucra popae.

51 To what purpose now should robes of purple shine for me with Punic dye or clear crystal adorn my fingers? All things are silent and deaf; the Lares' closed shrine is opened on the Kalends, that come so seldom, and scarce even then by one solitary handmaid on her accustomed round. Dear to me is the whine of the little dog Craugis: she only claims thy place in my bed. I cover shrines with flowers, I wreath the cross-roads with sacred branches, and the herb Sabine crackles for me on ancient altars. If the owl perched on some neighbouring bough makes moan, or the lamp, as it burns low, needs the sprinkling of wine, that day orders sacrifice of this year's lambs, and the high-girt priests busy themselves to win fresh profit.

ne, precor, ascensis tanti sit gloria Bactris,
raptae odorato carbasa lina duci,
plumbea cum tortae sparguntur pondera fundae,

subdolus et uersis increpat arcus equis!
sed (tua sic domitis Parthae telluris alumnis
pura triumphantis hasta sequatur equos)
incorrupta mei conserua foedera lecti!
hac ego te sola lege redisse uelim:
armaque cum tulero portae uotiua Capenae,
subscribam: “saluo grata puella uiro.”

⁶³ Count not, I pray, too high the glory of scaling Bactra's walls, or the spoil of fine linen tom from some perfumed chief, in that hour when the bolts of the twisted sling are scattered abroad and the crafty bow twangs from the flying steed! But — so when Parthia's nurslings are tamed may the headless spear-shaft follow thy triumphant steeds! — do thou keep unsullied the pact that binds thee to my bed. 'Tis the sole condition on which I would have thee return! Then when I shall have carried thine armour and votive offering to the Capene gate I will write beneath it: THE THANKOFFERING OF A GRATEFUL WIFE FOR HER HUSBAND'S SAFETY.

IV

Tarpeium nemus et Tarpeiae turpe sepulcrum
fabor et antiqui limina capta Iouis.

IV

I WILL tell of the Tarpeian grove, of Tarpeia's shameful tomb, and of the capture of the house of ancient Jove. This mount did Tatius gird with palisade of maple and ringed his camp securely with circling mound. What was Rome in those days when the trumpeter of Cures made the neighbouring cliffs, where Jove sits throned, tremble before his long-drawn blast, and when Sabine javelins stood in the Roman Forum, where now laws are given to the conquered world? Rome had no ramparts save her hills. Where now stands the Senate-house hedged in by walls, once the war-horse drank from a slender spring.

lucus erat felix hederoso conditus antro,
multaque natiuis obstrepit arbor aquis,
Siluani ramosa domus, quo dulcis ab aestu
fistula poturas ire iubebat ouis.
hunc Tatius fontem uallo praecingit acerno,
fidaque suggesta castra coronat humo.
quid tum Roma fuit, tubicen uicina Curetis
cum quateret lento murmure saxa Iouis?
atque ubi nunc terris dicuntur iura subactis,
stabant Romano pila Sabina Foro.
murus erant montes: ubi nunc est curia saepta,
bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.
hinc Tarpeia deae fontem libauit: at illi
urgebat medium fictilis urna caput.
et satis una malae potuit mors esse puellae,
quae uoluit flammās fallere, Vesta, tuas?
uidit harenosis Tatium proludere campis
pictaque per flauas arma leuare iubas:
obstipuit regis facie et regalibus armis,
interque oblitus excidit urna manus.
saepe illa immeritae causata est omina lunae,
et sibi tingendas dixit in amne comas:
saepe tulit blandis argentea lilia Nymphis,
Romula ne faciem laederet hasta Tati.
dumque subit primo Capitolia nubila fumo,
rettulit hirsutis bracchia secta rubis,
et sua Tarpeia residens ita fleuit ab arce

3 A goodly grove there was, hidden in a rocky, ivy-mantled glen, and many a tree made answering murmur to its native springs. 'Twas the branching home of Sylvanus, whither the sweet pipe would call the sheep from the hot sun to drink. From this spring Tarpeia drew water for her goddess, and the urn of earthenware bowed down her head whereon 'twas poised. fire, O Vesta? She saw Tatius practise for battle on the sandy plain and lift his Hashing spear amid the yellow helmet-plumes. Dumbstruck she marvelled at the king's face and at the kingly armour, and the urn fell from her forgetful hands. Often did she plead that the moon boded ill — yet the moon was guiltless — and said that she must bathe her locks in the running stream. Often she offered silvery lilies to the kindly nymphs, that the spear of Romulus might not wound the face of Tatius; and while she climbed the Capitol clouded with the first smoke of morning she came home with arms tom by rough brambles. And thus as she sate on the Tarpeian height she bewailed the wounds that Jove in his dwelling hard by might not forgive:

“ignes castrorum et Tatiae praetoria turmae
et formosa oculis arma Sabina meis,
o utinam ad uestros sedeam captiua Penatis,
dum captiua mei conspicer ora Tati!
Romani montes, et montibus addita Roma,
et ualeat probro Vesta pudenda meo:
ille equus, ille meos in castra reponet amores,
cui Tatius dextras collocat ipse iubas!

31 “Watchfires of the camp and thou, royal tent amidst the host of Tatius, and Sabine armour so lovely to mine eyes, would that I might sit a captive before your household gods, if so I might behold the face of Tatius! Farewell, ye hills of Rome, and Rome that crowns the hills, and Vesta brought to shame by my sin! That horse, o'er whose right shoulder Tatius smooths the mane, that horse and none other shall bear me love-maddened to his camp, my home.

quid mirum in patrios Scyllam saeuisse capillos,
candidaque in saeuos inguina uersa canis?
prodita quid mirum fraterni cornua monstri,
cum patuit lecto stamine torta uia?
quantum ego sum Ausoniis crimen factura puellis,
improba uirgineo lecta ministra foco!
Pallados exstinctos si quis mirabitur ignis,
ignoscat: lacrimis spargitur ara meis.

39 “What marvel if Scylla waxed fierce against her father's locks and her white waist was transformed to fierce hounds? What marvel that the horns of the

monstrous brother were betrayed, when the path was revealed by the gathering of the thread? What reproach I shall bring upon Ausonia's maids, I the traitress that was chosen to be the handmaid of the virgin hearth! If any shall marvel that the fires of Pallas are extinguished, let him pardon me! The altar is sprinkled with my tears!

cras, ut rumor ait, tota potabitur urbe:

tu cape spinosi rorida terga iugi.

lubrica tota uia est et perfida: quippe tacentis

fallaci celat limite semper aquas.

o utinam magicae nossem cantamina Musae!

haec quoque formoso lingua tulisset opem.

te toga picta decet, non quem sine matris honore

nutrit inhumanae dura papilla lupae.

47 "To-morrow, so rumour tells, there shall be a purification through all the city; do thou take the dewy ridge of the thorn-clad hill. The path is slippery and treacherous through all its length: for alway it hides silent waters on its deceitful track. Would that I knew the charms of the magic Muse! Then had my tongue also brought thee succour, my beauteous lover! The royal robe beseems thee rather than that motherless wight, whom the rude teat of the savage she-wolf suckled.

hic, hospes, patria metuar regina sub aula?

dos tibi non humilis prodita Roma uenit.

si minus, at raptae ne sint impune Sabinae:

me rape et alterna lege repende uices!

commissas acies ego possum soluere: nuptae

uos medium palla foedus inite mea.

adde Hymenaeae modos, tubicen fera murmura conde:

credite, uestra meus molliet arma torus.

55 "Wilt thou make me thy queen on these terms, O stranger, and shall I bear thee children in thy halls? With me comes Rome betrayed, no puny dower! If thou wilt not have me thus, ravish me and have thy vengeance in turn, that the Sabine maids be not ravished unavenged! I have the power to part the hosts when locked in battle: enter, ye brides, on reconciling peace! My robe of marriage shows the way! And do thou, Hymenaeus, sound thy strain: trumpeter, hush thy wild blasts; believe me, my marriage-bed shall assuage your warfare.

et iam quarta canit uenturam bucina lucem,

ipsaque in Oceanum sidera lapsa cadunt.

experiar somnum, de te mihi somnia quaeram:

fac uenias oculis umbra benigna meis."

63 “Now the fourth bugle sings the approach of dawn, and the stars themselves sink to their rest in Ocean. I will try sleep and will seek for dreams of thee: grant that thy semblance may come to cheer mine eyes.”

dixit, et incerto permisit brachia somno,
nescia se furiis accubuisse nouis.
nam Vesta, Iliacae felix tutela fauillae,
culpam alit et plures condit in ossa faces.
illa ruit, qualis celerem prope Thermodonta
Strymonis abscisso fertur aperta sinu.

67 She spake, and let fall her arms in uneasy slumber: she knew not, alas! that she had laid her down to be the prey of fresh furies. For Vesta, the blessed guardian of the Trojan embers, fed her sin with fuel and hid more firebrands in her bones. She rushed away, like the Strymonian Amazon by swift Thermodon's bank, with raiment torn and bosom bared to view.

urbi festus erat (dixere Parilia patres),
hic primus coepit moenibus esse dies,
annua pastorum conuiuia, lusus in urbe,
cum pagana madent fercula diuitiis,
cumque super raros faeni flammantis acervos
traicit immundos ebria turba pedes.
Romulus excubias decreuit in otia solui
atque intermissa castra silere tuba.
hoc Tarpeia suum tempus rata conuenit hostem:
pacta ligat, pactis ipsa futura comes.

73 'Twas a feast-day in the city — the Fathers named it Parilia — the birthday of the walls of Rome, the yearly banquet of the shepherds, when the city makes merry, when country platters are moistened with rich fare, and the drunken crowd flings dust-stained feet o'er heaps of burning hay placed here and there. Romulus decreed that the watchmen should take their ease in rest, that the trumpet should be laid aside and the camp have silence. Tarpeia deemed her hour had come and met the foeman: she made her pact, herself a part thereof.

mons erat ascensu dubius festoque remissus
nec mora, uocalis occupat ense canis.
omnia praebebant somnos: sed Iuppiter unus
decreuit poenis inuigilare suis.
prodiderat portaeque fidem patriamque iacentem,
nubendique petit, quem uelit, ipsa diem.
at Tati (neque enim sceleri dedit hostis honorem)

“nube” ait “et regni scande cubile mei!”
dixit, et ingestis comitum super obruit armis.
haec, uirgo, officiis dos erat apta tuis.

83 The hill was treacherous of ascent, but unguarded by reason of the feast; of a sudden with his sword he cuts down the noisy watchdogs. All was slumber: only Jove had resolved to wake that he might work thy doom. She had betrayed the secret of the gate, betrayed her prostrate country, and asked for marriage on the day of her own choice. But Tatius — for even the foe gave no honour to crime — answered: “Marry then, and climb thus my royal bed.” He spake and bade his comrades crush her beneath their piled shields. Such, Vestal, was thy dower, meet guerdon of thy services.

a duce Tarpeia mons est cognomen adeptus:
o uigil, iniustae praemia sortis habes.

93 The hill took its name from Tarpeia, the foeman’s guide. O watcher, unjustly hast thou won this recompense for thy doom.

V

terra tuum spinis obducat, lena, sepulcrum,
 et tua, quod non uis, sentiat umbra sitim;
 nec sedeant cineri Manes, et Cerberus ultor
 turpia ieiuno terreat ossa sono!

V

MAY the earth cover thy tomb with thorns, thou bawd, and may thy shade be parched with thirst, for thirst thou hatest. May thy ghost find no rest among thine ashes, and may vengeful Cerberus fright thy dishonoured bones with hungry howl.

docta uel Hippolytum Veneri mollire negantem,
 concordique toro pessima semper auis,
 Penelopen quoque neglecto rumore mariti
 nubere lasciuo cogeret Antinoo.
 illa uelit, poterit magnes non ducere ferrum,
 et uolucris nidis esse nouerca suis.
 quippe et, Collinas ad fossam mouerit herbas,
 stantia currenti diluerentur aqua:
 audax cantatae leges imponere lunae
 et sua nocturno fallere terga lupo,
 posset ut intentos astu caecare maritos,
 cornicum immeritas eruit ungue genas;
 consuluitque striges nostro de sanguine, et in me
 hippomanes fetae semina legit equae.

5 . Skilled to win even Hippolytus that said “Nay” to love, and ever worst of omens to lovers’ peace, she could force even Penelope to be deaf to rumours of her husband’s safety and to wed with wanton Antinous. Should she will it, the magnet will refuse to draw the steel, and the bird prove a stepmother to her nestlings. Nay, did she bring herbs from the Colline field to the magic trench, things solid would dissolve into running water. She dared put spells upon the moon to do her bidding and to disguise her shape beneath the form of the night-prowling wolf, that by her cunning she might blind jealous husbands, and with her nails she tore out the undeserving eyes of crows; she consulted owls how she might have my blood, and gathered for my destruction the charm that drips from the pregnant mare.

exorabat opus uerbis, ceu blanda perure
 saxosamque ferat sedula culpa uiam:
 “si te Eoa Dorozantum iuuat aurea ripa

et quae sub Tyria concha superbit aqua,
Eurypylique placet Coae textura Mineruae,
sectaque ab Attalicis putria signa toris,
seu quae palmiferae mittunt uenalia Thebae,
murraeque in Parthis pocula cocta focis;
sperne fidem, prouolue deos, mendacia uincant,
frange et damnosae iura pudicitiae!
et simulare uirum pretium facit: utere causis!
maior dilata nocte recurret amor.
si tibi forte comas uexauerit, utilis ira:
post modo mercata pace premendus erit.
denique ubi amplexu Venerem promiseris empto,
fac simules puros Isidis esse dies.
ingerat Aprilis Iole tibi, tundat Amycle
natalem Mais Idibus esse tuum.
supplex ille sedet ñ posita tu scribe cathedra
quidlibet! has artis si pauet ille, tenes!
semper habe morsus circa tua colla recentis,
litibus alternis quos putet esse datos.
nec te Medae delectent probra sequacis
(nempe tulit fastus ausa rogare prior),
sed potius mundi Thais pretiosa Menandri,
cum ferit astutos comica moecha Getas.

19 She plied her task, alas! with flattering words, even as the persistent mole bores out its stony path. Thus would she speak: "If the golden shores of the Dorozantes delight thee, or the shell that flaunts its purple in the Tyrian sea, if Eurypylus' weft of Coan silk please thee or crumbling figures cut from coverlets of gold, or the wares sent from palm-bearing Thebes and myrrhine goblets baked in Parthian kilns, then spurn thine oath, and down with the gods! Let lies win the day! Break all the laws of chastity; they bring but loss! Feign that thou hast a husband; 'twill heighten thy price! Use every excuse! Love will return with added fire after a night's delay. If perchance he be angry and tear thy hair, his anger shall bring thee profit; after that thou must torment him till he purchase peace. Then when he has bought thine embraces and thou hast promised him enjoyment of thy love, see that thou feign that the days of Isis are come, enjoining abstinence. Let Iole thrust on thy notice that April's Kalends are near, let Amycle din into thine ears that thy birthday falls on the Ides of May. He sits in supplication before thee. Take thy chair and write somewhat: if he trembles at these tricks thou hast him fast! Ever have fresh bites about thy throat, that he may deem to have been given in the strife of love. But delight not thou in the railing of importunate Medea — she was cast off that had dared be first to ask for love. But rather be costly Thais thy pattern, of whom Menander's wit hath told, when the harlot of the stage tricks

the shrewd Scythian slaves.

in mores te uerte uiri: si cantica iactat,
i comes et uoces ebria iunge tuas.
ianitor ad dantis uigilet: si pulset inanis,
surdus in obductam somniet usque seram.
nec tibi displiceat miles non factus amori,
nauta nec attrita si ferat aera manu,
aut quorum titulus per barbara colla pependit,
cretati medio cum saluere foro.
aurum spectato, non quae manus afferat aurum!
uersibus auditis quid nisi uerba feres?
[quid iuuat ornato procedere, uita, capillo
et tenuis Coa ueste mouere sinus?]
qui uersus, Coae dederit nec munera uestis,
istius tibi sit surda sine arte lyra.
dum uernat sanguis, dum rugis integer annus,
utere, ne quid cras libet ab ore dies!
uidi ego odorati uictura rosaria Paesti
sub matutino cocta iacere Noto.”

45 “Change thy ways to suit thy man. If he boasts his powers of song, accompany him and join thy drunken voice to his. Let thy porter be open-eyed for them that bring gifts; if he that knocks be empty-handed, let him sleep on, propped on the bar that is drawn across the door. Nor would I have thee spurn soldiers not made for love, nor sailors, if their horny hands bring coin, nor yet one of those on whose barbarian necks the salesman’s bill has hung, when with whitened feet they danced in the marketplace. Look to the gold, not to the hand that brings it. Though thou give ear to their verse, what will be thine save empty words? ‘What boots it, light of my life, to go forth with locks adorned, and to rustle in slender folds of Coan silk?’ Who brings thee verse yet never a gift of Coan raiment, let his lyre meet with deaf ears, since it brings no pelf. While spring is in the blood and thy years know not wrinkles, use thy time, lest the morrow take toll of thy beauty! I have seen the rose-beds of perfumed Paestum that should have lived lie blasted at mom by the Scirocco’s breath.”

sed (cape torquatae, Venus o regina, columbae
ob meritum ante tuos guttura secta focos)
his animum nostrae dum uersat Acanthis amicae,
per tenuem ossa sunt numerata cutem.
uidi ego rugoso tussim concredere collo,
sputaque per dentis ire cruenta cauos,
atque animam in tegetes putrem exspirare paternas:
horruit argenti pergula curua foco.

exsequiae fuerint rari furtiua capilli
uincula et immundo pallida mitra situ,
et canis, in nostros nimis experrecta dolores,
cum fallenda meo pollice clatra forent.
sit tumulus lenae curto uetus amphora collo:
urgeat hunc supra uis, caprifice, tua.
quisquis amas, scabris hoc bustum caedite saxis,
mixtaque cum saxis addite uerba mala!

63 While thus Acanthis plied my mistress' soul, all my bones might be counted beneath the shrunk skin. But do thou, Queen Venus, receive my thank-offering, a ring-dove's throat cut before thine altar. I saw the cough clot in her wrinkled throat, and the bloodstained spittle trickle through her hollow teeth. I saw her breathe out her plague-struck spirit on the blankets that were once her father's: the hearth was chill and the broken shed where she lay shivered for cold. For pomp of funeral she had but the stolen bands that bound her scanty hair, a mutch with colour dimmed by foul neglect; and the dog that of old was over-wakeful for my woes, when with stealthy fingers I had to slip the bolts that barred the door. Let the bawd's tomb be an old wine-jar with broken neck, and over it, wild fig-tree, put thou forth thy might. Whoe'er thou art that lovest, batter this grave with jagged stones, and mingled with the stones add words of cursing!

VI

sacra facit uates: sint ora fauentia sacris,
et cadat ante meos icta iuuenca focos.
serta Philiteis certet Romana corymbis,
et Cyrenaeas urna ministret aquas.
costum molle date et blandi mihi turis honores,
terque focum circa laneus orbis eat.
spargite me lymphis, carmenque recentibus aris
tibia Mygdoniis libet eburna cadis.
ite procul fraudes, alio sint aere noxae:
pura nouum uati laurea mollit iter.

VI

THE priest doth sacrifice; be silent all that his sacrifice may prosper, and let the heifer fall smitten before mine altar-hearths. Let the garland of Rome vie with the ivy-clusters of Philetas, and let the urn serve me with water of Cyrene. Give me soft nard and offerings of appeasing incense, and thrice about the hearth be the woollen fillet twined. Sprinkle me with water, and by the new-built altar let the ivory pipe make libation of song from Phrygian vessels. Fly hence afar all guile, and beneath other skies let mischief dwell; new is the path the priest must tread, but the pure laurel-branch doth make it smooth for him.

Musa, Palatini referemus Apollinis aedem:
res est, Calliope, digna fauore tuo.
Caesaris in nomen ducuntur carmina: Caesar
dum canitur, quaeso, Iuppiter ipse uaces!

¹¹ My Muse, we will tell of the temple of Palatine Apollo; Calliope, the theme is worthy of thy favour. My songs are spun for the glory of Caesar: while Caesar is the theme of song, do thou, Jupiter, even thou, rest from thy labours and give ear.

est Phoebi fugiens Athamana ad litora portus,
qua sinus Ioniae murmura condit aquae,
Actia Iuleae pelagus monumenta carinae,
nautarum uotis non operosa uia.
huc mundi coiere manus: stetit aequore moles
pineae, nec remis aequa fauebat auis.
altera classis erat Teucro damnata Quirino,
pilaque feminea turpiter acta manu:
hinc Augusta ratis plenis Iouis omine uelis,

signaque iam Patriae uincere docta suae.
tandem aciem geminos Nereus lunarat in arcus,
armorum et radiis picta tremebat aqua,
cum Phoebus linquens stantem se uindice Delon
(nam tulit iratos mobilis una Notos)
astitit Augusti puppim super, et noua flamma
luxit in obliquam ter sinuata facem.
non ille attulerat crinis in colla solutos
aut testudineae carmen inerme lyrae,
sed quali aspexit Pelopeum Agamemnona uultu,
egessitque auidis Dorica castra rogis,
aut qualis flexos soluit Pythona per orbis
serpentem, imbelles quem timuere lyrae.

15 By the Athamanian shores where Phoebus dwells there lies a haven, whose bay hushes the roar of the Ionian sea, Actium's wide water that guards the memory of the Julian bark, and gives easy entrance to the mariner's prayer. Here met the hosts of all the world: motionless on the deep stood the huge ships of pine, yet smiled not fortune alike on all their oars. There stood one fleet, doomed by Trojan Quirinus, and Roman javelins — ah! shame! — were grasped in a woman's hand. And there stood the ship of Augustus, its sails filled by the blessing of Jove, its standards long since taught to conquer for their country's sake. And now Nereus had bent the lines to twin crescent curves and the water quivered bright with the flash of arms, when Phoebus, leaving Delos, that abides firmly rooted now beneath his protection — for once alone of isles it was the sport of the South Wind's anger — took his stand above Augustus' ship, and thrice a strange flame shone forth, bent like the slant lightning-flash. He came not with hair streaming o'er his neck or with peaceful music of the tortoise lyre; but his face was as when he looked on Agamemnon Pelops' son, and carried forth the warriors of the Dorian camp to the greedy funeral pyre; or as when he slew the serpent Python, the terror of the peaceful Muses, and relaxed its coils in death.

mox ait “o Longa mundi seruator ab Alba,
Auguste, Hectoreis cognite maior auis,
uinice mari: iam terra tua est: tibi militat arcus
et fauet ex umeris hoc onus omne meis.
solue metu patriam, quae nunc te uindice freta
imposuit prorae publica uota tuae.
quam nisi defendes, murorum Romulus augur
ire Palatinas non bene uidit auis.
et nimium remis audent prope: turpe Latinis
principe te fluctus regia uela pati.
nec te, quod classis centenis remiget alis,
terreat: inuito labitur illa mari:

quodque uehunt prorae Centaurica saxa minantis,
tigna caua et pictos experiere metus.
frangit et attollit uires in milite causa;
quae nisi iusta subest, excutit arma pudor.
tempus adest, committe ratis! ego temporis auctor
ducam laurigera Iulia rostra manu.”

37 Then he spake: “O saviour of the world, Augustus, sprung from Alba Longa and known for greater than thy Trojan sires, conquer now by sea! Already the land is thine. My bow fights for thee, and every arrow that burdens my shoulders wishes thee well. Free thy country from fear, thy country that, relying on thy protection, hath freighted thy bark with a nation’s prayers. If thou defend her not, ’twas in evil hour that Romulus, as he sought omens for the founding of his walls, beheld the birds fly forth from the Palatine. Aye! and too near they venture with their oars! Shame that Latium’s waves, while thou art prince, should bear the sails of a queen! Nor let it fright thee that their fleet is winged, each ship, with an hundred oars. The sea whereon it sails will have none of it. And though the prows bear figures threatening to cast rocks such as centaurs throw, thou shalt find them but hollow planks and painted terrors. ’Tis his cause that makes or mars a soldier’s strength. If the cause be not just, shame strikes the weapon from his hands. The time is come! Launch thy ships upon the foe! ’Tis I appoint the hour of battle and will guide the Julian prows with laurel-bearing hand.”

dixerat, et pharetrae pondus consumit in arcus:
proxima post arcus Caesaris hasta fuit.
uincit Roma fide Phoebi: dat femina poenas:
sceptrā per Ionias fracta uehuntur aquas.
at pater Idalio miratur Caesar ab astro:
“sum deus; est nostri sanguinis ista fides.”
prosequitur cantu Triton, omnesque marinae
plausuerunt circa libera signa deae.
illa petit Nilum cumba male nixa fugaci,
hoc unum, iusso non moritura die.
di melius! quantus mulier foret una triumphus,
ductus erat per quas ante Iugurtha uias!

55 He spake and gave his quiver’s burden to the bow; after his shafts the spear of Caesar was first to fly. Phoebus kept troth and Rome conquered; the woman met her doom, and broken sceptres floated on Ionia’s waves. But his sire Caesar gazed marvelling from his Idalian star: “I am a god, and thy victory gives proof that thou art sprung from our blood.” Triton hailed the victor with his song, and all the sea-goddesses clapped their hands around the standards of liberty. But she, vainly trusting in her flying sloop, sought the Nile; this only did she win, death at the hour of her own choice. Heaven willed it and

'twas better so; how mean a triumph would one woman make in those streets
through which Jugurtha once was led!

Actius hinc traxit Phoebus monumenta, quod eius
una decem uicit missa sagitta ratis.

67 Hence Actian Phoebus won his temple. Each arrow sped from his bow
vanquished ten vessels of the foe.

bella satis cecini: citharam iam poscit Apollo
uictor et ad placidos exuit arma choros.

candida nunc molli subeant conuiuia luco;

blanditiaeque fluant per mea colla rosae,

uinaque fundantur prelis elisa Falernis,

terque lauet nostras spica Cilissa comas.

ingenium positis irritet Musa poetis:

Bacche, soles Phoebo fertilis esse tuo.

ille paludosos memoret seruire Sycambros,

Cepheam hic Meroen fuscaque regna canat,

hic referat sero confessum foedere Parthum:

“reddat signa Remi, mox dabit ipse sua:

sive aliquid pharetris Augustus parcat Eois,

differat in pueros ista tropaea suos.

gaude, Crasse, nigras si quid sapis inter harenas:

ire per Euphraten ad tua busta licet.”

sic noctem patera, sic ducam carmine, donec

iniciat radios in mea uina dies!

69 I have sung enough of war: victorious Apollo now demands my lyre, and
doffs his armour for the dances of peace. Let white-robed banqueters enter the
luxuriant grove, and winsome roses stream about my neck. Be wine outpoured
crushed in Falernian presses, and thrice let Cilician saffron bathe my locks.
Let the Muse stir poets that now are fired with wine; Bacchus, 'tis thy wont to
inspire Phoebus whom thou lovest. Let one tell how the Sycambri of the
marsh have bowed to slavery, another sing of the dusky realms of Cephean
Meroe; let another record how late in time the Parthian hath made truce and
owned defeat. “Let him return the standards of Remus; soon shall he yield up
his own. Or if Augustus spare for a little the quivers of the East, let him put
off those trophies that his boys may win them. Rejoice, Crassus, if thou
knowest aught in the darkness of the sands where thou liest: now may we
cross Euphrates to thy grave.” Thus will I pass the night with drink and thus
with song, till dawn shall cast its rays upon my wine.

VII

Sunt aliquid Manes: letum non omnia finit,
luridaque euictos effugit umbra rogos.
Cynthia namque meo uisa est incumbere fulcro,
murmur ad extremae nuper humata uiae,
cum mihi somnus ab exsequiis penderet amoris,
et quererer lecti frigida regna mei.
eosdem habuit secum quibus est elata capillos,
eosdem oculos; lateri uestis adusta fuit,
et solitum digito beryllon adederat ignis,
summaque Lethaeus triuerat ora liquor.
spirantisque animos et uocem misit: at illi
pollicibus fragiles increpuere manus:

VII

THE Shades are no fable: death is not the end of all, and the pale ghost escapes the vanquished pyre. For Cynthia seemed to bend o' er my couch's head, Cynthia so lately buried beside the roaring road, as fresh from love's entombment I slept a broken sleep and mourned that the bed that was my kingdom was void and cold. Her hair, her eyes were the same as when she was borne to the grave: her raiment was charred against her side, and the fire had eaten away the beryl ring her finger wore, and the water of Lethe had withered her lips. Spirit and voice yet lived, but the thumb-bones rattled on her brittle hands.

“perfide nec cuiquam melior sperande puellae,
in te iam uires somnus habere potest?
iamne tibi exciderant uigilacis furta Suburae
et mea nocturnis trita fenestra dolis?
per quam demisso quotiens tibi fune pependi,
alterna ueniens in tua colla manu!
saepe Venus triuio commissa est, pectore mixto
fecerunt tepidas pallia nostra uias.
foederis heu taciti, cuius fallacia uerba
non audituri diripuerunt Noti.
at mihi non oculos quisquam inclamauit euntis:
unum impetrassem te reuocante diem:
nec crepuit fissa me propter harundine custos,
laesit et obiectum tegula curta caput.
denique quis nostro curuum te funere uidit,
atram quis lacrimis incaluisse togam?
si piguit portas ultra procedere, at illuc

iussisses lectum lentius ire meum.
cur uentos non ipse rogis, ingratis, petisti?
cur nardo flammae non oluere meae?
hoc etiam graue erat, nulla mercede hyacinthos
inicare et fracto busta piare cado.

13 “False heart!” she cried, “ — yet ne’er may woman hope for truer — can sleep have power on thee so soon? So soon hast thou forgotten the guile we practised in the sleepless Subura and my window worn by our cunning in the night? — that window from which so oft for thy sake I let down the rope and hung in mid air, as with alternate hand descending I came to thine embrace. Oft at the cross-ways were our rites accomplished and the road grew warm beneath our cloaks as we lay breast to breast. Alas for that wordless bond whose cheating terms the deaf wind of the South-West has swept away! Yet no man called upon my name as I passed and mine eyelids closed: surely hadst thou recalled me, I had been granted one more day. No watchman rattled his cleft reed for my sake, and a broken tile wounded my defenceless brow. Aye, and who saw thee bowed with grief at my graveside? who saw thy robe of mourning grow hot with thy tears? If it vexed thee to go further than my portal, yet thus far thou mightest have bidden my bier be borne more slowly. Why, ungrateful, prayedst thou not for winds to fan my pyre? Why were the flames wherein I burned not fragrant with nard? Was this also a burden, to cast hyacinths — no costly gift — upon me and to appease mine ashes with wine from the shattered jar?

Lygdamus uratur nō candescat lamina uernae -
sensi ego, cum insidiis pallida uina bibi nō
at Nomas nō arcanas tollat uersuta saliuas;
dicet damnatas ignea testa manus.
quae modo per uilis inspecta est publica noctes,
haec nunc aurata cyclade signat humum;
et grauiora rependit iniquis pensa quasillis,
garrula de facie si qua locuta mea est;
nostraque quod Petale tulit ad monumenta coronas,
codicis immundi uincula sentit anus;
caeditur et Lalage tortis suspensa capillis,
per nomen quoniam est ausa rogare meum.

35 “Let Lygdamus be burned, let the branding-iron glow white for the slave of mine house! I knew his guilt when I drank the wine that struck me pale. And as for cunning Nomas, let her hide her secret poisons if she will! The burning potsherd shall convict her hands of guilt. She that of old was public to all men’s gaze and asked so little for her love, now marks the dust with her train’s golden hem, and if some chattering slave hath praised my beauty, requites her unjustly with heavier tasks of wool. For bearing wreaths to my

sepulchre aged Petale is shackled to a foul clog of wood, while Lalage is hung by her twisted hair and scourged for daring to ask a boon in my name.

te patiente meae conflauit imaginis aurum,
ardente e nostro dotem habitura rogo.
non tamen insector, quamuis mereare, Properti:
longa mea in libris regna fuere tuis.
iuero ego Fatorum nulli reuolubile carmen,
tergeminusque canis sic mihi molle sonet,
me seruasse fidem. si fallo, uipera nostris
sibilet in tumulis et super ossa cubet.

47 “And thou didst suffer *her* to melt mine image of gold, that so she might win her dowry from the flame that consumed me. Yet I chide thee not, Propertius, though thou deservest my chiding: long did I reign supreme in thy songs. I swear by the chant of the Fates that none may make unsung (and may the three-headed hound lull his baying for me, as I speak true), I swear that I kept faith to thee. If I lie, may the adder hiss on my tomb and couch above my bones.

nam gemina est sedes turpem sortita per amnem,
turbaque diuersa remigat omnis aqua.
unda Clytaemestrae stuprum uehit altera, Cressae
portat mentitae lignea monstra bouis.
ecce coronato pars altera rapta phaselo,
mulcet ubi Elysias aura beata rosas,
qua numerosa fides, quaque aera rotunda Cybebes
mitratisque sonant Lydia plectra choris.
Andromedaeque et Hypermestre sine fraude maritae
narrant historiae tempora nota suae:
haec sua maternis queritur liuere catenis
bracchia nec meritis frigida saxa manus;
narrat Hypermestre magnum ausas esse sorores,
in scelus hoc animum non ualuisse suum.
sic mortis lacrimis uitae sancimus amores:
celo ego perfidiae crimina multa tuae.

55 “Two mansions are there allotted beside the foul stream of Hell, and all the dead must ply the oar this way or that. One bark bears the adultery of Clytemestra, another the monstrous timber of the feigned Cretan cow; but lo! yet others are swept away in wreathed boat, where blessed airs fan the roses of Elysium, where the harp makes music and the round cymbals of Cybelle, and turbaned dancers strike the Lydian lyre. Andromede and Hypermestra, souls renowned, wives without blame, tell forth their story. The one complains that her arms are bruised with the chains brought on her by her

mother's pride, and that her hands deserved not to be bound to icy crags. Hypermestra tells how her sisters dared a mighty deed, and how she had not heart for such a crime. Thus with the tears of death we heal the passions of life; I hide in silence the many sins of thy faithlessness.

sed tibi nunc mandata damus, si forte moueris,
si te non totum Chloridos herba tenet:
nutrix in tremulis ne quid desideret annis
Parthenie: potuit, nec tibi auara fuit.
deliciae meae Latris, cui nomen ab usu est,
ne speculum dominae porrigat illa nouae.
et quoscumque meo fecisti nomine uersus,
ure mihi: laudes desine habere meas.
pelle hederam tumulo, mihi quae praegnante corymbo
mollia contortis alligat ossa comis.
ramosis Anio qua pomifer incubat aruis,
et numquam Herculeo numine pallet ebur,
hic carmen media dignum me scribe columna,
sed breue, quod currens uector ab urbe legat:
"hic Tiburtina iacet aurea Cynthia terra:
accessit ripae laus, Aniense, tuae."

71 "But now I charge thee, if perchance my words move thee, and the spells of Chloris hold not all thy soul: let my nurse Parthenie lack naught in her years of palsied eld; she was kind to thee and clutched not at thy gold. And let not my darling Latris, whose name came from her service, hold up the mirror for another mistress. And all the verses thou didst make in mine honour, burn them, I pray thee; cease to win praise through me. Drive the ivy from my tomb, that with grappling cluster and twining leaves binds my frail bones, where applebearing Anio broods o'er its orchard meadows and by the favour of Hercules the ivory ne'er grows yellow. And write these verses on a pillar's midst; they shall be worthy of me, but brief, that the traveller may read them as he hastens by: HERE GOLDEN CYNTHIA LIES IN THE FIELDS OF TIBUR. ANIO, NEW PRAISE IS ADDED TO THY BANK.

nec tu sperne piis uenientia somnia portis:
cum pia uenerunt somnia, pondus habent.
nocte uagae ferimur, nox clausas liberat umbras,
errat et abiecta Cerberus ipse sera.
luce iubent leges Lethaea ad stagna reuerti:
nos uehimur, uectum nauta recenset onus.

87 "Nor spurn thou visions that come through holy portals; when dreams are holy they have the weight of truth. By night we range in wandering flight; night frees the prisoned shades, and Cerberus himself strays at will, the bar

that chains him cast aside. At dawn Hell's ordinance bids us return to the pools of Lethe: we are ferried over and the mariner tells o'er his freight.

nunc te possideant aliae: mox sola tenebo:
mecum eris, et mixtis ossibus ossa teram."

93 "Now let others possess thee! Soon shalt thou be mine alone; with me shalt thou be, and I will grind bone with mingled bone."

haec postquam querula mecum sub lite peregit,
inter complexus excidit umbra meos.

95 When thus in querulous plaint she had brought her tale to a close, her spirit vanished from my embrace.

VIII

disce, quid Esquilias hac nocte fugarit aquosas,
cum uicina nouis turba cucurrit agris.

VIII

LEARN what this night struck panic through the watery Esquiline, when all the neighbours ran headlong through the New Fields.

Lanuuium annosi uetus est tutela draconis,
hic, ubi tam rarae non perit hora morae,
qua sacer abripitur caeco descensus hiatu,
qua penetrat (uirgo, tale iter omne caue!)
ieiuni serpentis honos, cum pabula poscit
annua et ex ima sibila torquet humo.
talìa demissae pallent ad sacra puellae,
cum temere anguino creditur ore manus.
ille sibi admotas a uirgine corripit escas:
uirginis in palmis ipsa canistra tremunt.
si fuerint castae, redeunt in colla parentum,
clamantque agricolae “fertilis annus erit.”

3 Lanuvium is from of old under the guard of an ancient serpent; thou shalt not count it wasted time if thou give an hour to so wondrous a visit. Here down a dark chasm plunges a sacred path, where penetrates the offering of the hungry snake — beware, O maid, of all such paths as this! — when he demands his yearly tribute of food and sends forth loud hisses from the depths of earth. Maids that are sent down to rites such as this turn pale when their hand is rashly trusted in the serpent’s mouth. He seizes the morsels that the virgin holds toward him: even the baskets tremble in the virgin’s hands. If they have been chaste, they return to embrace their parents, and farmers cry: “‘Twill be a fertile year.”

huc mea detonsis auecta est Cynthia mannis:
causa fuit Iuno, sed mage causa Venus.
Appia, dic quaeso, quantum te teste triumphum
egerit effusis per tua saxa rotis!
[turpis in arcana sonuit cum rixa taberna;
si sine me, famae non sine labe meae.]
spectaculum ipsa sedens primo temone pependit,
ausa per impuros frena mouere locos.
serica nam taceo uulsi carpenta nepotis
atque armillatos colla Molossa canis,

qui dabit immundae uenalia fata saginae,
uinct ubi erasas barba pudenda genas.

15 Hither was my Cynthia drawn by close-clipped ponies. She pleaded Juno's worship; more truly had she pleaded rites of Venus. Tell forth, prithee, thou Appian Way, what a triumphal journey she made before thine eyes, as her wheels whirled madly over thy paving-stones, [when a noisy brawl broke out in a secret tavern and brought shame on my fair name, though I was not there]. She was a sight to see as she sat there bending over the pole's end and daring to drive amain through rough places. For I say naught of the silk-hung chariot of the close-shaven fop, nor of the dogs with rich collars about their Molossian necks; some day he will sell his doomed body to feed on the foul fare of a gladiator, when the beard whereof he is now ashamed shall master those close-shaven cheeks.

cum fieret nostro totiens iniuria lecto,
mutato uolui castra mouere toro.
Phyllis Auentinae quaedam est uicina Dianae,
sobria grata parum: cum bibit, omne decet.
altera Tarpeios est inter Teia lucos,
candida, sed potae non satis unus erit.
his ego constitui noctem lenire uocatis,
et Venere ignota furta nouare mea.
unus erat tribus in secreta lectulus herba.
quaeris concubitus? inter utramque fui.
Lygdamus ad cyathos, utrique aestiua supellex
et Methymnaei Graeca saliuua meri.
Nile, tuus tibicen erat, crotalistria phillis,
haec facilis spargi munda sine arte rosa,
nanus et ipse suos breuiter concretus in artus
iactabat truncas ad caua buxa manus.
sed neque suppletis constabat flamma lucernis,
reccidit inque suos mensa supina pedes.
me quoque per talos Venerem quaerente secundos
semper damnosi subsiluerunt canes.
cantabant surdo, nudabant pectora caeco:
Lanuuii ad portas, ei mihi, solus eram;

27 Since so oft she wronged our bed, I resolved to change my couch and pitch my camp elsewhere. There is a certain Phyllis, that dwells nigh Diana on the Aventine. Sober she pleases me little; when she drinks all is charm. Another there is, one Teia, that dwells 'twixt the Tarpeian groves; fair is she, but when the wine is on her, one lover will be all too few. These two I resolved to summon to make night pass less sadly, and to renew my amorous adventures with love still strange to me. One little couch there was for three on a secret

lawn. Dost ask how we lay? I was between the two. Lygdamus had charge of our cups; we had a service of glass to suit the summer with Greek wine that smacked of Methymna. Thou, Nile, didst provide us with a piper, while Phyllis played the castanets, and, fair in her artless beauty, was right content to be pelted with roses. Magnus himself, with short and shrunken limbs, clapped his deformed hands to the sound of the hollow boxwood flute. But, though their bowls were full, the lamp-flames flickered, and the table's top fell upside down on the feet that had supported it. And as for me, while I sought for sixes from the favouring dice, ever the ruinous aces leapt to light. They sang to me, but I was deaf. They bared their bosoms, but I was blind. Alas! I stood alone at Lanuvium's gates.

cum subito rauci sonuerunt cardine postes,
et leuia ad primos murmura facta Laris.
nec mora, cum totas resupinat Cynthia ualuas,
non operosa comis, sed furibunda decens.
pocula mi digitos inter cecidere remissos,
palluerantque ipso labra soluta mero.
fulminat illa oculis et quantum femina saeuit,
spectaclum capta nec minus urbe fuit.
Phyllidos iratos in uultum conicit unguis:
territa uicinas Teia clamat aquas.
lumina sopitos turbant elata Quiritis,
omnis et insana semita nocte sonat.
illas direptisque comis tunicisque solutis
excipit obscurae prima taberna uiae.

49 And lo! of a sudden the door-posts groaned harsh with turning hinge, and a light sound was heard at the entrance of the house. Straightway Cynthia hurled back the folding portals, Cynthia with hair disordered, yet lovely in her fury. My fingers loosed their grasp and dropped the cup; my lips turned pale though drunken with wine. Her eyes Hashed fire: she raged with all a woman's fury. The sight was fearful as a city's sack. She dashed her angry nails in Phyllis' face: Teia calls out in terror on all the watery neighbourhood. The brandished lights awakened the slumbering citizens, and all the street rang loud with the madness of the night. The girls fled with dishevelled raiment and tresses torn, and the first tavern in the street received them.

Cynthia gaudet in exuuiis uictrixque recurrit
et mea peruersa sauciat ora manu,
imponitque notam collo morsuque cruentat,
praecipueque oculos, qui meruere, ferit.
atque ubi iam nostris lassauit bracchia plagis,
Lygdamus ad plutei fulcra sinistra latens
eruitur, geniumque meum protractus adorat.

Lygdame, nil potui: tecum ego captus eram.
supplicibus palmis tum demum ad foedera ueni,
cum uix tangendos praeibit illa pedes,
atque ait “admissae si uis me ignoscere culpae,
accipe, quae nostrae formula legis erit.
tu neque Pompeia spatia bere cultus in umbra,
nec cum lascium sternet harena Forum.
colla caue inflectas ad summum obliqua theatrum,
aut lectica tuae se det aperta morae.
Lygdamus in primis, omnis mihi causa querelae,
ueneat et pedibus uincula bina trahat.”

63 Cynthia rejoiced in her spoils and hastened back to me victorious, and bruised my face with cruel hands, and marked my neck with her teeth, till her bite drew blood, and above all smote mine eyes that had deserved her blows. Then when her arms were tired with beating me she routed forth Lygdamus, who lay hid on our left crouched beneath the couch’s head at its very feet. Dragged forth to light, he implored protection from my guardian spirit. Lygdamus, I was powerless; I was thy fellow-captive. wouldst have me pardon the sin thou hast done, hear the conditions of the law that I impose. Never shalt thou walk abroad in rich attire in the shade of Pompey’s colonnade, nor when the sand is strewn in the wanton Forum. Beware that thou bend not thy neck awry to gaze at the theatre’s topmost ring; let never a litter yield itself uncurtained to thy loitering gaze. And above all let Lygdamus, chief cause of my complaint, be sold and trail double shackles on his feet.”

indixit leges: respondi ego “legibus utar”.
riserat imperio facta superba dato.
dein, quemcumque locum externa tetigere puellae,
suffiit, at pura limina tergit aqua,
imperat et totas iterum mutare lucernas,
terque meum tetigit sulphuris igne caput.
atque ita mutato per singula pallia lecto
respondi, et toto soluimus arma toro.

81 Such were the terms she imposed. I replied: “I accept the terms.” She laughed, exulting in the dominion I had given her over me. Then she purified with fire each place that the foreign girls had touched, and cleansed the threshold with pure water; she bade me change all my raiment anew, and thrice touched my head with burning sulphur. Then when every covering of the bed had been changed, I bowed to her will and we made up our quarrel on the couch we knew so well.

IX

Amphitryoniades qua tempestate iuuenkos
egerat a stabulis, o Erythea, tuis,
uenit ad inuictos pecorosa Palatia montis,
et statuit fessos fessus et ipse boues,
qua Velabra suo stagnabant flumine quoque
nauta per urbanas uelificabat aquas.
sed non infido manserunt hospite Caco
incolumes: furto polluit ille Iouem.
incola Cacus erat, metuendo raptor ab antro,
per tria partitos qui dabat ora sonos.
hic, ne certa forent manifestae signa rapinae,
auersos cauda traxit in antra boues,
nec sine teste deo: furem sonuere iuuenki,
furis et implacidas diruit ira fores.

IX

WHAT time Amphitryon's son drove the oxen from thy stalls, O Erythea, he came to that hill untamed by man, the sheep-grazed Palatine, and there, himself weary, halted his weary kine, where the Velabrum spread its stagnant stream and the mariner sailed over waters in the city's midst. But the kine remained not safe, since Cacus proved a disloyal host, and outraged Jove with theft. Cacus was a dweller in the place, a robber issuing from his dreaded cave, who spake with threefold utterance from three several mouths. He, that there might be no sure token to betray his theft, dragged the cattle tail foremost to his cave. But the god beheld him: the lowing steers revealed the thief, and wrath beat down the thief's cruel doors.

Maenaliō iacuit pulsus tria tempora ramo
Cacus, et Alcides sic ait: "ite, boues,
Herculis ite boues, nostrae labor ultime clauae,
bis mihi quaesitae, bis mea praeda, boues,
aruaque mugitu sancite Bouaria longo:
nobile erit Romae pascua uestra Forum."
dixerat, et sicco torquet sitis ora palato,
terraque non ullas feta ministrat aquas.

15 Cacus lay low, thrice smitten on the brow with the Maenalian club, and thus spake Alcides: "Go, ye oxen, go, oxen of Hercules, the last labour of my club. Twice, oxen, did I seek ye, and twice ye were my prey. Go ye and with your long-drawn lowing hallow the Place of Oxen; your pasture shall in times to come be the far-famed Forum of Rome." He spake, and thirst tortured his

parched palate, while teeming earth supplied no water.

sed procul inclusas audit ridere puellas,
lucus ubi umbroso fecerat orbe nemus,
femineae loca clausa deae fontesque piandos
impune et nullis sacra relecta uiris.
deuia puniceae uelabant limina uitae,
putris odorato luxerat igne casa,
populus et longis ornabat frondibus aedem,
multaque cantantis umbra tegebat ausis.

23 But far off he heard the laughter of cloistered maids, where a sacred grove made a dark encircling wood, the secret place of the Goddess of Women, with holy fountains and rites ne'er revealed to men save to their cost. Wreaths of purple veiled its portals far-withdrawn and a ruinous hovel shone with sweet fire of incense. A poplar decked the shrine with far-spread leaves, and its deep foliage shielded singing birds.

huc ruit in siccam congesta puluere barbam,
et iacit ante fores uerba minora deo:
“uos precor, o luci sacro quae luditis antro,
pandite defessis hospita fana uiris.
fontis egens erro circaque sonantia lymphis;
et caua suscepto flumine palma sat est.
audistisne aliquem, tergo qui sustulit orbem?
ille ego sum: Alciden terra recepta uocat.
quis facta Herculeae non audit fortia clauae
et numquam ad uastas irrita tela feras,
atque uni Stygias homini luxisse tenebras?
[accipit: haec fesso uix mihi terra patet.]
quodsi Iunoni sacrum faceretis amarae,
non clausisset aquas ipsa nouerca suas.
sin aliquem uultusque meus saetaeque leonis
terrent et Libyco sole perusta coma,
idem ego Sidonia feci seruilia palla
officia et Lydo pensa diurna colo,
mollis et hirsutum cepit mihi fascia pectus,
et manibus duris apta puella fui.”

31 Hither he rushed, the dust thick-clotted on his parched beard, and before the portal spake wild words unworthy of a god. “Ye, that make merry in the sacred dells of the grove, I pray you, open your hospitable shrine to a weary man. Athirst for water I wander, while all the place is loud with the sound of streams. Enough for me were a draught of the running brook caught in the hollow of my hand. Have ye heard of one that bore the globe on his back? I

am he; the world I carried calls me Alcides. Who has not heard of the mighty deeds of Hercules' club, and of those shafts that ne'er were spent in vain on ravening beasts? Who has not heard how for me alone of mortals the darkness of Hell was not dark? Receive me; this land is all but closed to me and I am weary. Nay, though ye were sacrificing to Juno, that is my bane, even my stepdame had not closed her waters to me. But if some one of you be frightened by my visage and the lion's mane and my locks burnt by the Libyan sun, I also have performed servile tasks, clad in Sidonian cloak, and wrought the day's tale of wool with Lydian distaff. My shaggy breast was girt by the soft breast-band, and though my hands were horny I proved a nimble girl."

talibus Alcides; at talibus alma sacerdos

puniceo canas stamine uincta comas:

"parce oculis, hospes, lucoque abscede uerendo;

cede agedum et tuta limina linque fuga.

interdicta uiris metuenda lege piatur

quae se summota uindicat ara casa.

magno Tiresias aspexit Pallada uates,

fortia dum posita Gorgone membra lauauit.

di tibi dent alios fontis: haec lympham puellis

auia secreti limitis unda fluit."

sic anus: ille umeris postis concussit opacos,

nec tulit iratam ianua clausa sitim.

51 So spake Alcides; but thus replied the kindly priestess, her white hair bound in a purple band: "Forbear to gaze, O stranger, and leave this dreaded grove. Come, leave it, depart from its threshold and seek safety in flight. The altar that guards its sanctity in this secret hut is forbidden to men, and dire is the doom that avenges its pollution. At great cost did the seer Tiresias behold Pallas, while she bathed her mighty limbs, the Gorgon breastplate laid aside. The gods give thee other fountains! This one stream flows for maidens only in secret channel far from the paths of men." So spake the aged dame. He with his shoulders shattered the doorposts that barred his sight, nor could the closed gate endure the fury of his thirst.

at postquam exhausto iam flumine uicerat aestum,

ponit uix siccis tristia iura labris:

"angulus hic mundi nunc me mea fata trahentem

accipit: haec fesso uix mihi terra patet.

Maxima quae gregibus deuota est Ara repertis,

ara per has" inquit "maxima facta manus,

haec nullis umquam pateat ueneranda puellis,

Herculis aeternum nec sit inulta sitis."

63 But after he had quenched his burning and drained the stream to naught,

with lips scarce dry he pronounced this stern decree: "This corner of the world hath now received me as I drag out my doom: weary though I be this land is all but closed to me. May that Mightiest of Altars dedicated for the finding of my flocks, this altar made Mightiest by mine hands, never be open to women's worship, that the thirst of Hercules be avenged to all eternity."

hunc, quoniam manibus purgatum sanxerat orbem,

sic Sanctum Tatiae composuere Cures.

Sancte pater salve, cui iam fauet aspera Iuno:

Sancte, uelis libro dexter inesse meo.

⁷¹ Hail, Holy Sire, on whom now cruel Juno smiles. Holy one, I pray thee to take thy place in my book with blessing. This hero of old, for that he had cleansed the world with his hands and made it holy, Tatian Cures established in his temple as the Holy one.

X

nunc Iouis incipiam causas aperire Feretri
 armaque de ducibus trina recepta tribus.
 magnum iter ascendo, sed dat mihi gloria uires:
 non iuuat e facili lecta corona iugo.

X

Now will I begin to show forth the origins of Feretrian Jupiter and to tell of the triple spoils of armour won from three several chiefs. Great are the heights I must scale, but glory lends me strength; crowns plucked from easy summits please me not.

imbuis exemplum primae tu, Romule, palmae
 huius, et exuuio plenus ab hoste redis,
 tempore quo portas Caeninum Acrona petentem
 uictor in euersum cuspide fundis equum.
 Acron Herculeus Caenina ductor ab arce,
 Roma, tuis quondam finibus horror erat.
 hic spolia ex umeris ausus sperare Quirini
 ipse dedit, sed non sanguine sicca suo.
 hunc uidet ante cauas librantem spicula turris
 Romulus et uotis occupat ante ratis:
 “Juppiter, haec hodie tibi uictima corruet Acron.”
 uouerat, et spoliū corruit ille Ioui.
 urbis uirtutisque parens sic uincere sueuit,
 qui tulit a parco frigida castra lare.
 idem eques et frenis, idem fuit aptus aratris,
 et galea hirsuta compta lupina iuba.
 picta neque inducto fulgebat parma pyropo:
 praebebant caesi baltea lenta boues.

5 Thou, Romulus, first didst win this prize and earnest home laden with the spoil of thy foe, what time thou didst vanquish Caeninian Acron, as he sought the gates of Rome, and with thy spear didst hurl him dead upon his fallen steed. Acron, the chieftain from Caenina's citadel, sprung from the seed of Hercules, was once the terror of thy lands, O Rome. He dared to hope for spoil from Quirinus' shoulders, but himself gave up his own, spoil dripping with his own life-blood. Him Romulus espied, as he poised his javelin against the hollow towers, and forestalled him with a vow that heaven approved: "Jupiter, behold thy victim; to-day shall Acron fall in thine honour," The vow was made, and Acron fell to be the spoil of Jupiter. Thus was he wont to conquer, the father of Rome and the Virtues, who from homes of thrift

endured the hardships of the camp. The knight was ready alike to guide the war-horse or the plough; his helm was of wolf-skin decked with shaggy plume, his shield shone not with gaudy inlay of golden bronze, and his tough belt was but the hide of slaughtered kine. Not yet was the sound of war heard beyond Tiber's bank, and Nomentum and the three acres of captured Cora were Rome's furthest prey.

necdum ultra Tiberim belli sonus, ultima praeda

Nomentum et captae iugera terna Corae.

Cossus at insequitur Veientis caede Tolumni,

uincere cum Veios posse laboris erat;

heu Veii ueteres! et uos tum regna fuistis,

et uestro posita est aurea sella foro:

nunc intra muros pastoris bucina lenti

cantat, et in uestris ossibus arua metunt.

forte super portae dux Veiens astitit arcem

colloquiumque sua fretus ab urbe dedit:

dumque aries murum cornu pulsabat aeno,

uinea qua ductum longa tegebat opus,

Cossus ait "forti melius concurrere campo."

nec mora fit, plano sistit uterque gradum.

di Latias iuuere manus, desecta Tolumni

ceruix Romanos sanguine lauit equos.

23 Cossus comes next with the slaughter of Tolumnius, Veii's lord, in the days when even to have power for Veii's conquest was a mighty task. Alas! Veii, thou ancient city, thou too wert then a kingdom and the throne of gold was set in thy market-place: now within thy walls is heard the horn of the idle shepherd, and they reap the cornfields amid thy people's bones. It chanced that Veii's chief stood on the tower above the gate and parleyed without fear from his own city: and while the ram shook the walls with brazen horn, where the long mantlet shielded the siege-works' line, Cossus cried: "'Twere better for the brave to meet in open field." No tarrying then, but both stood forth on the level plain. The gods aided the Latin's hands, and Tolumnius' severed neck bathed Roman steeds with blood.

Claudius a Rheno traiectos arcuit hostis,

Belgica cum uasti parma relata ducis

Virdomari. genus hic Rheno iactabat ab ipso,

mobilis e rectis fundere gaesa rotis.

illi ut uirgatis iaculans it ab agmine braxis

torquis ab incisa decidit unca gula.

39 Claudius beat back the foe that had crossed from the banks of Rhone, when the Belgic shield of the giant chief Virdomarus was brought back to Rome. He

boasted to be sprung from Rhine himself, and nimble was he to hurl the Gallic spear from unswerving chariot. Even as in striped breeches he went forth before his host, the bent torque fell from his severed throat.

nunc spolia in templo tria condita: causa Feretri,
 omine quod certo dux ferit ense ducem;
seu quia uicta suis umeris haec arma ferebant,
 hinc Feretri dicta est ara superba Iouis.

⁴⁵ These triple spoils are stored in the temple. Hence comes Feretrius' name, because with heaven's sure favour chief smote chief with the sword: or else the proud altar of Feretrian Jupiter hath won its name because the victor bore the armour of the vanquished on his shoulders.

XI

desine, Paulle, meum lacrimis urgere sepulcrum:
panditur ad nullas ianua nigra preces;
cum semel infernas intrarunt funera leges,
non exorato stant adamante uiae.
te licet orantem fuscae deus audiat aulae:
nempe tuas lacrimas litora surda bibent.
uota mouent superos: ubi portitor aera recepit,
obserat herbosos lurida porta rogos.
sic maestae cecinere tubae, cum subdita nostrum

XI

CEASE, Paullus, to burden my grave with tears: no prayers may open the gate of darkness; when once the dead have passed beneath the rule of Hell the ways are barred with inexorable adamant. Though thine entreaty reach the ears of the god that reigns in the house of gloom, the shores of Styx shall drink thy tears unmoved. Heaven only is won by supplication: when the ferryman has received his toll, the pale portal closes on the world of shadows. Such was the burden of the trumpets' strain, when the cruel torch was placed beneath my pyre and the flames engulfed my head.

detraheret lecto fax inimica caput.
quid mihi coniugium Paulli, quid currus auorum
profuit aut famae pignora tanta meae?
non minus immitis habuit Cornelia Parcas:
et sum, quod digitis quinque legatur, onus.
damnatae noctes et uos, uada lenta, paludes,
et quaecumque meos implicat unda pedes,
immatura licet, tamen huc non noxia ueni:
det Pater hic umbrae mollia iura meae.
aut si quis posita iudex sedet Aeacus urna,
in mea sortita uindicet ossa pila:
assideant fratres, iuxta et Minoida sellam
Eumenidum intento turba seuera foro:
Sisyphæ, mole uaces; taceant Ixionis orbes,
fallax Tantaleus corripere liquor;
Cerberus et nullas hodie petat improbus umbras;
et iaceat tacita laxa catena sera.
ipsa loquor pro me: si fallo, poena sororum

11 What availed me the wedded love of Paullus? what the triumphal chariot of mine ancestors, or those that live to bear such witness to their mother's glory?

Cornelia found not therefore the Fates less cruel, and lo! I am now but one little handful of dust. Dark night of doom, and ye, O shallow, stagnant meres, and every stream that winds about my feet, guiltless, though untimely, am I come hither, and may Father Dis deal gentle judgment to my soul. Else, if there be an Aeacus who sits in judgment with the urn at his side, let him punish my shade when the lot bearing my name is drawn. Let the two brothers sit by him, and near the seat of Minos let the stem band of Furies stand, while all the court is hushed to hear my doom. Sisyphus, be thou freed awhile from thy huge stone! Hushed be Ixion's wheel! And thou, baffling water, be thou caught by the lips of Tantalus! To-day let cruel Cerberus attack no shade, let his chain hang slack from its silent bar! Myself I plead my cause. If I plead falsely, let the woeful urn that is the Danaid sisters' doom bow down my shoulders!

infelixumerosurgeaturna meos.
si cui fama fuit per auita tropaea decori,
Afra Numantinos regna loquuntur auos:
altera maternos exaequat turba Libones,
et domus est titulis utraque fulta suis.
mox, ubi iam facibus cessit praetexta maritis,
uinxit et acceptas altera uitta comas,
iungor, Paulle, tuo sic discessura cubili:
in lapide hoc uni nupta fuisse legar.
testor maiorum cineres tibi, Roma, colendos,
sub quorum titulis, Africa, tunsaiaces,
et Persen proauo stimulantem pectus Achille,
quique tuas proauo fregit Achille domos,
me neque censurae legem mollisse nec ulla
labe mea uestros erubuisse focos.
non fuit exuuiis tantis Cornelia damnum:

29 If ancestral trophies have e'er won glory for any, why, then, the statues of my house tell of Numantine ancestry, while yonder is gathered a not less glorious band, the Libones of my mother's line: on either side my house is pillared with glory. Such was my birth; thereafter when the maid's robe of purple was laid aside before the torch of marriage, and a new wreath caught up and bound my hair, I was wedded to thy couch, my Paullus, doomed, alas! to leave it thus. Behold the legend on this stone: "To one and one alone was she espoused." I call to witness the ashes of my sires, revered, O Rome, by thee; beneath their glory's record thou, Africa, best beaten to the dust.... [*I call the chiefs of Carthage and the East*] and Perseus, whose soul was spurred by the thought that he came of Achilles' line and of his that shattered thy halls, Avernus, to witness that the censor's ordinance was ne'er relaxed for me and that my hearth ne'er blushed for sin of mine. Cornelia ne'er dimmed the lustre of such spoils of war; nay, even in that great house she was a pattern to be

followed.

quin et erat magnae pars imitanda domus.
nec mea mutata est aetas, sine crimine tota est:
uiximus insignes inter utramque facem.
mi natura dedit leges a sanguine ductas,
nec possis melior iudicis esse metu.
quaelibet austeras de me ferat urna tabellas:
turpior assessu non erit ulla meo,
uel tu, quae tardam mouisti fune Cybeben,
Claudia, turritae rara ministra deae,
uel cuius rasos cum Vesta reposceret ignis,
exhibuit uiuos carbasus alba focos.
nec te, dulce caput, mater Scribonia, laesi:
in me mutatum quid nisi fata uelis?
maternis laudor lacrimis urbisque querelis,
defensa et gemitu Caesaris ossa mea.
ille sua nata dignam uixisse sororem

45 My life was changeless; through all its days it knew no slander: 'twixt torch of marriage and torch of death ours was a life of high renown. The laws I followed sprang from pride of blood: 'twas nature gave me them, that no fear of judgment might lead me toward virtue. I care not who the judges be that pass stem sentence on me; no woman shall be shamed by sitting at my side, not thou, Claudia, the peerless servant of the tower-crowned goddess, that didst lay hold of the cable and move Cybelle's lagging image, nor thou whose white linen robe showed that the hearth still lived, when Vesta demanded the fire thou hadst sworn to keep. Nor yet in aught have I wronged thee, sweet mother mine, Scribonia: what wouldst thou have me change save only my doom? My mother's tears and the laments of Rome give glory to my name and mine ashes are championed by the grief of Caesar. Moaning he cries that in me his daughter had a worthy sister, and we saw that even a god may weep.

increpat, et lacrimas uidimus ire deo.
et tamen emerui generosos uestis honores
nec mea de sterili facta rapina domo.
tu, Lepide, et tu, Paulle, meum post fata leuamen:
condita sunt uestro lumina nostra sinu.
uidimus et fratrem sellam geminasse curulem,
consule quo, festo tempore, rapta soror.
filia, tu specimen censurae nata paternae,
fac teneas unum nos imitata uirum.
et serie fulcite genus: mihi cumba uolenti
soluitur aucturis tot mea facta meis.
haec est feminei merces extrema triumphii,

61 Yet well did I merit the robe of honour, nor childless was the household whence I was snatched away. Thou, Lepidus, and thou, Paullus, are my comfort even in death; in your bosom were mine eyelids closed. My brother also I saw twice throned in the curule chair, and 'twas in the very hour of rejoicing, when they chose him consul, that I his sister was rapt away. And thou, my daughter, born to be the mirror of thy father's censorship, see thou follow mine example and wed one and one only. My children, get you children also to be pillars of the house: I grudge not now to put forth in the boat of death, since so many of my blood shall add fresh lustre to my deeds. This is the supreme honour of a woman's triumph, that outspoken rumour should praise her dead ashes.

laudat ubi emeritum libera fama rogam.
nunc tibi commendo communia pignora natos:
haec cura et cineri spirat inusta meo.
fungere maternis uicibus, pater: illa meorum
omnis erit collo turba ferenda tuo.
oscula cum dederis tua flentibus, adice matris:
tota domus coepit nunc onus esse tuum.
et si quid doliturus eris, sine testibus illis!
cum uenient, siccis oscula falle genis!
sat tibi sint noctes, quas de me, Paulle, fatiges,
somniaque in faciem credita saepe meam:
atque ubi secreto nostra ad simulacra loqueris,

73 And now to thee, Paullus, I commend our children, the common pledges of our love: this care yet lives deep-burned even into mine ashes. Father, 'tis thine to fill the mother's room; thy neck alone must bear all my children's throng. When thou dost kiss their tears away, add thereto their mother's kisses; henceforth the whole house must be thy burden. And if thou must weep at all, weep when they are not by; when they come to thee, cheat their kisses with tearless eye. Enough for thee, Paullus, be the nights thou wearest out with memories of me, enough the dreams wherein so oft thou thinkest to see my very self: and when in secret thou shalt speak unto mine image, breathe every word as though to one that should reply.

ut responsurae singula uerba iace.
seu tamen aduersum mutarit ianua lectum,
sederit et nostro cauta nouerca toro,
coniugium, pueri, laudate et ferte paternum:
capta dabit uestris moribus illa manus;
nec matrem laudate nimis: collata priori
uertet in offensas libera uerba suas.
seu memor ille mea contentus manserit umbra

et tanti cineres duxerit esse meos,
discite uenturam iam nunc sentire senectam,
caelibis ad curas nec uacet ulla uia.
quod mihi detractum est, uestros accedat ad annos:
prole mea Paullum sic iuuat esse senem.
et bene habet: numquam mater lugubria sumpsit;

85 Yet if another couch shall front the portals of our hall, and a wary stepdame usurp my bed, my sons, praise and endure your father's spouse; your virtues shall win her heart to yield. Nor praise your mother overmuch: she will be angered if in unguarded speech ye compare her with her that was. Or if he forget me not, if my shade sufficeth him and he still doth prize mine ashes, learn even now to note how old age steals upon him, and leave no path for grief to assail his widowed heart. May the years that were snatched from me be added to your years; thus may my children's presence sweeten old age for Paullus. Aye, and 'tis well: ne'er did I don a mother's mourning weeds; all, all my children came to my graveside.

uenit in exsequias tota caterua meas.
causa perorata est. flentes me surgite, testes,
dum pretium uitae grata rependit humus.
moribus et caelum patuit: sim digna merendo,
cuius honoratis ossa uehantur auis.

99 My pleading is accomplished; rise, ye my witnesses that weep my loss, and wait Earth's kindly sentence that shall give the reward my life hath earned. Even heaven hath unbarred its gates to virtue; may my merit win its guerdon and mine ashes be borne to dwell with my glorious ancestors.

The Biography



The Temple of Minerva Medica, on Rome's Esquiline Hill — Propertius lived on the Esquiline, which reveals that he moved in wealthy circles and was politically connected. It was during this time that he met Cynthia, the older woman that would dominate much of his writing.

INTRODUCTION TO PROPERTIUS



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PREFACE

A FEW words are necessary in connection with the text contained in this volume. There are a number of passages in Propertius where it cannot be said that any certain emendation has been made. In such cases I have inserted the most plausible correction in the text, in order not to confuse readers of the translation. I do not wish it to be supposed that I regard such corrections as certain. In some cases they are only a *pis aller*. Propertius presents such difficulties to the translator that an apology for its deficiencies is perhaps unnecessary. No one is more sensible of them than myself. I have attempted, as far as possible, to keep close to the Latin, even in cases — and they are not a few — where from the point of view of style a free paraphrase would have been in many ways preferable.

H. E. BUTLER
LONDON, 1912

THE LIFE OF PROPERTIUS

WE know little of Propertius, save for what we can gather from his own poems and a few references to him in later Latin writers. His name was Sextus Propertius. The majority of the MSS., with the important exception of the *Codex Neapolitans*, style him Sextus Aurelius Propertius Nauta. *Nauta* is demonstrably absurd. Propertius expresses the liveliest terror of the sea in his poems, and the name is accounted for by the absurd reading of the MSS. in II. xxiv. 38, *quamvis navita dives eras. Aurelius* is equally impossible. Both Aurelius and Propertius are *nomina gentilicia*, and such names were not doubled at this period.

His birthplace was Assisi. The position of that town suits the indications given in I. XXII. and IV. I. 61-66 and 121-126. The name Asis in the two latter passages (where some following Lachmann read *Asisi*), though not found elsewhere, seems pretty conclusive, while in the "Umbrian lake" mentioned in IV. I. 124 we have a reference to a shallow lake in the plain below Assisi, which existed till the Middle Ages. Finally, Pliny the Younger in two of his letters (VI. 15 and IX. 22) mentions a certain Passennus Paullus, a descendant of Propertius and a citizen of the same town. An inscription bearing his name has been found at Assisi.

Propertius was born in all probability between 54 B.C. (the earliest possible date for Tibullus' birth) and 43 B.C. (the date of Ovid's birth). This is indicated by Ovid (*Tristia*, iv x. 51-54), who gives a catalogue of the elegiac poets in the following chronological order: Gallus, Tibullus, Propertius, Ovid. Further, in IV. I. 127-140 Propertius implies that he lost his father while very young, and entered on his diminished inheritance shortly after the distribution of land among the veterans of Octavian and Antony in 41 B.C. Further, I. xxi shows that he was old enough to be impressed by the death of a relative or neighbour in the Perusine war of 40 B.C. His birth may therefore be conjecturally placed between 50 and 48 B.C. The mention of his having worn the *aurea bulla* (IV. I. 131-134) shows him to have been of equestrian rank (see Plin. *N. H.* XXXIII. 10), while from the same passage we learn that he had been destined for the bar, but deserted it for poetry. Soon after his assumption of the *toga virilis* he fell in love with a certain Lycinna (III. xv. 3-6). How long this *liaison* lasted we cannot tell; we only know that his meeting with Cynthia caused him to forget Lycinna but two years after his first acquaintance with love (III. xv. 7, 8). Cynthia was the one deep passion of his life; she was the first woman whom he really loved, and there is nothing to make us think that she was not the last, though in the end, no doubt after many infidelities on both sides, he broke with her (see last two elegies of Book III.). Cynthia's real name was Hostia, a fact which we learn from Apuleius' *Apologia* (c x.). She was a courtesan, for II. VII. 7 shows that it was impossible for him to marry her: the *lex Papia Poppaea* enacted that no man

of free birth might marry a prostitute, and the only possible interpretation of the passage in question is that the unknown law to which Propertius refers contained similar provisions. Further, the same poem shows that he was unmarried and unwilling to marry any one else, while there can be no doubt that Cynthia was unmarried, for among the objects of his jealousy Propertius never makes mention of a husband. It is possible that she may have been descended from Hostius, an epic poet of the second century B.C. (see III. xx. 8, note). We gather from the poems of Propertius that she had a gift for singing, dancing, and poetry, was tall and yellowhaired, with black eyes. We cannot trace the history of the *liaison* with any clearness. Neither party was faithful, and the course of love did not run smooth. On one occasion (see III. xvi. 9) there was a breach which lasted for a whole year. The quarrel was, however, made up, and at the close of the third book, where Propertius finally breaks with her, he claims to have been her faithful slave for five years (III. xxv. 3). In the fourth book Cynthia is mentioned in only two poems (VII. and VIII.), though there is probably a reference to her in the fifth elegy; the seventh tells us that she died neglected and was buried near Tibur.

Propertius left four books of elegies behind him. It is hard to determine the dates of their publication. It is probable that Book I. was published about 26 B.C., Book II. about 24 or early in 23 B.C., Book III. in 22 or 21 B.C. The fourth book was published not earlier than 16 B.C., as both the fifth and eleventh poems refer to events of that year. As to the latter years of Propertius' life we know nothing. It is perhaps probable that he died not long after the publication of Book IV. But we cannot base any very strong argument on his silence from song. He may even have married and had children. Pliny the Younger (*Ep* vi. 15) says that the poet Passennus Paullus counted Propertius among his ancestors. All that we can be certain of is that he died before 2 A.D., for Ovid in the *Remedium Amoris* (published about that year) speaks of him in language (I. 764) appropriate only to one already dead. References to Propertius in ancient writers are rare. The only reference of interest (and that an uncertain one) is found in the *Epistles* of Horace (II. ii. 91), where Horace derides a bard who claims to be a second Callimachus (*cp.* Prop. IV. I. 64). Quintilian (X I. 93) says that some critics ranked Propertius first among Roman elegiac poets, but that he personally prefers Tibullus.

THE MSS. OF PROPERTIUS

N. The best MS. of Propertius is the *Codex Neapolitanus*, now at Wolfenbützel (Gud. 224). It contains the whole of the poet's works with the exception of IV. 11. 11-76, where four pages have been lost. It dates from the twelfth century.

To supplement *N* we have three MSS. belonging to another family, but on the whole agreeing with *N*. These are:

(1) *A.* The *Codex Vossianus* 38, now at Leyden. 'This MS. contains Book I. and the first sixty-two lines of II. I. It dates from the early fourteenth century.

(2) *F.* The *Codex Laureridianus*, now at Florence, in the Laurentian Library (plut. 36, 49). It contains the whole of Propertius, and dates from the close of the fourteenth or the very beginning of the fifteenth century.

(3) *L.* The *Codex Holkhamcus*, now in the library of the Earl of Leicester at Holkham. It contains Propertius from II. xxi. 3 to the end, and is dated 1421.

Two other MSS. may be mentioned. They closely follow *N*, and are useful where *AT* fails us in Book IV. They are:

(1) *p.* The *Codex Parisinus* (8233), sometimes called *Memmianus*, written in 1465.

(2) *v.* The *Codex Urbinas* (641), in the Vatican. It likewise dates from the fifteenth century.

In addition to these MSS. there are a large number of inferior fifteenth-century MSS. Among these are two MSS. which since the edition of Baehrens have appeared in the *apparatus criticus* of modern texts. They are (1) the *Codex Daventriensis* (1792), now at Deventer, and the *Codex Ottoboniano-Vaticanus* (1514), now in the Vatican. Both are late-fifteenth-century MSS. Mr. O. L. Richmond (*Journal of Philology*, xxxi. 161) has shown that they do not deserve the position assigned to them by Baehrens, and that they must be ranked among the inferior MSS. as possessing no independent value.

Where MSS. other than *N*, *A*, *F*, *L*, *M*, "are mentioned their catalogue reference is given.

The text of Propertius is undoubtedly very corrupt. The sequence of thought is at times so broken that the reader necessarily concludes that one of two things has happened: (*a*) couplets have been lost, or (*b*) the order of the lines has been dislocated. While the second alternative is possible, and while various scholars (the best example is Professor Postgate in the new *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*) have attempted to save the situation by wholesale transposition, as yet no scientific system of transposition has been discovered, and no satisfactory theory has been put forward to account for the dislocation. The first is therefore the safer course.

NOTE ON THE DIVISION INTO BOOKS

LACHMANN held that Propertius' poems should be divided into five books, not, as the MSS. divide them, into four. His main argument is based on II. XIII.a 25, *sat mea sit magno, si tres sint pompa libelli*. He argues that the words *tres libelli* show that the poem in question must have formed part of the third book. He therefore made the third book begin with II. x., and treated the third and fourth books as recorded in the MSS. as fourth and fifth. But it does not seem necessary to give the words *tres libelli* so literal a meaning, and it is worth noting that the grammarian Nonius, .9, quotes III. xxi. 14 as coming from the third book. The division as given in our MSS. would seem, therefore, to be as old as Nonius. Lachmann's division is followed in some texts (e g., Haupt-Vahlen and L. Muller), and much confusion has been caused as regards references to Propertius. Birt (*Das Antike Buchwesen*, p-426) has a theory that the first book was published separately under the title of *Monobiblos*, and that the rest of the poems make up four books of *Elegies*, our present Book II. being divided into 1-11 and 12-34. The absence of all quotations by ancient grammarians from our Book I. marks it as separate from the others.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE first edition, with commentary, of Propertius was published in 1487 (ed. Beroaldus). Baehrens (Leipzig, 1880), following in the steps of Lachmann, put the text on a scientific basis. His text is much marred by arbitrary and tasteless conjectures, but the preface is important. Since then texts have been edited by Palmer (London, 1880), Postgate (in *Corpus Poetarum Latinorum*, London, 1894), Phillimore (Oxford, 1901, and Riccardi Press, London, 1911), Hosius (Teubner Series, 1912). Of these Postgate's text alone is other than conservative in tendency. The only modern commentaries are by Rothstein (Berlin, 1898) and Butler (London, 1905). Of the older commentaries those of Passerat (Paris, 1608), Lachmann (Leipzig, 1816), and Hertzberg (Halle, 1843-45) will on the whole be found most useful. There are also good editions of selected elegies by Postgate (London, 1881) and Ramsay (Oxford, 1900, 3rd ed.) The sixth edition of Haupt's recension (1904, Leipzig), revised by Vahlen, and accompanied by texts of Catullus and Tibullus, is an elegant volume, which follows Lachmann's division into five books, and contains no *apparatus criticus*.

For literary estimates of Propertius the reader may go to Sellar, *Roman Poetry under Augustus: Elegiac Poets* (Oxford), and Ribbeck's well-known *History of Roman Poetry*.

The most important separate treatises on the MSS. are Solbisky, *De Codd. Propertii* (Weimar, 1882); Housman, *Journal of Philology*, vols xxi., xxn., Nos. 41-43; Postgate, *Some MSS. of Propertius* {*Trans. Cambridge Philol. Soc* iv. 1); while O. L. Richmond, *Towards a Recension of Propertius* (*Journal of Philology*, vol xxxi.), is also worth consulting. For a general discussion of questions connected with Propertius see Plessis, *Etudes sur Properce* (Paris, 1884), and more especially Schanz, *Geschichte der Römischen Litteratur*, Part 2, § 285 *sqq.* Teuffel's *History of Latin Literature* (English trans.) contains much of the same information, but is an older book and less thorough.

SIGLA

N = Codex Neapolitanus.

A = Codex Vossianus.

F = Codex Laurentianus.

L = Codex Holkhamicus.

p = Codex Parisinus or Memmianus.

v — Codex

Urbinas,

s = Codices deteriores.

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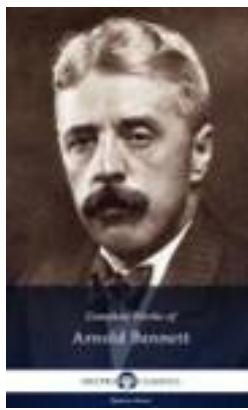
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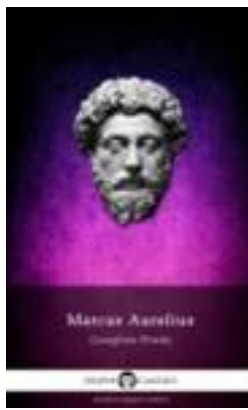
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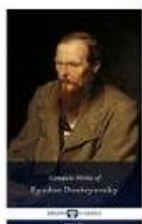
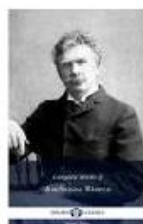
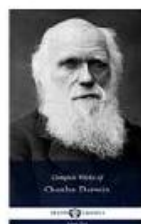
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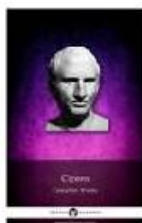
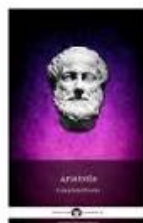
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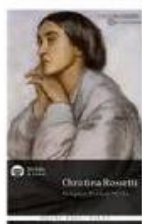
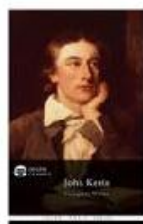
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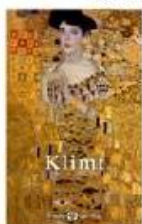
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